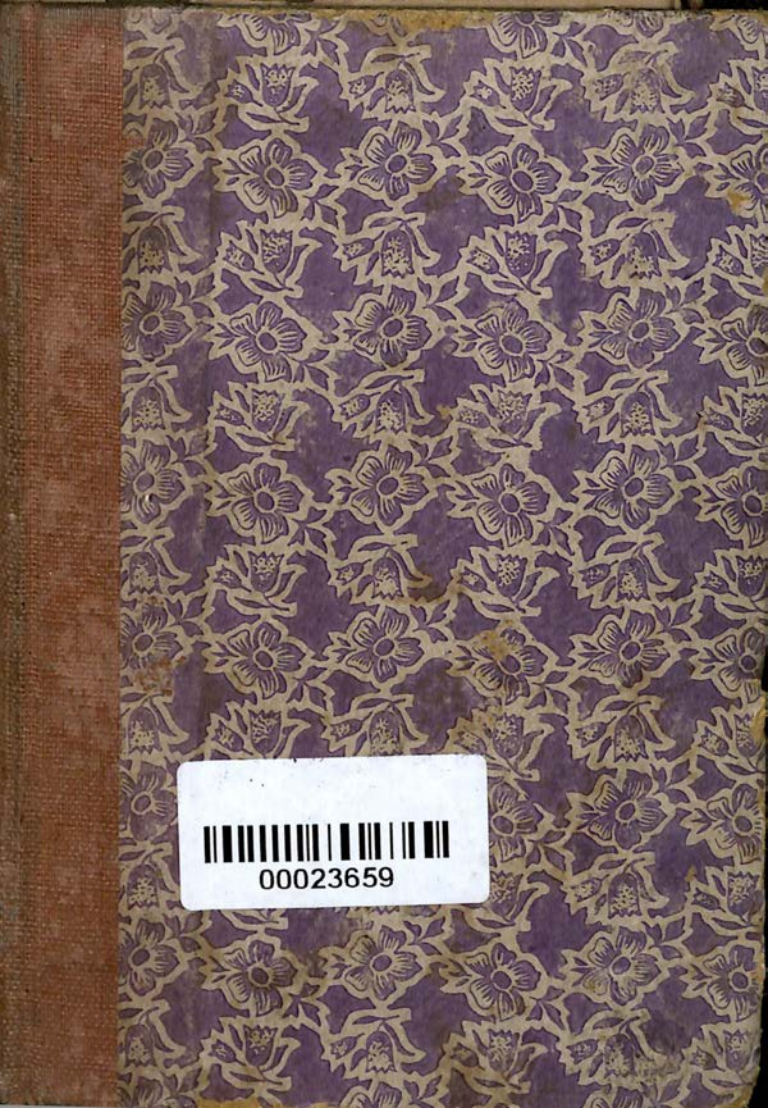
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ALTAVONA

SECOND EDITION

August 1, 1882

ALTAVONA

FACT AND FICTION FROM MY LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, F.R.S.E.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK, EDINBURGH

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1882

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TO

SIR KENNETH MACKENZIE, BART., OF GAIRLOCH,

A GOOD LANDLORD,

A TRUE HIGHLANDER,

AND A POLITICIAN OF ENLIGHTENED VIEWS AND

POPULAR SYMPATHIES,

THESE PAGES

ARE, WITH SINCERE ESTEEM

AND GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE title of this little book, of which the hint was taken from Goethe's well-known Autobiography, may require a single word of explanation. Having resided for nearly twenty years in the Highlands, and in a position peculiarly well fitted for looking a little into the soul of things there, I thought it would be a pity not to note down, in some shape or other, the results of my experiences and impressions in the land of "Bens and glens and brave fellows." The shape which these notes ultimately took was what I may call ambulatory dialogue; a form in which topographical detail and argumentative discussion can assert each its own place, with the least danger of that prolixity and formality from which the expository style finds it so difficult to escape. I found, besides, as I went on, that, over and above the light touch, and easy passage from one theme to another, which are its special excellencies, this form possesses another virtue, which renders it peculiarly suitable for my purpose. I have decided opinions on important social questions; but I hate one-sided views. I strive always when I most violently condemn to appreciate my anta-

gonist's point of view; and to state sympathetically any circumstances that may either palliate his guilt, or make a sort of reasonable apology for his blunder. Now, there is no way of doing this so effective as the dialogue. Both parties, in a disputed matter, are allowed to state their case strongly, and the reader, as a wise arbiter, is invited to strike a just balance between the two.

I wish therefore my readers to understand that the whole of this book is fact, and only the framework is fiction; or, in other words, that what the interlocutors say is always true, or meant to be true, but the speakers themselves are wholly imaginary. They represent not individuals, but types of classes; not persons so much, as points of view impersonated to serve an argumentative purpose. And for my purpose the reader will easily perceive what sort of impersonated cross lights and antagonistic views were required. An old Catholic and high-Highland type; a Presbyterian type, Gaelic however in all points, not Lowland; an English Episcopo-Oxonian type; and a European or cosmopolitan type, for which, of course, a philosophic German seemed most proper. So much for the bearers of the dialogue. The other types of persons introduced, as occasion required, are no doubt all sketched from nature, otherwise they would have no value; but any reader who may be forward to put his finger on the individual who stood for the class, may as well be informed, that, when I have only praise to spend on my model, I am so far from disguising him,

that I rather invite the public to share in my admiration; whereas, when I either wholly disapprove of the type presented, or feel obliged to portray it with a touch of playful sarcasm, I have so compounded it from fragments of far-apart individuals, that the more nearly the inquisitive diviner seems to himself to have found the model that sat for the picture, the further will he certainly have been led astray. Anyhow, my conscience tells me that I have set down nought in malice; I hate none of God's creatures, not even liars and cowards, and the systematic whitewashers of unclean things. It is enough that I must pity them.

Thus much for the persons. The places described in these pages are all the most real of the real. Except in the single case of the island of Tiree, to which I have made a passing allusion in my account of Iona, not a foot of ground is mentioned in this book which I have not travelled over, and brooded over, at my own free pedestrian will, not once or twice generally, but a dozen, it may be, or a score of times.

It would ill become me, seeing how much aid in my Celtic researches I have received from various intelligent persons, not to return to them special acknowledgments on the present occasion. I owe thanks, in the first place, to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, who, with an unprompted kindness which I shall never forget, afforded me ample opportunity of inspecting his Titanic operations at Lairg, and other parts of his extensive domain; and to

his Grace the Duke of Argyll, who did me the honour on several occasions to communicate for my consideration a detailed statement of his views on important economical questions; also to Sir Kenneth MacKenzie of Gairloch, who took me personally over his crofts at Conan, and the crofts at Alness, made famous in the economical history of the Highlands by the wise management of the late Mr. Wm. MacKenzie, factor to Mr. Matheson of Ardross. The devotees of the fashionable study of geology will feel thankful to me that, instead of gathering up into some decent shape my own superficial gleanings on this important field of Highland observation, I have presented them with an admirable outline of the trap formations of Oban and its vicinity from the experienced hand of Mr. Jolly, Her Majesty's School Inspector for the Inverness district. To Sheriff Nicolson of Kirkcudbright, all who have a heart to rejoice with those who rejoice in the Highlands, and to weep with those who weep, will feel specially indebted for the kindness with which he has allowed me to incorporate into my text one of the most stirring and one of the most pathetic of his Highland songs. In the beautiful vignette on the title-page, representing the Sound of Kerrera, with part of my picturesque home near Oban, where I spent many happy hours, the reader of this little book will recognise with delight the fine genius and the expert hand of Mr. Waller Paton, to whom I hereby return special thanks for his kindness in enabling me to present my pen-work to the

public with so attractive a pictorial introduction. I have to acknowledge further my obligations, on some important points of historical and genealogical inquiry, to Mr. W. F. Skene, the learned author of *Celtic Scotland;* to Mr. R. Riddell Stodart of the Register House, Edinburgh, the highest authority in Scotland in curious questions of heraldry; to the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Nether Lochaber, the well-known correspondent of the *Inverness Courier;* to the Rev. Dr. Archibald Clerk of Kilmallie, editor of the last splendid edition of Ossian, called into existence by the patriotic liberality of the Marquis of Bute; to Major Grant of Drumbuie, Lochness; to the Rev. Gustavus Aird, of the Free Church, Creich, Sutherlandshire; to Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine;* and to Mr. John Murdoch, the manly and much-enduring, though unfortunately not always wise, advocate of the rights of the Highland crofter.

9 Douglas Crescent,
May 8. 1882.

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DIALOGUE I.

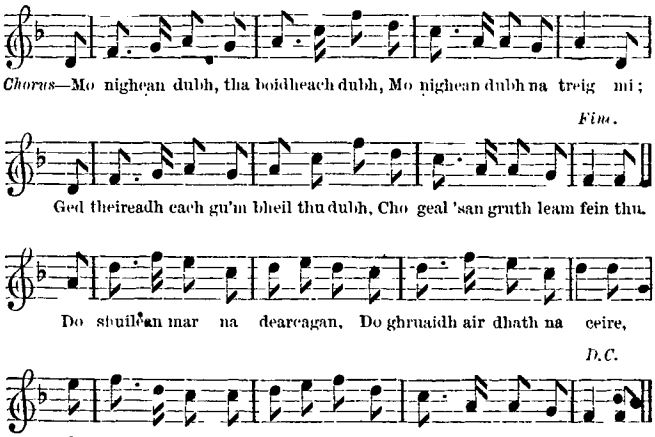
SCENE.—*A Highland cottage by the side of a loch. Mountains in the distance. A waterfall below.*

PERSONS.—*Roderick Gillebride MacDonald, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh. The Rev. Christopher Church, A.M. of Christ Church, Oxford, Curate of Chitterby, Yorkshire.*

MACDONALD *at the piano; plays and sings.*

MO NIGHEAN DUBH, THA BOIDHEACH DUBH.

In moderate time.


Chorus—Mo nighean dubh, tha boidheach dubh, Mo nighean dubh na treig mi;
Fine.
Ged theireadh each gu'm bheil thu dubh, Cho geal 'san gruth leam fein thu.
Do shuil an mar na dearcagan, Do ghruaidh air dhath na ceire,
D.C.
Tha cul do chinn air dhreach an fhithich, 'S gradh mo chridhe fein dut.

CHORUS.—*My dark-haired maid, forsake me not,*
I live, to live with thee, love;
Though others call thee dark, thou 'rt fair
As mantling cream to me, love!

Last Candlemas, at early morn,
As I from sleep was waking,
I saw a maid right fair to view
Her morning walk was taking.
My, etc.

Fair maid, I looked on thee, and saw
The grace of thy adorning!
No Duchess born could walk like thee
To church on Sunday morning.

I saw thee with thy stockings white,
So tidy, trim, and tight there,
With well-braced limb, and shining shoes,
And silver buckles bright there.

Thy form so slim, thy skin so white,
As soft moor-cotton growing,
Or the snow, or the spray, or the sea-gull's breast,
When the fresh sea-breeze is blowing!

The newest fashion suited thee
Like Nature's own adorning,
With slender waist, like a young larch-tree,
At the church on Sunday morning!

Oh! I have known fair dames and fine
At Glasgow and Dunedin,
But who can show a foot like thine
The purple heather treading?

Thine eyes are like the berries blue
With dewy freshness glowing,
Thy locks are like the raven's plume
In glossy grandeur flowing.

And when thou fling'st thy mild regard
With love that knows no scorning,
'Tis like the dew that pearls the sward
In the sun on a bright May morning!

Thy weight of curls in royal pride
Rolls down, a wavy wonder,
Nor less the charm when half concealed
Thy smooth white kerchief under.

Thou dark-haired maid, my heart's desire,
I'll sing thy praise no more now;
No words I need to fan the fire
With which I thee adore now!

Foul chance befall thy churlish kin
Who banned me from the land now,
Where I might live true love to give
To thee with heart and hand now!

Nor pipe nor fiddle I can play,
But I can write and read well,
And I could preach a sermon too,
If but my love might speed well.

My dark-haired maid, forsake me not,
Though I am far from thee, love,
When bitter words shall be forgot,
I'll come and marry thee, love!

Well, that will do, perhaps; or at least it must do. I certainly never should have tried it had it not been to please Flora. These Gaelic songs are like the heather on the hills,—you cannot transplant them. Bell heather looks silly in Kew Gardens, and a Gaelic *oran gaoil*, unmutilated and unadorned, is apt to sin against the τὸ πρέπον which usurps the throne of Nature in the West end of our great cities. After all, perhaps the fellow was right—I hope it was not Delta—who flung the Gaelic character of the thing away altogether, and gave us the sparkling generality—

O who would choose the garish day
With lines of sunlight beaming,
And leave the glow of midnight sky
Where thousand stars are gleaming?

And who would love pale eyes of blue
Beneath their silken lashes,
And see unmoved the brilliant hue
Which in thy dark eye flashes!

That is just the sort of stuff that flourishes in the atmosphere of an Edinburgh West-end drawing-room, when the gentlemen come up-stairs, after a sumptuous dinner, and the young ladies of the family, or some accomplished fair visitor, is called upon to sing, in order to prevent the one half of the company from yawning, and the other half from disturbing the peace of the sofa with boisterous ecclesiastical or political argumentation. If I were to exhibit my vocal powers in a West-end saloon, to verses in praise of white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, square linen kerchiefs, and slender waists, not to mention the *calpa-gle-gheal*—which I have elegantly transformed,—I should certainly be denounced as a boor, or laughed at as an oddity. One might as well walk naked through the streets of Edinburgh as dare to be natural in one of these houses of fashionable convocation. Fashion is a trinketed idol, before which the worship of the great goddess Nature cannot stand; and in an atmosphere where such idol-worship is practised, my Gaelic songs, which are pure nature and unaffected, will fear to breathe. How that comes about let philosophers tell; in the meantime I have made up my mind never, save in specially select society, to sing *Mo nighean dubh*, except in the native Erse.

Mo nighean dubh, tha boidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh na treig mi;
Ged theireadh cach gu'm bheil thu dubh,
Cho geal 'san gruth leam fein thu.[1]

[1] The author of this song, as the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber informs me, was the Rev. W. Irvine, minister of Little Dunkeld. The lady was a daughter of Stewart of Ballechin. Mr. Irvine had a warm love

But who comes there? Some of those confounded Cockney tourists, no doubt, with a letter of introduction from Uncle Ben, come to stare at waterfalls for a week, to see what a mountain means, and to understand that Columbus the navigator and St. Columba of Iona were not the same person; or it may be only some of my deft masters of tongue fence, smart young sophists of the Parliament House, come to annoy me with their eternal prate about all things and a few others which they don't understand, and to expound to my unkempt Celtic intellect those profound principles of Scottish political economy which tend to organise selfishness for the public good, and to improve a country by sweeping it clean, as much as may be, from the disturbing element of human population. But no—no—*buidheachas do Dhia!*—thank God—*air Nàile, cha 'n e!*—it's neither brainless tourist nor blushless barrister, but my old friend,—yes! certainly it is—Church, my old Oxford chum of Christ Church, to whom I owe so much for letting me into the secrets of aristocratic, plutocratic, ecclesiastical, and academical snobbery as practised in those parts. There he comes winding up the steep zig-zag road by the side of the waterfall, not at all like his own stately, long-gowned self, as I saw him last summer when doing duty for the vicar of Foxhill in Huntingdon; but with shooting-jacket, and straw hat, and checked stockings, and knickerbockers—a disguise under which no man would expect to find a predestined Dean and a probable Bishop of the Catholic Church of England.

(*Enter* CHURCH.)

Come along, my boy! How are you? Very well, I see; only a little brown paint from the hill-breeze would add not a little to the style of manly beauty on your cheeks.

for the lyric poetry of his country, and made a collection of Gaelic songs and ballads in the years 1801-1808, the best and oldest of which are printed in J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*. The Gaelic words will be found at length in Sinclair's *Oranaiche* (Glasgow, 1879), p. 230.

CH.—Thank you, Mac! You see I have kept my promise; 'tis a sort of duty with us English blackcoats not to die without seeing the strange romantic land where there is a Christian Church without bishops, large parishes of some twenty or thirty miles long with no population but sheep, and a people—where people exist—speaking the same venerable language that was spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise.

MAC.—Oh, I understand your joke—

> "*When Eve first came to Adam's view,*
> *The first word she said was* CIA MAR THA SIBH AN DIUGH!"

Who first said that?—Douglas Jerrold—or Lord Neaves—or that most sapient British Aristophanes, *Punch?*

CH.—I don't know, but I have been informed that the thing was said long ago, not in joke, but quite seriously, by one of your own poets,—or bards rather, as I presume you prefer to have them called.

MAC.—There for once you are right. I give you credit for this little scrap of Celtic knowledge; rather a strange thing to come out of Christ Church, Oxford. The bard who wrote the poem, in which the words you allude to occur, was a clansman of mine, the celebrated ALASDAIR MAC 'MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR of ARDNAMURCHAN!

CH.—What an unpronounceable name!

MAC.—Very well; if your weak English organs cannot manage that, say ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

> *'S i labhair Adhamh,*
> *Ann am Parais fein,*
> *'S bu shiubhlach Gaelig*
> *O bheul aluinn Eubh.*[1]

CH.—Translate!

[1] See the poem in MacKenzie's *Sar-obair*, 4th edition, p. 106.

MAC.—This tongue, sire Adam spake, believe,
In Paradise; and this
Flowed from the sinless lips of Eve,
And seasoned her first kiss!

CH.—Bravo! bravo! Impromptu of course.

MAC.—No, I will be honest; I made it last night when lighting my last cigar.

CH.—A very good version, by the ring of it. As good as the original, perhaps.

MAC.—Yes, and perhaps a little better!

CH.—A proper Celt never wants self-esteem. But I wonder a man of any culture could write such nonsense seriously.

MAC.—I wonder a man from Christ Church, Oxford, would utter such sentiments thoughtlessly. Philology, from Plato downwards, has been a legitimate field for all sorts of unlicensed nonsense; and MacDonald lived before Sir William Jones had composed the overture to the grand opera of Comparative Philology, of which, thanks to the Archbishop of Dublin, even ladies and boarding-school girls can now discourse fluently,—and died, not a few summers, I imagine, before Jacob Grimm and Francis Bopp were creeping out of their cradles.

CH.—But I say, Mac, what a splendid establishment you have got here! I know not which to admire most, the rich leafy decoration of nature outside, or the quaint propriety and apt significance of the internal ornamentation; that is to say, so far as I can understand it, for I perceive the mottoes speaking from the wall in that strange, old-fashioned style which you see on the outside of the old houses in Hildesheim, except one or two, are all in some language which is Hebrew to me.

MAC.—Well, you are a clergyman, and ought to understand Hebrew.

CH.—True; but I was so crammed with Greek for my

degree, that I had no stomach for another language. I got up enough of Hebrew to satisfy the Bishop, and to satiate myself,—that was very little, I assure you; and of that little I have forgotten more than half by want of use. It is with my Hebrew as with the civilisation of Russia; "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you find a Cossack."

MAC.—Or as Emerson said about Carlyle; "Scratch that strange Germanising phrase-monger beneath the skin, and you will find a grim old Scotch Puritan;" but I'm not the man to bother you either about Hebrew or Greek in the summer months, especially in the Highlands. For the Gaelic mottoes in the wall, we will translate them leisurely for your edification after dinner some day, with the walnuts and the wine, or a tumbler or two of good stiff whisky-toddy, if it happens to be a rainy day.

CH.—Agreed; but I say again, Mac, what a lucky dog you are, to have pitched your tent in such a place—I was going to say Paradise—as this! What a wonderful view is that out of this west window!

MAC.—Ah, my boy, if you only saw the face of that water as I have seen it, for an hour before sunset, and an hour or two after it, at the end of June or the beginning of July, and not seldom even in the middle of September, lucidly draped with the living tissue of gold and purple hues upon its heaving bosom, then you would cry—

CH.—What?

MAC.—That if Heaven be beautiful, Altavona is not far behind.

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! Dr. Johnson had a different opinion of the Highlands.

MAC.—Don't talk of the beast!

CH.—You remember what he said about Mull.

MAC.—Don't name the beast! Mull is my Venus, and Skye is my Juno; say nothing against Mull—

"Broad-shouldered Mull, the fairest isle that spreads
Its green folds to the sun in Celtic seas."

CH.—"A dreary country, sir. Much worse than Skye. Oh, sir, a very dolorous country!"

MAC.—Let the beast perish! But, my dear fellow, if you will quote that shrewd old dogmatist, the very type of a self-contained, unsympathetic, impenetrable Sassenach (that's what we call you here), go to Iona, and sitting on the grey rock there, and gazing on the grey old cathedral, spout the famous sentence about piety and patriotism in the face of the west wind; I have no objection to that. Meanwhile, I am forgetting my duty as a landlord. You must be tired.

CH.—Not at all. I have not walked more than ten miles to-day.

MAC.—Well, but you will be the better for a little refreshment. We dine at five. Meanwhile— (*He rises and rings the bell, and a servant-maid enters.*) Mary, my dear, tell my mother to send up a bottle of Johannisberger, with a few biscuits, and a round or two of *arancoirce*. [*Exit* MARY.

CH.—A very well-put-together girl that, Mac. She reminds me of Margaret in *Faust*—a certain delicate mixture of archness and simplicity—

Sie ist so sitt- und tugendreich
Und etwas schnippisch auch zugleich.

And you call her *dear* too. Do you call your servant-girls *dear* in this part of the world?

MAC.—No; not all servant-girls. She is a pretty girl, as you say; besides, she is my cousin.

CH.—Do you hire your cousins for servants in this part of the world?

MAC.—Very often we do; but hiring is not the word we use. We love one another; she is a MacDonald.

CH.—Oh! I understand—the clan system.

MAC.—Just so; the clan system, and the last speech and dying words of it, I fear. Many bad things have

been both said and done against the clans; but we shall see whether the Highlands are destined to prosper better when, not cousinship and human kindness, but cash payment and political economy, shall have become the only bond that binds the different classes of society together.

CH.—The old tune! and I confess it sounds much more proper here than it did at Oxford. How the smooth young prig of a tutor grinned when you came out with that doctrine one morning, by way of comment on Aristotle's splendid chapter on Friendship! But, my dear fellow, where in the name of all the Muses—kilted and unkilted—where did you learn to live so expensively? Do you really mean to wash your oatcakes down my Saxon throat with real Johannisberger? In Oxford you rarely dared so high as champagne,—glorious champagne, too brilliant a luxury, some of our men said, for a severe Celtic Presbyterian.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! the Johannisberger—doubly out of place no doubt in the Highlands, and in MacDonald's cottage. But MacDonald is innocent; it was a present from the Earl, the mighty Nimrod of these parts, some twenty miles at the back of yonder Bens!—But here comes Mary. Mary, my dear, have you brought the oatcake?

MARY.—Yes, sir.

MAC.—Crisp and well browned?

MARY.—Yes, sir.

MAC.—You 're a good girl, Mary *(patting her on the shoulder. Exit* MARY).—Now, Church, here 's for you; let this liquid gold descend with benign complacency down your sacerdotal throat. *Air do shlainte*, my boy! This is a day to be marked with red chalk in your calendar. Long life to you, my good fellow! *Gu ma fad a beo thu, a luochain!*

CH.—You seem determined I am not to leave this country without a good swash of Gaelic about my ears. The Johannisberger is excellent.

MAC.—Fill again?

CH.—Of course.

MAC.—Bravo! I love a jolly priest!

CH.—Really, MacDonald, one could not have quaffed the Johannisberger with a more princely gusto, even under the roof of Metternich himself. Of course the stuff is genuine.

MAC.—No doubt of that; the Earl has mountains of money, and would not hesitate to give two guineas a bottle for it.

CH.—The Johannisberger is excellent; and the oat-cake, *aran*—what did you call it?

MAC.—*Aran coirce.*

CH.—The corky—notwithstanding what Dr. Johnson—

MAC.—Don't name the beast!

CH.—The Dictionary unquestionably was a great work, though the author, I agree with you, in all things appertaining to Caledonia was a great offender—and the oatmeal seems precisely adapted for stimulating the throat to the pleasant reception of a third glass of Metternich's best.

MAC.—There you have it, my boy; but now I'll cork it down, and we'll despatch the rest after dinner. I never allow myself more than three glasses in the afternoon, —seldom so much; as a rule a single glass, and a dry biscuit.

CH.—The Johannisberger is excellent.

MAC.—How could it be otherwise? From his Lordship's cellar, two guineas a bottle.

CH.—A most excellent Lordship! but, in the name of all the nine Muses, MacDonald, what an extraordinary zigzag affair is that on the back wall, full of uncouth old letters, and sticking out stiff arms and legs in opposite directions, like an Araucaria in Kew Gardens?

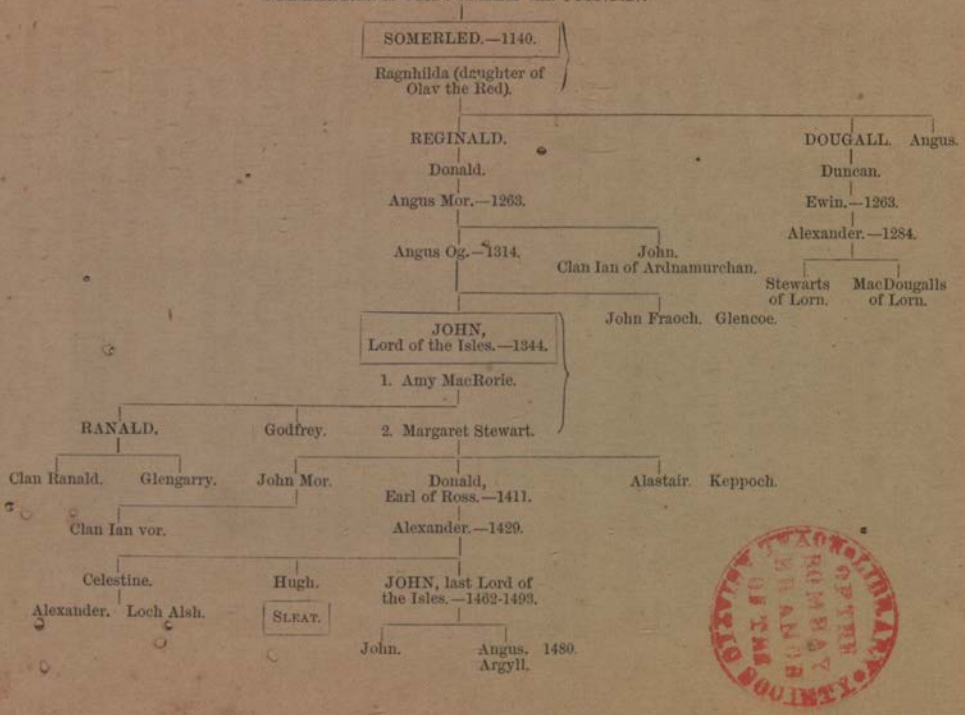
MAC.—Can't you read? One should think a learned ecclesiologist like you would not boggle at a few cranky old letters. That's my genealogical tree.

CH.—Oh, I understand! Highland pride and Highland pedigrees!

MAC.—English ignorance and English insolence. Why should not a Highlander rejoice in his pedigree as well as Achilles, and Agamemnon, and Diomede, and all the other Jove-born kings, with whose family history the empty brain-chambers of hopeful young Englishmen are so cunningly crammed.

CH.—All right. I am a Tory and a Churchman, and respect blood; but expound.

MAC.—Well, then, if you do wish to learn something in this region of the world beyond the orthodox range of your narrow Oxford cram, understand that the name which stands on the top branch of what you call the Araucaria is SOMERLED, the son of GILLEBRIDE, a contemporary of Malcolm the Fourth, whose name I have the honour, thanks to my mother, to renew—who again was the son of GILLE-ADAMNAN, who was the sixth in descent from Godfrey MacFergus, Toshach of the Isles, who lived in the reign of Kenneth MacAlpin. This Somerled, Prince of Argyll—for such is his title in the old books—a rare fellow in his day, quick to discern, swift to act, and strong to strike, was the founder of the great lordship of the Isles, and stands in the same relation to the MacDonalds that Abraham did to the Jews; and by his union with Ragnhilda, the daughter of the Norwegian king of the Isles, Olav the Red, had three sons, Reginald or Ranald, and Dougall, and Angus. Of these, Angus soon falls out of the stream of history; from Dougall sprang the great clan of the MacDougalls, represented to-day by the Dunolly family at Oban, living peaceably in a quiet white house among the trees, behind the stout square old tower which defended their warlike ancestry from the storm and from the sea-rover. From Reginald, as you will see, where I point the rod, sprang RODERICK or RORY, the head of the great clan Rory of the Isles, and DONALD, the head of the great clan


GILLEBRIDE MACGILLE ADOMNAN.
SOMERLED.—1140.
Ragnhilda (daughter of Olav the Red).
REGINALD.
Donald.
Angus Mor.—1263.
Angus Og.—1314.
John. Clan Ian of Ardnamurchan.
John Fraoch. Glencoe.
DOUGALL.
Angus.
Duncan.
Ewin.—1263.
Alexander.—1284.
Stewarts of Lorn.
MacDougalls of Lorn.
JOHN, Lord of the Isles.—1344.
1. Amy MacRorie.
2. Margaret Stewart.
RANALD.
Godfrey.
Clan Ranald.
Glengarry.
John Mor.
Donald, Earl of Ross.—1411.
Alastair.
Keppoch.
Clan Ian vor.
Alexander.—1429.
Celestine.
Alexander.
Loch Alsh.
Hugh.
SLEAT.
JOHN, last Lord of the Isles.—1462-1493.
John.
Angus. 1480.
Argyll.

Donald of Islay and Kintyre, from both of whom I descend directly.

CH.—How from both?

MAC.—Because, in the fifth generation, about the middle of the fourteenth century, Amy MacRory, the sister of Ranald, the only descendant of the clan Rory that remained, married John MacDonald of Islay, and thus united the two branches of the original stock of Reginald. This John became thus the *instaurator*, or second founder, of the great lordship of the Isles,[1] and added to his original influence, as representative of the two principal branches of the stock of Reginald, the weight which naturally accrued from a second marriage with Lady Margaret Stewart, the daughter of the High Steward of Scotland, who shortly afterwards, under the name of Robert II., became founder of the royal dynasty of the Stewarts. From this second marriage came the MacDonalds of Sleat, whom you will encounter in Skye; the MacDonalds of Islay and Cantire, who afterwards lost their lands to the Campbells; and the MacDonalds of Keppoch, who draw their descent from Alaster Carrach,[2] the third son of the aforesaid John, *instaurator*, by the Lady Margaret Stewart, whose blood I carry in my veins. Are you satisfied?

CH.—More than satisfied. I shall require at least two days to have all that clearly mapped out in the genealogical department of my knowledge-box. And now, I suppose, I need scarcely ask what all those splendid blazons are on the opposite wall. The scutcheons, I presume, of your family?

MAC.—Of course. There are two rows, as you see. The three scutcheons of the upper row belong to the

[1] Styled DOMINUS INSULARUM in an indenture with the Lord of Lorn, 1354.—Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, 2d edition, Gregory, p. 27.

[2] See his praise sung in the quaint old ballad of the *Comhachag*:—

"*Chunnaic mi Alastair Carrach*
An duine is allaile bha an Albainn."

MacKenzie's *Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach*, p. 17.

MacDonalds—the general scutcheon of the clan Donald; next to that, the Glengarry arms, and then the clan Ranald. In the under row I placed the Campbells of Argyll, and the Breadalbane Campbells; and beside them the old blazon of the Stewarts of Lorn, lords of Invermeath.

CH.—What are they doing here?

MAC.—It is impossible to live in this district and not pay tribute to the Stewarts, who gave us a name, and a place, and a significance, in history, of which, as a whole, notwithstanding the splendid follies with which it was largely dashed, we have no reason to be ashamed. Great part of the country, the original heritage of the clan Dougall, came by patriotic service and by royal favour into the hands of the Stewards of Scotland, who, as I have just told you, in the person of Robert II., by virtue of the Bruce blood in their veins, in the last half of the thirteenth century, succeeded to the Scottish crown. This country, called by the Highlanders Lorn, is the district that runs southward from Loch Etive beneath Ben Cruachan towards Knapdale, north of the Crinan Canal; and, though there is now only a very small remnant of the great family of Stewarts in this neighbourhood, at the head of Loch Creran, I thought it only a proper tribute to the *genius loci* where I have pitched my tent, to give them a place along with the Campbells in a district so long associated with so noble a name.

CH.—What has become of the Lorn lordship now?

MAC.—Swallowed up, the greater part of it by the Campbells of course.

CH.—By robbery, appropriation, or, as the French politicians call it, *arrondissement?*

MAC.—Not at all. Quite legitimately, by marriage. Sir Colin Campbell, third son of the great Sir Duncan of Lochaw, among his other wives—for he had four—married a second daughter of John Stewart of Lorn, with whom he got a great slice of the lordship, either directly

or by excambion, I forget which; as a memorial of which you see the galley, with flying pennons, in the third quarter of the Breadalbane arms, which was the original badge of the clan Dougall, the original lords of Lorn.

CH.—I see that ship everywhere, even in the arms of the Stewarts, who came originally from Shropshire.

MAC.—Not exactly *that* ship, but a ship of some kind; naturally enough, for they were all sea-rovers, either by descent or by necessity. Even now, every Highland proprietor who can afford it has his little steam-yacht.

CH.—I am glad to find there is so much significance in heraldry. I have often heard it spoken of as a very contemptible science.

MAC.—Quite a mistake. The Red Book of the Peerage is a national record, blazoned with the heroism of centuries—a heroism to which none but an ignorant, insolent, envious, and spiteful little democrat of the extreme type could be blind. As a mere help to memory in family history, which at bottom means national history—for the heads of great families were and are the chief actors in public life—heraldry is of great use. But to a man of any imagination—and without imagination how grey and how stupid is everything which school-books call history—a coat-of-arms is full of significance. What can be more appropriate, for instance, than the lion, the ship, the salmon, and the hand grasping a cross—a pious substitute for the old bloody hand[1]—in the four quarters of our shield? Then for the motto, *per mare, per terras*,—in what part of the world, from Lake Ontario to New Zealand, do you not find a MacDonald?

CH.—What is the meaning of that checked band of bright silver and blue in the left upper quarter of the Breadalbane arms?

MAC.—You may see that in a moment by looking at the Stewart arms. The chequed fesse, as the heralds call

[1] See Mr. Stodart's valuable work, *Scottish Arms*, vol. i. Plate xxiv.

it, is the index of the Stewarts, with whom, as I have told you, the Campbells very profitably intermarried. Had heraldry been curious to record every important historical fact, this fesse of the Stewarts should have appeared also in the Argyll coat-of-arms; for both the families come directly from old Sir Duncan, Lord of Lochaw, and both enlarged their natural territory by marrying one of the coheiresses of Lorn.

CH.—Most edifying; and I understand that wherever I see this chequed band or fesse, as you call it, in a Scottish coat-of-arms I am to conclude that the Stewarts are asserting their royal pedigree there. But what has become of yourself on the wall? Where is Keppoch?

MAC.—The place is on the Spean, behind Ben Nevis; the man I modestly subordinated to the chieftains of the larger and more famous families; besides, there was no more space on the wall.[1]

CH.—And why do the Campbells make so large a show on your walls? for besides the scutcheons, which you have so learnedly expounded, I see above the fireplace a portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. What have they to do in the house of a MacDonald? I thought the Campbells and the MacDonalds fed upon mutual hatred for centuries, and I understood that Celtic enmities never die out. I met a clergyman last week on the Caledonian Canal, in the steamboat—Kilmallie, I think, was the name

[1] The Keppochs, though a less numerous sept than the Glengarry and clan Ranald, were made of good stuff, and showed their mettle and their loyalty on several notable occasions. Some of the oldest of them are mentioned with honour in the curious old poem of the *Comhachag* (Mac-Kenzie, *Sar-obair*, p. 17). The best known of the family to the general reader is Coll MacDonald, or "Coll of the Cows," who played a prominent part as an ally of Dundee in 1688, and whom Macaulay characterises as an "excellent specimen of the genuine Highland Jacobite." Another, Alexander, immolated himself in the most devoted manner to help a hopeless cause at Culloden. His successors, trying in vain to recover the family possessions forfeited by their share in the rebellion of '45, after various chances, finally settled in America. See the *History of the MacDonalds*, by A. MacKenzie. 1881.

of his parish—as we were coming in sight of Inverlochy Castle, who informed me that a stone which had been put up by the gentlemen of your clan, to commemorate the defeat of the Campbells in the brilliant affair of 1645, had, within the last twenty-five years, been twice thrown down by the Campbells, and twice put up again by the MacDonalds.

MAC.—Very true. One of my cousinship, no doubt, some 400 years ago, married a daughter of the Earl of Argyll; but it was an ill-assorted match from the beginning, and ended unhappily—something like the union of Ireland and England, which has always meant war. So Angus—for that was the fellow's name—*Angus Og*, as he was called—

CH.—What is the meaning of *Og?*

MAC.—Young. Mr. OGG, whom you will sometimes read on Scottish signboards, is Mr. *Young*, and is the same word etymologically as is the Latin *juvenc-us*. But we will leave all etymological questions till ideas fail, and conversation becomes flat after dinner. This Angus Og, as I was telling you, being born and bred with a trifle too much of the old Scandinavian sea-rover in his blood,—for though there is no reason to doubt of the genuine Celtic quality of the MacDonalds, Somerled is unquestionably a Norse name, and Ranald no less; and these names indicate a dash of Teutonic blood in our stock, by marriage perhaps, in the early days of the Norse kings,[1]—this wild Angus, the ill-starred James III. being king of Alba at that time, went roving about in the MacKenzies' country as far west as Kintail, "laying heavy hands," as Homer has it, on whatever he could get there, and, to crown the business, bathing the sea in blood in a bay behind Tobermory, which you will see when you go to Mull; and, in virtue of all these turbid achievements, fell naturally into bad odour with the government, and was proceeded

[1] Gregory, p. 10.

against as a rebel; and, in the course of hostilities, found himself at daggers drawing with his father-in-law, the big Campbell, who, I must do him the justice to say, always happened or contrived to be on the side of law, and order, and safety, both public and personal; and who, in virtue of the royal commission which he held, pounced down one day on the stronghold of the MacDonalds at Islay—or at least got the Earl of Atholl to pounce for him,—and carried off his infant son Donald *Dubh?*

CH.—What is the meaning of *Dubh?*

MAC.—Surely you ought to know that. You have read the *Lady of the Lake*—

Roderick Vic Alpin dubh, ho i, ho ro!

Black Donald, or rather Dark Donald, I was telling you, was carried off by the Earl of Atholl, and kept prisoner in the castle of Inch Connell in Loch Awe. After that you may imagine there were no marriages heard of between the Campbells and the MacDonalds, and little love lost; and if you wish to instruct yourself more particularly how fervidly they hated one another, you may just sit down and read Iain Lom's ode on the battle of Inverlochy, when our people taught the Campbells to swim the Nevis water, and to spend the Sunday not in the most pleasant way possible.[1]

CH.—What a yarn you have spun! You are as bad as Nestor. And yet you have not answered my simple question, why the big Campbell hangs up there in the midst of a whole army of MacDonalds, as I see.

MAC.—For four reasons: first, because he is the chief of the clan in the midst of whom I happen to be encamped. This spot, and for a day's march all round, is the country of the Campbells. They were clever fellows, with a wonderful power of increment, and are so still.

[1] For the poem see the *Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands.* By J. S. B. (Edinburgh, 1876), page 112.

In the next place, I give his Grace of Argyll a prominent place in my Pantheon because he is a wise man, and wise men are rare, especially amongst lairds and lords; thirdly, because he is a good Presbyterian, and you know I swear by John Knox, and utterly abominate all that flirtation with would-be genteel Episcopacy which has become latterly fashionable with our upper classes, a fashion which, if it is not universally feeble piety, is always bad policy, and from John o' Groat's House to Candida Casa ought to be publicly denounced. In the fourth place, because, as we say in law, *accessorium sequitur principale;* and the Duchess having been the first, of course the Duke must follow.

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! But you did not tell us why the Duchess is there.[1]

MAC.—Look around. She is not the only handsome woman there. Beside her is Lady Duff Gordon and Mrs. Henry Siddons, and Lady Alma, the Countess of Breadalbane, a woman with a brain and a heart and a hand all working in fine harmony together, and a magic of luminous smiles about her mouth, that would shame Thalia in her most blooming humour. I need not tell you that in the *Republic* Plato recommends, that, from their earliest years, young persons should be surrounded by forms radiating benign influences through the eyes into the souls of all beholders. If that be a good maxim in the education of the young, it is not the less profitable in the habitude of adults. I desire, unless when compelled otherwise in the way of duty, to look only on what is beautiful, and I withhold my eyes conscientiously from those grinning caricatures of humanity that pander to a vulgar taste in some popular editions of Thackeray and Dickens.

[1] The Duchess here meant is not the present but the late Duchess, a lady who commanded the love and esteem of all who had the honour to know her, in her public and private relations equally, a model of womanly excellence.

CH.—You are severe. But a Celt who reads Ossian and swears by John Knox is entitled to a little dignified austerity on occasions.—But what is this? *Νὴ τὸν κύνα*, poetry in a frame, verses to Altavona? Very pretty! Some young lady, no doubt?

MAC.—There you are right. They were written by a young lady in praise of this splendid establishment, at least one part of it. A young lady, and of my cousinship too—a MacDonald—wrote the stanzas, and I got them framed and hung up there, partly from the love I bear to the writer, partly because the verses, though not claiming any high place as poetry, please me as a truthful description of a very pretty retired nook of Highland scenery.

CH.—May I read it?

MAC.—Of course you may; and you shall be introduced to the authoress also by and by.

CH.—(*Takes down the frame and reads.*)

You say that we live in a bare land;
'Tis little, in sooth, that you know, sir;
You 'll find it a wonderful fair land,
If into the glen you will go, sir,
At Altavona;
But you don't see the glen when you 're travelling by,
In a rainy day 'neath a cold grey sky;
And you slander the land that you don't understand,
Nor enrich your ken with the bonnie green glen,
At Altavona.

O come now and know it, my fair land,
Where the clear amber water is flowing;
You 'll find it a rich and a rare land,
With a wonderful wealth of growing,
At Altavona;
In the face of the sun so warm it lies,
In the flush of the June 'neath the clear blue skies,

With never a cast of the cold north blast
To ruffle the breast of the bonnie green nest,
At Altavona.

Oh! if thou art weary with striving
In the steep ways of Life to advance thee,
With thronging, and pushing, and driving,
Come hither and learn to entrance thee,
At Altavona;
And banquet thine eye on the plumy array
Of the fresh-tipt larch on the ferny brae,
And win for thine ear a musical theme
From the bubbling pool and the wimpling stream,
At Altavona.

And up through the glen if thou wander,
'Neath the ruddy old pines that there stand,
Your tongue will forswear the slander,
When you called it a bleak and a bare land,
At Altavona;
When you lie at your ease on the blaeberry bed,
With the fragrant birch-tree overhead,
And yellow primroses in spotted display,
Was Paradise sweeter to Adam, you 'll say,
Than Altavona?

Then blame not my love, if I love it;
No spot or in far or in nigh lands,
With gold for its dowry I covet,
Like my bonnie green glen in the Highlands,
At Altavona;
'Tis there I was born, and 'tis there I will die,
Where the strong-wing'd breeze is brushing the sky,
In the land of the flood, and the Ben, and the glen,
And the strong rocky home of the brave Highland men,
At Altavona!

MAC.—Well, what do you think of it?

CH.—Very pleasant, but not bright. The *Saturday Review*, I fancy, would scarcely condescend to chop it.

MAC.—I entirely agree with you; the authoress has no notion of contesting the supremacy of the female poetic throne with Mrs. Browning or Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer. Poetry is only an accident of her existence.

CH.—But who is she?

MAC.—Flora MacDonald.

CH.—Your—?

MAC.—Cousin, of course; we are all cousins—specially, however, my ward.

CH.—I fancy she is no common girl.

MAC.—Very uncommon, I assure you, both in her history and her character. Poetry is not her only accomplishment. Do you see these sketches on the walls? They are all by Flora.

CH.—Firmly handled, unquestionably; there is a boldness in her scheme, and a decision in her touch not common amongst women.

MAC.—Yes; she is a chip of the native granite. Very like the green hills in the bonnie glen where she was born: soft as velvet outside, but internally hard granite, as Carlyle said of Goethe. Besides, she sings.

CH.—O heavens! Gaelic songs, of course?

MAC.—Of course, in the first place; but she sings German songs too, and, what will please you, Latin songs, or rather hymns, from the great treasury of the Roman hymnology. Italian she does not affect.

CH.—*Πρὸς τῶν θεῶν!*

MAC.—A clergyman should not swear.

CH.—Not even in Greek?

MAC.—No!

CH.—Well then, let it be simply—*ὦ τοῦ θείου θρέμματος—O the noble creature!* Where did she learn that?

MAC.—She was brought up in a Roman Catholic school, kept by a most accomplished Irish lady, at Kenmare. She can speak Latin fluently.

CH.—*νὴ τὸν κύνα*—

MAC.—Did not I tell you that a clergyman, a predestinated Dean, and a probable Bishop of the Anglo-Catholic Church of Christ in Great Britain, should not swear?

CH.—You are quite right; it was a bad habit we learned at College—I mean swearing in Greek; we thought there was no harm in that; besides, the man who uses that asseveration, which you call swearing, was a Saint.

MAC.—Who?

CH.—Socrates.

MAC.—(*Singing to the tune of the Litany of the Virgin—Sancta virgo virginum—that used to be sung by the Roman people at vespers in the street corners.*)

O Sancte Socrates, *ora pro nobis,*
σοφῶν σοφώτατε, ora pro nobis,
λογίων λογιώτατε, ora pro nobis,
λαλῶν λαλίστατε, ora pro nobis,
σιμῶν σιμώτατε, ora pro nobis!

CH.—Reminiscences of Balliol! Well, I forgive you; though that sounds to my ears much more profane than making an affirmation by the dog of Egypt, the warden of Nilotic mummies, or any other dog. But how came your Flora to be educated in a convent? I know the Kenmare establishment; at least I have heard of it. A lady of no vulgar literary power—Cusack, I think, is the name—is at the head of it. Is your ward a Romanist?

MAC.—Yes.

CH.—That's a blot.

MAC.—Worse than a blot; an impediment.

CH.—An impediment to what?

MAC.—To her ever becoming my lady the better half of his Lordship the Bishop, or his Grace the Archbishop, of—

CH.—Pshaw!—but no doubt it is a pity. Everything has its date; and three things in my estimation are certainly doomed—Popery, Turkey, and Gaelic. Your mother, too, is a Catholic, I believe?

MAC.—Yes, we were all Catholics naturally; myself, as you know me, the solitary apostate;—but Popery, though a misfortune, is, in my opinion, scarcely a flaw in an accomplished and intelligent woman. At least I never wish Flora to be otherwise than she is. It is only in logic that Popery is weak; in life it is strong, and often beautiful—sometimes sublime. Besides, authority is such a potent factor in the formation of human opinion, that we cannot avoid the spirit of Popery even in Protestantism. We have ecclesiastical Popes in Scotland, and political Popes, all wearing most manifestly on their fronts the mark of the Beast.

CH.—Which is—?

MAC.—Impeccability and Infallibility.

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! Anyhow, this Flora will not be the least notable thing that I shall have made acquaintance with in the Highlands.

MAC.—I predict with certainty the most notable. She is the grandest combination of the strength of the man with the sweetness of the woman that I ever came across. She marches into life fearless, with the courage of a soldier and the grace of an angel: and the angel scatters flowers by the way, which mortals call poetry.

CH.—Mac, I begin to apprehend you have a conspiracy to make me fall in love with this girl, in spite of the impediment.

MAC.—Far from it: only beware! otherwise you may make yourself happy for a month and miserable for a lifetime.

CH.—Where is she now?

MAC.—Out among the hills on one of her charitable missions among the poor people, who are suffering just

now from a visitation of one of that class of persons whom the devil employs as his agents in doing as much harm as possible to the Highlands.

CH.—Whom do you mean?

MAC.—THE FACTOR OF AN ABSENTEE LANDLORD.

CH.—Oh, I understand; *un pezzo di Irlanda caduta nella Scozia!*

MAC.—I wish it were only a piece; and, if a piece, it is like leprosy, which, beginning with a small circlet, creeps along insidiously from point to point, till it overspreads the whole body. But come along; we have been talking too much, and are sliding into serious discussions, not congenial to tourists and holiday ramblers. Let us take a stroll up the glen. Perhaps we may meet Flora by the way.

(*Exeunt.*)

DIALOGUE II.

SCENE I.—*The Dining-room of the cottage; after dinner; the dessert is being placed on the table.*

PERSONS.—*MacDonald—Miss Flora MacDonald—Herr Bücherblume—Mrs. MacDonald—Church.*

MAC.—Now, my good friend Bücherblume, I hope you have dined well, without sauerkraut or raw ham. I should be sorry if your first taste of the Highlands had left any unpleasant impression on your palate.

B.—Quite the contrary. My palate was surprised, and is in danger of being over-stimulated, by the variety of dainties you spread before us. Where did you get those delicious flounders?

MAC.—From Iona, the holy isle, belted with white sand as pure as the souls of the saints who made their home there. The flounders know where to make themselves comfortable.

B.—And the good monks and nuns must have known how to fast from flesh, and to feast very delicately on Fridays.

CH.—And the lobsters too were magnificent. Where did you get them?

MAC.—From Mull. When you go to Iona, as you skirt the north-western, western, and southern sides of the Queen of the Celtic isles, you will see the lofty cliffs at the bottom of which they snugly lodge themselves. Iona itself also is

cliffy enough on the south side, which looks out on the mighty Atlantic.

B.—And those strawberries; are they natives?

MAC.—Not of our plot, which we have laid out on purely æsthetical principles, to gratify the fancy, leaving the utilitarian element to shift for itself. The strawberries are from Ledaig, on Loch Etive, near Oban. They are the production of a remarkable man, who exercises the triple function of bard, and postman, and gardener to Oban and its vicinity. His name is John Campbell. You must go down the country by rail, and see him some day. He lives in the most unique of Highland dwellings, cut from the living rock, and looking out across the sea, like the King of Thule's castle in Goethe's song. Flora has written some very pretty verses on this poet's domicile, which she will read to you by and by in the drawing-room, if you care.

CH.—By all means; Miss Flora, I hope you will not refuse us that pleasure?

FL.—Certainly not. If they can give any gratification to my guardian's guests, I am not entitled, whatever my personal feelings may be, to withhold them. It is well, besides, that you should hear them before you see the original from which the picture is drawn. I always feel that the best painting and the best poetry must ever limp lamentably behind the living charms of a Highland landscape.

B.—I entirely agree with you, Miss MacDonald. Our best artists and our greatest poets are after all only photographers of the glorious works of God. The beauties of such a vast and various original we can lay hold of only in parts, and by the use of certain dexterous tricks of setting and show, which compensate, by the emphatic expression of one aspect, for the total absence or feeble presence of many others. Does John Campbell write Gaelic or English verses?

FL.—Gaelic, of course.

B.—I am glad to hear that. Tall fellows, with stout untrousered limbs, hoary-bearded bards crooning over old Gaelic lays of Ossian and the Fein, and gay-ribboned bagpipes moaning away in melancholy coronachs, or rattling like hailstones to the clash of claymores on the backs of the fleeing Sassenach—these were the three things that I saw in my mind's eye when I started from Göttingen, like Dr. Johnson, to study human nature amid the semi-civilised barbarians of the Far West.

FL.—You shall not wait long, Mein Herr, for the bagpipes; we have them every day when the dessert is on the table. There they come; seven times round.

CH.—I hear, but I do not see; where are they?

FL.—You will see them anon, as they pass the windows.

B.—Do they not come inside?

FL.—No.

CH.—Thank Heaven for that; I cannot say they convey any sweetness to my English ear inside a stone wall. You will excuse me, Miss MacDonald, if I say that in this case, to me at least,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the sound."

FL.—On this point no Highlander of good taste will disagree with you. The bagpipes belong to the open air, as naturally as heather belongs to the hills and salmon to the sea-lochs. Men do not mend pens with Lochaber axes, or employ scene-painters to decorate the lids of snuff-boxes.

(*Here the piper is seen going round the house and playing Highland music.*)

B.—What tune is this?

MAC.—That is the clan air of the MacDonalds.

B.—And this tune that they are now playing?

FL.—That is "The Campbells are coming." They are the great lords of the soil here.

B.—And this other tune?

MAC.—It is called "The Barren Rocks of Aden," and was composed by Pipe-Major Alexander MacKellar, formerly of the 78th Highlanders, now piper to the Birmingham Celtic Society. The name, of course, indicates the place of the composition.[1]

B.—Before the musician departs, may I be allowed, Miss MacDonald, to request that he will strike up MacCrimmon's Lament: that rings in my ears from the day that I first heard it from the lips of a handsome young Highland lady, a MacDonell of Glengarry, whom I met in the hydropathic establishment at Marienberg on the Rhine.

FL.—By all means: 'tis not exactly the sort of thing to accompany a banquet, but we are proud to think that a foreigner should take such interest in our wild hill-notes.

(*The piper plays MacCrimmon's Lament.*).

FL.—Do you know the occasion on which this fine air was composed?

B.—No.

FL.—MacCrimmon was MacLeod of Dunvegan's piper; and as he was going out on a riskful expedition one day, towards the end of his life, a strong presentiment seized him that that march would be his last beneath the sun, and that he should never return to see the white mist sailing round the high peak of Scuir-nan-Gillean. Of this sad presentiment, which proved only too true, the beautiful air which you have heard was the spontaneous expression.

B.—That is what makes all your Celtic music so good. It is all so real; not tricked up for show, but grown out

[1] I am informed the author is still alive, and lives in Birmingham. The music is printed in Ross's *Collection of Pipe Music*, 1875, p. 77.

of a living root: *Gelegenheits Gedichte,* as Goethe said of his own poems, and of the songs of your great lyrical genius Robert Burns, whom he admired as much as the most Scotch of Scotsmen. They must be good, because they are natural and true. Like the singing of birds in the grove, when they have least of art they are often most pleasing.

FL.—You may have the English verses, if you please, Mr. B., in the other room by and by, for I presume you know nothing of the Gaelic.

B.—*Ich bin Ihnen sehr verbunden.*

FL.—I happily understand that; and you may speak to me as much German as you please, on one condition.

B.—What?

FL.—That you allow me to speak to you in my language occasionally; which means, that you shall take the trouble to pick up a little Gaelic, that your tongue may be in full harmony with your feet when you brush the dew from the heather.

B.—Well, I don't see why I should not try.

MAC.—The Germans try everything, especially languages. They are walking Polyglotts. I don't think we had any expounder of Celtic philology at Göttingen when you and I were thrashing corn there out of certain classical sheaves which seemed to have grown largely to straw.

B.—No; but in Halle we had Leo, and in Berlin Ebel, mighty in Celtic radicals; and now Professor Windisch at Leipzig is digging deep in Hibernian mines, and will bring no small booty of bright jewels to the light full soon.

FL.—Yes, you Germans are truly wonderful. It was only this morning that I was dipping into a metrical German version of Fingal by a Dr. Ebrard,[1] which reads much more naturally and pleasantly than the somewhat stilted and attitudinising prose Ossian of MacPherson. Well now, Herr Bücherblume, what if I took you at your

[1] Leipzig, Brockhaus. 1868.

word? Shall I give you your first lesson in Gaelic just now?

B.—By all means; but first let me follow your good brother's example by washing down these wonderful strawberries with a glass of *uisgebeatha*. Is that rightly pronounced?

FL.—Yes; at least not quite wrongly. Let us now commence! Follow my fingers: *aon—dha—tri—ceithir—coig—sea—seachd—ochd—navi—deich;* of course you follow that. What language do you think it smacks of?

B.—Latin, plainly enough; a sort of metamorphic Latin, to borrow a phrase from the geologists.

FL.—Plainly. Then what would you think of the philologer who should write that the Gaelic is an altogether unique language, unconnected with any known tongue, dead or alive?

B.—I should think that he had been writing in an atmosphere unstirred by the great currents of philological research that move my fatherland, and that he had calculated on a public as uninstructed as himself.

FL.—Just so. The book was written by a military man, Colonel Vans Kennedy.

B.—Well, military men are apt to march sword in hand where the sword is not the proper tool, and the public is an ignorant animal and easily deluded.

FL.—For a season.

MRS. MACDONALD.—Yes, Herr Bücherblume; I am an old woman now, and have never yet been able to perceive that the world is governed in the long-run by ignorance or humbug. When a thing is ascertainable, however enveloped in mist, and distorted by refraction at first, sooner or later some one will arise to blow the clouds away, and give free admission to the radiance of the sun of truth from behind.

B.—And I always understood that since Prichard's time, whose book was published in 1830, all educated

persons knew that Gaelic, Welsh, and the other varieties of the Celtic tongue belonged to a definite and well-marked genus of the great Aryan family.

MRS. MAC.—I have often heard it mentioned by not a few Highland clergymen of learning and intelligence that Gaelic is derived from Hebrew.

B.—I am afraid, my dear madam, these reverend gentlemen in those remote regions live innocently unobservant of all that Wolf and Grimm, Bopp, Lepsius, and not a few others, have been doing for the last hundred years in the great domain of scientific philology.

MRS. MAC.—I shouldn't be surprised if they didn't even know their names. Of course you do not expect me to know anything about them. Who was Grimm?

B.—Jacob Grimm. It is not in your line, as indeed it scarcely belonged to your generation, to take any cognisance of the great founder of Comparative Philology in the Teutonic department. There is one lady, however, not far from me, who, I am well convinced, knows all about him.

CH.—Does Grimm's law apply to the Celtic languages?

FL.—Of course Grimm's law, or some similar law of consistent consonantal variation, applies to all the languages of the same family. If by the application of Grimm's law to Gaelic you mean that when the same root is found in any Gaelic word and any other of the cognate languages with a variation, as, let us say, with the change of v into F, that root will not be found to stand alone, but a distinct class of roots will be found to exist in the two languages, modified in the same way and to the same extent, then that bright pole-star of every safe etymology certainly does exist in Gaelic.

MRS. MAC.—My dear Flora, I have always said you ought to have been a Professor in a University. It is difficult for a plain old lady like me, born on the brink of the century, to follow you when you talk in such a learned

fashion. I think I should understand you better if you gave me an example.

FL.—That is easy. *Vinum*, you know, is the Latin for *wine*; well, the Gaelic is FION; and what Grimm's law means is simply this, that if there be any other word in Latin beginning with V, the same word, if it occur in Gaelic, will begin with F.

MRS. MAC.—Indeed!—that will be a great help to memory, in learning any new language. We shall know what the word must be before we hear it.

B.—Of course: and in Germany no person is considered qualified to teach any language who does not know the laws of fixed analogy that connect it with the other languages of the same family.—But, Miss MacDonald, we are interrupting you. Proceed.

FL.—Well, according to what we have been saying, the Latin *vireo*, to be green, if it occurs in Gaelic will be *feur*, which, in fact, is the Gaelic for grass; and *vir*, a man, will become *fear* in Gaelic; and so on if there be any other similar roots.

B.—But I think I know one word at least in your language that violates your rule.

FL.—What word is that?

B.—The word for whisky—*uisge-beatha*—in which the Latin *v* in *vita* becomes a *b*.

FL.—Granted. Even the good Homer nods sometimes; and Grimm's law will not be absolute.

B.—Will you, my fair preceptress, be so kind as to enlighten my ignorance, by pointing out a few more of these analogies?

FL.—With pleasure, if these philological discussions are not disagreeable to the rest of the company.

CH.—Never fear. I will listen with the rare consciousness that such teaching, and from such a teacher, can be found only at Altavona. Certainly not in Christ Church.

FL.—Well, attend; though I see my good guardian is smiling at the formality of the pedagogic position into which I have so unexpectedly been forced by the intellectual curiosity of his German friend. Let us take the numerals with which we began. There is *dha*, the first numeral that commences with a consonant. Now, comparing *dha* with the Latin *duo*, we gain a sort of presumption—as much at least as a single example can supply—that initial *d* in Latin remains *d* in Gaelic; and, to turn this presumption into a rule, we have merely to probe our memory, and see whether a respectable number of Latin roots may not be brought to the front paired with their correspondent Gaelic roots, and bearing the unmodified *d* in their front. Here are two or three:—

damh.	dama.
deich.	decem.
deas.	dexter.
deud.	dent-.
duilich.	doleo.

And the Dictionary will furnish more at your leisure.

MAC.—Excellent well, my girl! I guess you have been working in that mine privately for some time back. I think I could add one or two from Greek, with which you are not so familiar.

FL.—I am blue enough already for the taste of your sex, I fear. My Greek, Herr Bücherblume, goes no further than the Grammar and Dictionary, got up, I honestly confess, not for the love of Plato or Aristotle, but simply to enable me to understand the technical terms in my favourite science, Botany.

B.—I wish all young ladies had as much sense, or rather the masters who teach them. Whatever becomes of Latin, Greek, as the language of science and religion, ought to be understood, in its elements at least, by every person of culture in our European world. But I interrupted our host.

MAC.—Well, here are one or two Greek roots beginning

with δ that occur to me as identical with some familiar Gaelic words—

dian, dàn.	δεινός.
darach.	δορύ.
dearc.	δέρκω.
deur.	δακρὺ.
druchd.	δρόσος.

CH.—Well, that seems pretty fair to start with. But what proportion do these Greek and Latin roots bear to the whole vocabulary of the language? If you would guarantee me nine-tenths, or even seven-tenths, of the Gaelic Dictionary, which I could recognise as old classical friends with a new face, I might find leisure some dull December to give your Ossian a lodgement in my brain alongside of Virgil and Homer.

MAC.—I am afraid I cannot guarantee that. Flora and I have often amused a rainy day by dissecting Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, and we have great doubts whether more than one-third of the current material of the language can be traced to any kindred form, classical or Teutonic.

B.—Do you recognise any considerable number of Teutonic roots in the Gaelic?

MAC.—Unquestionably we do; but let Flora proceed.

FL.—Well; it is not every day that I meet with gentlemen who can feel any pleasure in making me display my little box of philological curiosities.

CH.—And allow me to add, Miss MacDonald, it is not every day that I meet with ladies who can show that they possess any knowledge of Latin and Greek without being pedantic.

FL.—Thanks to my Catholic education. Had I been a Protestant, I should in all likelihood have been brought up in total ignorance of the great senatorian language, to which the whole of Western Europe owes its laws and its religion.

MAC.—Let religion and the Churches alone, Flora. They are not for after dinner; they disturb digestion. Proceed with your philology.

FL.—The numeral *three*, both in Latin and Gaelic, commences with *t*; and so

taileasg,	talus,
tairn,	traho,
tairneach,	tonitru,
talamh,	tellus,

and many others.

B.—Fair lady, you have instructed me immensely in a matter very cognate to the line of my historico-philological studies, and I hope I do not encroach on your goodness when I request you to give us the fruits of your researches on the letter *c*. Do the Scottish Gaels soften this letter before a soft vowel as the Italians and the English do?

FL.—Not at all; they regularly keep it hard; and indeed this hardness of the *c* is one of the points which our patriotic etymologists in the land of Bens are fond of parading, as a proof of the exceeding antiquity of our venerable tongue. But I think we had better adjourn this *c* business to a more convenient opportunity. It is a lovely evening; and I fear the good lady, your hostess, who allows me to call her mother, will not be able to tolerate our scholastic dissections of barren words any longer.

MRS. MAC.—I have been well schooled to this sort of thing, and have begun to look upon it as what St. Ignatius calls an exercise of patience. If it were not for backgammon and bézique which come to my aid at intervals, I should really, in self-defence, have become a philologer, as non-smokers learn to smoke in Germany, not because they love tobacco, but because they hate to be unsocial. I might as well quarrel with rain in Skye, or mist in Mull, as with etymology in this house.

B.—Well, my good hostess, at this rate you will be a saint before you get to heaven. Patience and resignation

are the main virtues of saintship. But I shall make no large demands on your virtue at present; only, to complete what Aristotle calls the first perfect number, that is, the first number which has a beginning, a middle, and an end, I will press my request that Miss Flora give us the manifestation of Grimm's law in this third letter, the letter *c*, and then we will dismiss her with all the honours.

FL.—Done; I keep you to your word. Here is *c*, at least as much of it as I happen to have on hand—a good half dozen :—

caball,	caballus,
caraid,	carus,
cal,	caulis,
calbh,	calvus,
can,	cano,
caomh,	comis,

and, if you help me to shake the leaves of my portfolio some rainy day you shall have a score more at your call. And now, Mein Herr—(MRS. MACDONALD *rises*)—I leave you to your pipe and the Rüdesheimer. In the drawing-room—if our snug little parlour can be dignified with that name—after a little, we shall try to give you something of the kernel of Gaelic; a taste of our national melodies and our popular songs. Languages were made to be enjoyed, I fancy, in the first place, not to be dissected.

(*The ladies retire.*)

B.—An astonishing girl that, MacDonald. I never saw so much learning combined with so much careless grace. She rattled off these roots, as if her mouth had been a dice-box, with doublets on the board at every throw. She might be professor of Celtic in the University.

CH.—There were lady Professors of Law at Bologna in the middle ages.

MAC.—I see no objections to that, if only the lady were a little plain, or, to speak plainly, somewhat ugly. But in

Flora's case I am afraid the students would be apt to fall in love with the lecturer rather than with the lecture, and that would not lead to a good result at the examinations.

B.—You are right. I never could study hard myself with a handsome woman in the room, or even a beautiful view from the window. The handsome woman invites love, or provokes flirtation, and the beautiful view suggests poetry. Hard study requires a hard environment. Flowers should not be strewn over granite pavements.

CH.—Yes; and for walking on a rough road, rough shoes are no doubt the proper thing. Nevertheless, I fancy I could learn more Gaelic from Miss Flora's fine lips, and under the glance of her dark eyes more pleasantly, in a week, than I could do from any of your Teutonic pundits of hyperbolical erudition in a month.

B.—Likely enough; the seasoning of the pudding is often the best part of it. I admit we Germans are not always so skilful as Max Müller in the richness of the seasoning and the delicacy of the flavour.

MAC.—No doubt. You dish up your learned books as if a man might have pleasure in dining upon prickles.

CH.—Or gravel.

B.—Or mummy rags and Memphian bones stewed in a spoonful of stale beer. That is most excellent tobacco, Mac, and well deserves its partnership with the Rüdesheimer. I really do wonder if I might not set myself seriously to pick up the Gaelic during my residence here. From what Miss Flora says, it cannot possibly be such a difficult language as is generally imagined.

MAC.—General imaginations are generally great mistakes. At the same time, unless you have six months to spare, and can put yourself directly under the tuition of Miss Flora, I should not advise you to go into the language of the country beyond a glimpse and a snap. You have not more than six weeks altogether, you told me, to take a range through this rich wilderness of Bens and Glens; and

if you use your eyes well, you will have little occasion for the use of the tongue. There are difficulties in the way of making much progress in Gaelic, of which you have no conception.

B.—What sort of difficulties? I rather like difficulties.

MAC.—So do I, when I have scope to grapple with them; but your six weeks is a great deal too short for such a business. The misfortune is, that the upper and middle classes of society, with whom a gentleman is most apt to come in contact when travelling in the Highlands, seldom know any Gaelic; and the lower classes, who speak it, being utterly ignorant of grammar, can never explain to a stranger any of those curtailments and complications of speech which are constantly cropping out in a language where the pronunciation differs so widely from the spelling.

B.—Well, this difficulty at least will not frighten any one who has grappled with English in such a determined fashion as I have. I cannot imagine any language with a more unreasonable, singular, and altogether anomalous pronunciation than the English. Your vowels shift from one note to another like the hues of colour on the ocean plain at sunset, while your consonants are now transformed and now obliterated in a style that confounds all calculation.

MAC.—Well, it is no doubt true that the intrusive elements which from time to time insinuated themselves into the English tongue while it was in the process of formation, seem to have disturbed the plastic instinct, which in the normal state presides over the formation of language, and displays its presence by the faithful observance of established analogies: and it is equally true that the Gaelic, preserved by its topographic remoteness from the confusing influence of those elements, has acted with consistency in maintaining the analogies under the influence of which it grew up. Nevertheless, the process of transmutation of the original sounds, and obliteration too, which confounds

strangers so much in English, took place in Gaelic also from the action of the internal plastic force alone, if more regularly, not certainly with a less sweeping range, or a less confounding result. Practically this means that the orthoepic obliteration which the English presents in the words *high, sigh, thigh, plough,* and such like, while it remains sporadic and singular with us, in Gaelic becomes regular and universal; so that in the middle and end of words, *dh* and *gh,* and other consonants or consonantal combinations, remain in the book as signs of no distinguishable vocal utterance; and thus not only is the eye constantly learning a thing which the ear must forget; but many words in enunciation, from the ejection of final, middle, and, in certain cases, also initial consonants, become utterly indistinguishable, and can be interpreted only by the context or the connection. Thus OR, *gold,* and ODHAR, *sallow,* are pronounced exactly in the same way, or, at least, in popular pronunciation so like to one another as not to be distinguishable by a learner; in the same way, CRODH, *black cattle,* is confounded with CRO, *a sheepfold;* and by this careless trick of the tongue the distinguishing features of whole classes of words are so smoothed away that the learner is altogether disheartened in his attempt to fix them down, as he gets them from the mouth of the common people.

B.—But the same confounding element enters largely into English, as in *hair* and *hare, bear* and *bare, seem* and *seam,* and not a few others.

MAC.—Unquestionably; but by no means to the same extent; besides, in English you are not forced to learn merely or mainly from an uneducated peasantry; and in Gaelic you have also the feature of aspiration.

CH.—I remember once to have heard that alluded to in a lecture by Professor Sayce in Oxford. Will you be so kind as explain to me what it means?

MAC.—Well, it is simply this. The transformation of the letter T which takes place constantly in such English

words as *thy* and *the*, by the addition of the aspirate to the dental consonant, takes place occasionally in a large class of Celtic words, so that the same word with the same signification has two distinct sounds: a modification of the unaffected root very confounding to the untutored ear. Take an example—*mor* means *big;* and *duine mor* means a "big man;" but, if you wish to say a "big woman," you don't say *bean mor*, but *bean mhor*, pronounced *vor:* and so with all feminine nouns. And not only in this case, but in a whole class of most familiar phrases, the final vowel of the preceding word exercises a metamorphic influence on the initial consonant of the following one, so that it is either changed into another consonant, or altogether obliterated: thus a dog is *cu*, evidently the curtailed form of the Greek *κυν*; but *my dog* is not *mo cu*, but *mo chu*. Now, if you can figure to yourself how you would probably fail to recognise your old College chum if you were to meet him in the street with his nose and his chin shaved off, and his manly forehead sloping away into a villainously low incline, you may imagine how difficult it is for a non-Celtic ear to recognise any unfamiliar word under such shifting masks of articulate utterance.

CH.—At this rate, I think we may fairly set down the Gaelic, as not only one of the most difficult, but also one of the most corrupt, dialects of the Aryan family.

MAC.—Certainly the most corrupt—more corrupt even than French, the most degenerate daughter of Latin; but also one of the most musical.

CH.—Musical! how do you make that out?—a corrupt language most musical, and with such an army of gutturals too! Such an ostentatious iteration of that harsh and unhuman *ch!*

MAC.—Church, you speak like an Englishman: that is, allow me to say, with the privilege of an old friend, in the present case, like a fool.

CH.—You were always fond of using strong phrases:

but what, may I ask in the present case, is the special folly by which my gross Anglican nature has made itself manifest?

MAC.—Simply this, that you English, whether from the original malformation of your organs of speech, or merely from enfeeblement arising from want of practice, not being able to pronounce the graceful aspiration of *ch*, straightway denounce all languages which delight in that sound as harsh and guttural: German for instance, and Gaelic.

B.—And Greek too: but your true Englishman, with natural blindness, arising from his exclusively classical education, never utters a whisper against the sound in Greek, which he condemns as barbarous in Gaelic. Classical Greek delights not only in *ch*, but in *th* and *sth*, and other combinations of aspirants and sibilants as far from the scholastic ideal of euphony as any most guttural sound in German or Gaelic. Is there any word in Gaelic, I should like to know, more guttural and sibilant than χρίμπτεσθαι or σχίζεθαι or ἔψεξεν?

MAC.—And the truth of science is that the final *ch* in the German *milch*, as in so many Gaelic words, is a softened and euphonious form of the sharp guttural *k* in milk.

CH.—I suppose I shall wisely knock under here. But what did you mean by saying that a language might be extremely corrupt, and yet extremely musical? Surely French is not more musical than Latin.

MAC.—No: but Italian is; everything in this matter depends on the kind and degree of the corruption.

B.—Perhaps the word corruption is an unhappy term in the case, and leads to misconception.

MAC.—Exactly so; the corruption of a language is not the corruption of a piece of flesh, which means putrescence, and mortification, and utter incapacity to serve any purpose in organic life which flesh is intended to serve. A corrupt language, on the contrary, may be even better than the pure form from which it is a declension.

B.—Better, of course, for certain purposes; not absolutely: for whatever word we might invent to signify that departure from the original type, which you loosely call corruption, it would still be true that the original type had been deprived of something that was necessary to its character and completeness as a type.

MAC.—Just as the majesty, muscularity, and weight of the Latin language is to a certain extent lost in the Italian, which by this loss gains in softness and musicalness. This happens by a universal law of nature, or rather a necessity of things. Loss in one direction is often a decided gain in another.

B.—Often, but not always. I do not see, for instance, that your English tongue gains by systematically curtailing our dissyllables into monosyllables, and weakening the radical vowel at the same time, as when you say *hail* for *hagel*, *nail* for *nagel*, and so with whole groups of words.

CH.—A loss this, certainly unredeemed by any compensating gain. Hence the difficulty we have in all dactylic, anapæstic, and tribrachic measures.

B.—Hence also your scarcity of double rhymes, which not seldom leads you to perpetrate verses in which the dexterous triumph over a difficulty is dearly paid by the loss of that easy unaffected grace in which the charm of all rhythmical composition lies.

MAC.—Well, so be it; but there is another sort of corruption which has eaten into the very bones of our English speech, and which has resulted in a gain of the most decided and emphatic character.

CH.—What is that?

MAC.—The wholesale importation of the majestic and high-sounding vocabulary of Greece and Rome, to compensate for the loss of the instinct of composition in our original Saxon tongue.

B.—Yes; as Jacob Grimm used to say, with the large generosity which belonged to him as a great philological

thinker: this wonderful hotch-potch of dissimilar elements which we call the English language is really a haphazard production, whose virtues the most cunningly contrived schemes of an ideal language might have failed to surpass.

CH.—As in a piece of spotted porphyry.

MAC.—Thank you for that simile. An atheist would say that as a beautiful piece of porphyry could be crystallised by accident from the bubblings of a huge volcanic caldron, so this fair world, with its suns and planets and satellites, could have come into existence in the same way. But the fact is, that though the fortuitous throwing together of certain elements may produce certain beautiful results, which are independent of the order in which the elements come together, no fortuitous concurrence or mixture of any kind could produce certain other beautiful results, which are dependent for their effect on the skilful disposition and measured proportion of the parts; a Greek temple for instance; and even for a well-concocted salad, or hotch-potch, the cook will know the proportions.

B.—And the English language, with all its rich and various resources, is often reduced to sad shifts for want of the plastic self-evolving vitality which shapes forth every organism of nature into a luxuriant ramification, congruous with its original type.—But whither have we wandered? Were we not talking of Gaelic?

MAC.—Certainly we were; and all that I have to add, to make it plain to the comprehension of my dear old Christ Church chum here, is, that the characteristic corruption of the Gaelic tended, first by the discarding or enfeeblement of the sonorous terminations, to make it less musical than the Latin from which it diverged, and at a later stage, by the discarding or enfeeblement of the consonants, to make it more musical, though certainly less majestic, than either the Latin or its stately daughter, the Italian.

B.—Show us what you mean by that.

MAC.—I mean merely that while the want of the full-mouthed terminations is no doubt a rhetorical loss, the softening or obliteration of the consonants is, for singing purposes at least, a decided musical gain.

B.—And in fact I have always heard that the Scottish Celts were a singing rather than a writing people.

MAC.—You are right; and I believe also that this singing Avatar in which the Caledonian Celt delights to manifest his higher nature was the cause of that contagious influence already noticed, which, as in the case of *mo chu*, the long final vowel of the preceding word exercises on the initial consonant of the following word, and not less of that peculiarity in the rhyme of Celtic poetry which makes the ear insensible to the dissimilarity of the consonant, so long as the vowel, the real musical element in rhyme, remains the same. *Mòr* and *fōnn*, for instance, are good rhymes in Gaelic, which in English or German would be utterly repudiated.

B.—This is certainly interesting; I must pursue that subject further.

MAC.—Do so by all means, but not at present. Take another glass of the Rüdesheimer, and *sgobag*, as we say here, *swig it off!* We 've had more than enough of philology for one bout. Remember what Flora said: LANGUAGES WERE MADE TO BE ENJOYED, NOT TO BE DISSECTED. Let us join the ladies!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The parlour in the cottage. Tea on the table. The ladies as before. Enter the gentlemen.*

FL.—Well, Herr Bücherblume, glad to see you *zu guter Letzt*—at last. The cigars and the Rüdesheimer naturally

produce a salutary and sedentary influence on your Teutonic nerves.

B.—Indeed, Miss MacDonald, you do me injustice. It was not the Rüdesheimer or the tobacco—though no doubt they are most agreeable adjuncts—but the Celtic game started by yourself, which kept us so long in the dining-room.

FL.—Oh, the philology, was that the pentagram that delayed your exit? I intended it otherwise; but I now pass a positive interdict against any more root-digging under the present circuit of the sun. The best thing that could be done for you Germans were to keep you from the sight of a book for at least two months in the year. You pore over old papers, peeping through the fumes of tobacco, till you positively unlearn the natural use of your eyes. How is it that in a company of half-a-dozen Germans three are sure to have spectacles on their noses?

B.—I do not know; but, if we did damage our eyes by too much poring over books, it is no small compensation to think that we have produced such men as Niebuhr and Mommsen, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, and Bopp.

FL.—In these names verily you have your reward. You are the high priests of learning, not for yourselves only, but for the whole world. The French tried to conquer the world by their arms, the Germans have conquered it by their thinking; only for the rest of the evening I insist on leaving philology out of the play.

B.—And I am not the man to leave the kernel uneaten for the curious admiration of the shell. You promised us a fair taste of the kernel, and we are here to keep you to your word.

FL.—Oh, by all means. But take a cup of tea first: we pride ourselves here on our tea.

B.—Delightful tea! and what cream!

FL.—Tea is much better for literary gentlemen than coffee; it is more soothing, and less stimulating.

B.—May I now take the liberty, Miss Flora, of putting to you some questions with regard to Celtic literature. What do you think of Ossian?

FL.—That is a question! I may take the liberty, I presume, as a Scot, of answering it by proposing another: What do you think of Homer?

B.—Homer was a great popular minstrel, who, in the early ages of Greek civilisation, collected the historical ballads of the Hellenic tribes, and fused them into a grand epic whole, at first probably under the name of the Achilleid, but afterwards enlarged by himself, or some subsequent minstrel, into the Iliad as we now have it. Homer was the Walter Scott of early Greek times, when all history was ballad, and all ballads were sung.

FL.—And MacPherson in the same way was the Homer of the Celtic Highlands.

B.—Not Ossian?

FL.—Not, if I accept your definition of Homer. For the man of Badenoch certainly collected and fused into a number of little epic wholes that floating mass of heroic ballads which, along with popular songs and prose tales, for many ages formed the principal intellectual nutriment of the Highland peasantry.

B.—Then you do not believe in Ossian?

FL.—I do believe in Ossian as much as I believe in Miriam the prophetess, or Demodocus, or Thomas the Rhymer. All well-endowed peoples have great popular poets who celebrate the noble deeds of the popular heroes, and, once having them, are not apt to forget them. Popular tradition is not made of soap-bubbles. But I do not believe in Ossian as the Homer of the Celts, who reduced their floating ballads into the little epic wholes which we now possess under the hand of MacPherson.

B.—Then all Europe, from Napoleon Buonaparte to Herder and Cesarotti, not to mention your own Doctor Blair, laboured under a grievous delusion when they ac-

cepted the poems of Ossian as a genuine Celtic epos in opposition to Laing, Dr. Johnson, and other sturdy sceptics at both ends of the island.

FL.—Not a delusion altogether, but only a chronological confusion. The poems were no forgeries: Celtic materials beyond all doubt, fused and moulded into shape by Celtic genius. The only question is, who fused them, and what was the date and fashion of the fusion? Some one may have preceded him in the work; but MacPherson certainly is the plastic artificer who made them up and presented them in their latest form to the British public; made up, however, in what fashion?—not merely stitched and sewed together, though that was certainly part of the process, but hashed, and seasoned, and cooked, and dished up in the style partly of the cook, partly of the age to which he belonged.

B.—A cook is a mighty transformer.

FL.—I admit that,—especially a French cook. How far or how little MacPherson used his rhythmical art (for he was naturally a rhymer, as indeed most Highlanders were) in transforming the old Celtic ballads which he undoubtedly possessed, will never be known. The secret of the dish died with the cook.

MAC.—Bücherblume, I see my sister has been dragging you, or you have been dragging her, into a discussion of the Ossianic question. But I pass my interdict on the subject, at least for the present. We must not disturb the genial tone and easy-chair attitude of a snug little Highland parlour with painfully protracted attempts to solve the insoluble. I should sooner debate with you the authorship of the Book of Deuteronomy, or the Psalms, or the significance of the Song of Solomon, or the mystery of the number of the Beast in the Apocalypse.

MRS. MAC.—And, if an old lady may have a voice in the matter, I am happy to inform you that Flora's opinions on this subject, though, I have no doubt, carefully formed,

and delivered with her usual decision, must be regarded as exceptional in the case of persons with good Highland blood in their veins and a good Celtic brogue on their tongues. I have heard many of the most distinguished Galicians in the Highlands say, that they are quite sure that neither MacPherson himself, nor any of his fellow-labourers, had such a knowledge of Gaelic as would have enabled them to compose these poems.

B.—Then who do they say did compose them?

MRS. MAC.—Either Ossian himself, or some of his school—for, no doubt, he had a school of bards, just as Columba had a college of monks—or, nobody knows who; only not MacPherson.

MAC.—Besides, I must mention, my dear Bücherblume, that Flora's judgment of the Ossianic poems is probably not a little biassed by the passionate admiration which she entertains for Duncan Ban, whose poetry is as like Ossian as Robert Burns is like Milton, or your German Milton, Klopstock, perhaps.

B.—"A very German Milton"!—as Coleridge said.

MAC.—Well; but what I meant was simply this, that even Flora's severe judgment may have been biassed by a strong passion.

FL.—It may well be so. A perfectly impartial lover is no lover.

B.—Spoken like a true woman! But may I ask who this Mr. Ban is who has been so happy as to monopolise all the hero-worship of Flora MacDonald?

FL.—Mr. Ban! ha! ha! ha!—really, Mein Herr, I thought a learned German like you would have known that Ban was not the poet's name any more than πόδας ὠκὺς is the name of Achilles.

CH.—I feel proud to think that an M.A. Oxon. knows more of Gaelic in the present case than a Göttingen Dr. of Philosophy. BAN means *fair*, or fair-haired. The man's name was MacIntyre. He belonged to the clan MacIntyre,

whose home was in Glenoe, at the back of Ben Cruachan, and he was born in Glenorchy, not far from Dalmally.

MAC.—In the name of all the kilted Muses, Church, where did you gather up all this knowledge? Have you been cramming the guide-books as you cram Thucydides and Aristotle in Oxford?

CH.—No, but I came up from Inveraray, by Cladich, the other day; and on the height above the loch, on the right hand, a little before I came to Dalmally, my eye was attracted by a circular monument, which I went up to inspect; and met there with an old shepherd, who launched into wonderful eloquence on the *genius loci*, and told me all that I have now told you, and much more, about him. He said, I think, that he had been gamekeeper to the Marquis of Breadalbane, that he had fought at the battle of Falkirk in 1746, and that he had written many excellent poems, and especially one in praise of deer-stalking, called Ben Doran.

MAC.—Ben Doran is really a fine poem, in every way worthy of the noble Ben whose name it bears.

B.—I should like above all things to see that poem.

MAC.—I will take the liberty of imposing on Flora, by way of honourable amends to Herr Bücherblume for her rude shaking of his orthodox faith in Ossian, that she recite to us her version of that admirable poem.

FL.—The whole of it?

MAC.—As much as you please.

B.—Oh, do! Miss MacDonald.

CH.—Yes, do, by all means.

FL.—You do not know what you are asking. A specimen will suffice. Which part shall I take?

MAC.—Give us the part where he describes the mountain scenery so vividly, the clear granite well, with its fringe of bright green mosses, the leaping waterfall, the resounding rocks, and the wavy luxuriance of the graceful birch-trees.

FL.—Right pleasant was the view
Of that fleet red-mantled crew,
As with sounding hoof they trod
O'er the green and turfy sod
Up the brae,
As they sped with lightsome hurry
Through the rock-engirded corrie,
With no lack of food, I ween,
When they cropped the banquet green
All the way.
O grandly did they gather,
In a jocund troop together,
In the corrie of the Fern
With light-hearted unconcern;
Or by the smooth green loan
Of Achalader were shown,
Or by the ruined station
Of the old heroic nation
Of the Fin,
Or by the willow rock
Or the witch-tree on the knock,
The branchy crested flock
Might be seen.
Nor will they stint the measure
Of their frolic and their pleasure
And their play,
When with airy-footed amble
At their freakish will they ramble
O'er the brae,
With their prancing and their dancing,
And their ramping and their stamping,
And their plashing and their washing
In the pools,
Like lovers newly wedded,
Light-hearted, giddy-headed
Little fools.

No thirst have they beside
The mill-brook's flowing tide
And the pure well's lucid pride
Honey-sweet;
A spring of lively cheer,
Sparkling cool and clear,
And filtered through the sand
At their feet;
'Tis a life-restoring flood
To repair the wasted blood
The cheapest and the best in all the land,
And vainly gold will try
For the Queen's own lips to buy
Such a treat.
From the rim it trickles down
Of the mountain's granite crown
Clear and cool;
Keen and eager though it go
Through your veins with lively flow,
Yet it knoweth not to reign
In the chambers of the brain
With misrule;
Where dark water-cresses grow
You will trace its quiet flow,
With mossy border yellow,
So mild, and soft, and mellow,
In its pouring.
With no slimy dregs to trouble
The brightness of its bubble
As it threads its silver way
From the granite shoulders grey
Of Ben Dorain.
Then down the sloping side
It will slip with glassy slide
Gently welling,

Till it gather strength to leap,
With a light and foamy sweep,
To the corrie broad and deep
Proudly swelling;
Then bends amid the boulders,
'Neath the shadow of the shoulders
Of the Ben,
Through a country rough and shaggy,
So jaggy and so knaggy,
Full of hummocks and of hunches,
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,
Full of bushes and of rushes,
In the glen,
Through rich green solitudes,
And wildly hanging woods
With blossom and with bell,
In rich redundant swell,
And the pride
Of the mountain daisy there,
And the forest everywhere,
With the dress and with the air
Of a bride.

(*The recitation is followed by a general round of applause.*)

CH.—This is really something not at all commonplace.

B.—Commonplace! It is magnificent. I challenge you to show me from all your Greek books anything half so good.

MAC.—Sophocles says some very pretty things about the scenery of Colonus in the Oedipodean drama; but as a describer of scenery there cannot be any doubt Duncan Ban beats him hollow.

CH.—Did Dr. Johnson know anything of this poem?

MAC.—Certainly not; and one can hardly blame the beast. In his day it was the fashion in London to consider the Highlander as "a fierce and savage depredator, speaking a barbarous language, and inhabiting a barren

and gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbade all strangers to enter."[1]

CH.—Thank Heaven, we are now more enlightened. I travelled with an Italian gentleman the other day, who said he didn't know whether to give the prize to the bay of Naples or to the bay of Oban, in point of coast scenery; and Staffa and Iona, he thought, were in every view better worth seeing than Capri and Ischia.

MAC.—Comparisons are odious. The dogmatic Doctor was certainly most unfortunate both in what he saw of Scotland, and what he said of it. The birches of Killiecrankie and Bonskeid were no doubt as luxuriant and as beautiful in his day as they are *now*; and the people that in the eighteenth century produced two such poets as Duncan Ban MacIntyre and Alastair MacDonald might have been credited with having brought forth an Ossian some thousand years earlier.

B.—Who was this Alasdair MacDonald? I never heard of him.

MAC.—Not even the Germans know all things. Alasdair was a schoolmaster in Ardnamurchan, opposite Tobermory, in Mull, and was a contemporary of Duncan Ban about the middle of the last century,—a man of a lofty Byronic genius, and who might have ranked with the most famous of modern poets, had he not had the misfortune to be born in a nook of the world where a great European genius was as much out of place as an oak in a flower-pot, or a Californian pine in a Scottish kailyard.

B.—Have you any more poets?

MAC.—Oh, a whole army! There is Rob Donn, the Reay bard, a most shrewd, satirical rogue; Dugald Buchanan, the bard of Rannoch, poet, preacher, and apostle; William Ross of Gairloch, the Petrarch of the Highlands, and others too numerous to be named. Nor do we live only on the mighty names of the past.

[1] Stewart's *Highlanders*, vol. i. p. 257.

We shall have bards as long as we are a people. The Highlander has only three natural styles—the story, the dialogue, and the song. We have scores of song-writers, even in this latter day of our decadence and decline. Every district almost has its bard of greater or less celebrity. The most distinguished of living verse-writers is Evan MacColl; and there are others not far behind him who, I doubt not, would come to the front, if the county aristocracy, who hold the autumnal gatherings, would only have the sense to give some encouragement to the brain as well as to the brawn of the good honest people from whom they draw their rents. Our best poet in this part of the world is Ian Campbell of Ledaig, of whom I spoke to you in the other room. Ledaig is near Connel Ferry, a few miles above Oban.

CH.—Well remembered! Miss MacDonald promised to read to us her verses descriptive of the poet's house.

FL.—Here they are:—

THE LORN BARD'S DWELLING.

My name it is Ian the bard,
And I dwell on the far west shore,
Where I look on the mighty old Ben,
And hear the old ocean roar;
And my house it is cut in the rock,
At the bend of the beautiful bay,
Beswept by the strength of the blast,
And beshone by the grace of the day.

O fair is the house of the bard,
Where it stands on the rock by the sea,
With the sway of the billow below,
And above with the swing of the tree,
With the glorious sun in his view
As he sinks in the glow of the west,
And the joy of the grey sea-birds,
As they float on old ocean's breast!

My name it is Ian the bard,
And Campbell 's the name of my clan,
And I live by the strength of my arm,
And I fear not the face of a man ;
And I dwell in my house of the rock,
Like a bird in its breezy nest,
With an ocean of beauty around,
And a fountain of songs in my breast !

The soil I redeem from the waste,
By the masterly craft of the spade,
And the fringe of the mountain is graced
By the green of the feathery blade ;
All flowers of the garden I know,
And I marshal them rank upon rank,
And the pride of the summer is seen
In the wealth of my strawberry bank.

If I dined with the Queen in the palace,
From trenchers of silver and gold,
With cushions of velvet to sit on,
And everything bright to behold,
I would sigh for my house in the rock,
With its broad outlook on the sea,
And the glory of earth and of sky,
Like the mantle of God about me !

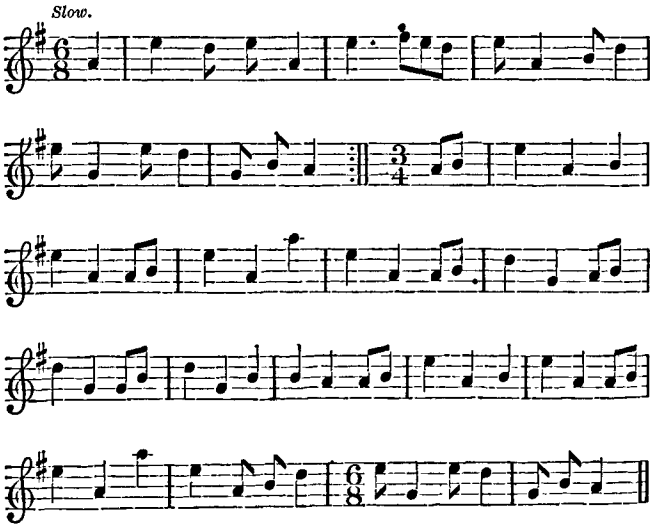
Dear God, if a hymn in Thy praise
Ever mounted from Ian the bard,
Grant me for the worth of my lay
The grace of one little reward :
Let me die in my house of the rock,
With my wife and my bairnies three,
With the plash of the billow below,
And above with the swing of the tree !

B.—Bravo! bravo! We must really go down and see that wonderful dwelling.

CH.—I am glad to perceive the strawberries have not been forgotten.

MAC.—Who could forget them? That strawberry bank is to me one of the finest sights in the Highlands. Oh! if we had only a gentry who would delight themselves in encouraging the local population, and fostering local industries, instead of thinning out the native peasantry, wasting their time, and their health, and their fortune, in London or Paris, and turning their estates into conservatories of wild beasts!—But come, Flora, give us a song.

(MISS MACDONALD *sits down to the piano, and accompanies herself, as she sings.*)

CUMHA MHIC CRUIMEIN.

Round Coolin's peak the mist is sailing,
The banshee croons her note of wailing,
Mild blue eyne with sorrow are streaming
For him that shall never return, MacCrimmon!

The breeze on the brae is mournfully blowing!
The brook in the hollow is plaintively flowing,
The warblers, the soul of the groves, are moaning,
For MacCrimmon that's gone, with no hope of returning!

The tearful clouds the stars are veiling,
The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing,
The waves of the sea are moaning and mourning
For MacCrimmon that's gone to find no returning!

No more on the hill at the festal meeting,
The pipe shall sound with echo repeating,
And lads and lasses change mirth to mourning
For him that is gone to know no returning!

No more, no more, no more for ever,
In war or peace, shall return MacCrimmon;
No more, no more, no more for ever
Shall love or gold bring back MacCrimmon!

B.—Beautiful, beautiful—*allerliebst, reizend!*

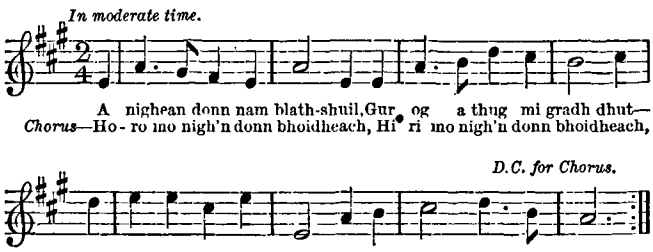
CH.—There is something extremely pathetic about this melody. I have not been so deeply moved since I last saw Jenny Lee performing Poor Jo on the stage at Edinburgh.

MAC.—You appreciate wisely. In the elegy and *Marbhrann*, *Cumha* or *lament*, we excel. Then we have love-songs innumerable, as fresh, and as healthy, and as beautiful as the daisies on the mead, and as warm as the sun on a summer day.

B.—Will Miss MacDonald sing us a Highland love-song?

FL.—Certainly. Gaelic is pre-eminently the language of the heart. I am quite indignant occasionally, when I meet some of our Highland young ladies, the daughters of clergymen who preach and pray in Gaelic every Sunday, never opening their mouth to give voice to the most tender of all human passions, except to the tune of some foreign *amore* and *dolore*, instead of the more deep and genuine *mo ghaol* and *mo run* of their native speech. But fashion, and affectation, and genteel snobbery, I fear, are smothering nature, and strangling simplicity in the hearts of our would-be cultured young ladies. (*She sings to the piano the song,*

HO-RO MO NIGH'N DONN BHOIDHEACH.)


In moderate time.
A nighean donn nam blath-shuil, Gur og a thug mi gradh dhut—
Chorus—Ho-ro mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach, Hi ri mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach,
D.C. for Chorus.
Tha d'iomhaigh ghaoil a's d'ailleachd, A ghnath tigh'nn fo m' uidh.
Mo chaileag laghach bhoidheach, Co phosainn ach thu?

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal,
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo run.
Ho-ro, etc.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
Bu shona bha mo laithean;—
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,
A's aille do ghnuis.
Ho-ro, etc.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda
Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadur;
I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ach riamh o 'n dh' fhag mi t' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do ruin.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
Na mnathan oga Gallda,
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhi' sealltainn 'n an gnuis.
Ho-ro, etc.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shuil.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-ànnsail, am flur.
Ho-ro, etc.

B.—Delightful!—only I wish I could have followed the words. Have you no English version?

FL.—No; Gillebride tried it once, but gave it up in despair.

MAC.—Very true. I know nothing more difficult in the way of translation than these Gaelic songs, especially the

love-songs. I would ten times rather do the most difficult chorus in Æschylus.

CH.—How so?

MAC.—There is a simplicity and directness about them, which is sure to appear odd, or flat, or even improper, in our highly cultivated English speech. Our songs were made by our peasantry,—peasants of a high character, thanks to the clan system—manly, chivalrous, and gentlemanly, but still peasants, not skilled in the pretty turns, sparkling conceits, and subtle suggestions of professional poets like the Moores or Tennysons of a literary age, but always natural, always healthy, and always true.

B.—Like Burns; and I suggest, therefore, that Gaelic songs should rather be translated into Scotch. Scotch, I fancy, is only the classical dialect of English song, as Doric was of Attic Greek.

MAC.—In a sort perhaps; but in these days of levelling and centralising, and polishing, after one tyrannical type, it is not easy to find a man who can write good Scotch. Jamie Ballantine is dead.

CH.—You owe much to Burns. I have often thought that we owe not a little also to our English Bible and the Old Testament, in the way of teaching our dainty generation to hear natural things spoken of in a natural way without screwing their mouths. Homer also does good service in this way.

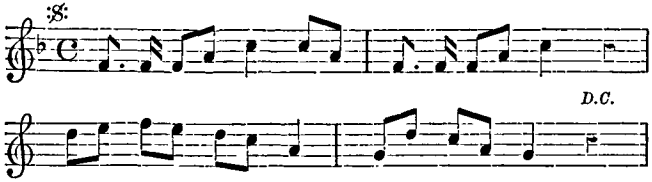
B.—And Goethe!—

MAC.—Yes. Nature was his goddess, and he served her perhaps, in some matters, only too faithfully. It is the glory of man to control Nature, where the lower animals can only follow her. But enough of this. Now, Flora, sing my favourite *Mairi laghach*—your own English words.

FL.—*Mairi laghach?*

MAC.—Of course.

FL.—(*Singing to the piano.*)

MAIRI LAGHACH.

CHORUS.—*Ho! my bonnie Mary,*
My dainty love, my queen,
The fairest, rarest Mary
On earth was ever seen.
Ho! my queenly Mary
That made me king of men,
To call thee mine own Mary
Born in the bonnie glen!

I.

Young was I and Mary,
In the windings of Glensmeoil,
When came that imp of Venus,
And caught us with his wile,
And pierced us with his arrows
That we thrilled in every pore,
And loved as mortals never loved
On this green earth before.

II.

Ofttimes myself and Mary
Strayed up the bonnie glen,
Our hearts as pure and innocent
As little children then;
Boy Cupid finely taught us
To dally and to toy,
When the shade fell from the green tree,
And the sun was in the sky.

III.

If all the wealth of Albyn
Were mine, and treasures rare,
What boots all gold and silver,
If sweet love be not there?
More dear to me than rubies
In deepest veins that shine
Is one kiss from the lovely lips
That rightly I call mine.

IV.

Thy bosom's heaving whiteness
With beauty overbrims,
Like swan upon the waters
When gentliest it swims;
Like cotton on the moorland,
Thy skin is soft and fine,
Thy neck is like the sea-gull
When dipping in the brine

V.

The locks about thy dainty ears
Do richly curl and twine;
Dame Nature rarely grew a wealth
Of ringlets like to thine.
There needs no hand of hireling
To twist and plait thy hair,
But where it grew it winds and falls
In wavy beauty there!

VI.

Like snow upon the mountains,
Thy teeth are pure and white;
Thy breath is like the cinnamon,
Thy mouth buds with delight.

Thy cheeks are like the cherries,
Thine eyelids soft and fair,
And smooth thy brow, untaught to frown,
Beneath thy golden hair.

VII.

The pomp of mighty kaisers
Our state doth far surpass,
When beneath the leafy coppice
We lie upon the grass;
The purple flowers around us
Outspread their rich array,
Where the lusty mountain streamlet
Is leaping from the brae.

VIII.

Nor harp, nor pipe, nor organ
From touch of cunning men,
Made music half so eloquent
As our hearts thrilled with then;
When the blithe lark lightly soaring,
And the mavis on the spray,
And the cuckoo in the greenwood,
Sang hymns to greet the May.

CH.—That is really a classical lyric. Who was the author?

FL.—The air was composed by a Loch Broom drover called Murdoch MacKenzie; and the words, of which I have given you the English translation, were composed by John MacDonald, tacksman of Scoraig, in the same district. And now, I think, I have done my duty so well in giving you a taste of our Gaelic songs, that I may be entitled to call on some one to contribute his share to the harmony of the evening. Gillebride, give our German guest a blast of the Celtic war-trumpet.

B. That is the true note to strike. Your Highlander, I have always understood, is the model soldier.

MAC.—The Germans, as I said before, know everything; and nothing that they embrace in the wide area of their ken is more true than this,—the HIGHLANDER IS THE MODEL SOLDIER. Not even the Spartans or the Romans, in their best days, before "the large estates ruined Italy," could surpass him. The exploits of the *Black Watch* will rank with Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul for personal bravery and gallant daring, or with Napoleon's Italian campaign, till the end of military record. Even when beaten, as they were at Fontenoy and Ticonderoga, as the best men will be sometimes, they called forth involuntary bursts of admiration from the spectators of their daring.

'Tis the plain truth I tell you, one brave Highland boy
Left nine Frenchmen breathless at red Fontenoy;
When, with wings like the storm, we plunged into the fight,
And drew our broad swords for our king and our right.

Oh ruddy was the slaughter, and with bloody wounds they bled,
When at Ticonderoga more than half lay with the dead;
Like tigers on the foe they rushed, the fearless Highland men,
And did what mortal men could do for Britain's honour then.[1]

B.—I heard Professor Pauli lecturing eloquently on English history at Göttingen; and my impression was that, from what I heard, the Highlanders, in the great British wars, had only one fault—they were *too* brave. They put on the steam, sometimes most unwisely, when they ought to have restrained it.

[1] *An t'Oranaiche* (Glasgow, Sinclair, 1879), p. 2.

MAC.—No doubt that was a great fault, for which they were severely reprimanded by General Wolfe at Quebec.[1]

CH.—You were lauding the exploits of the BLACK WATCH. I have heard of them before in some of our historical lectures at Oxford, but I never exactly understood their particular character, or how they got that name.

MAC.—I can tell you. After the Rebellion in 1715, commonly called the Braemar rising, the strong Stewart sympathies of the Highlanders became an object of not unreasonable suspicion to the Hanoverian Government, which thus found itself constrained to establish a special military corps of observance, so to speak, over the doings of the kilted men north of the Forth. They were accordingly advised to form a sort of local militia for this purpose, composed of the most influential members of the Whig, or Hanoverian party; their special duties being to enforce the Disarming Act, to overawe the disaffected, to prevent and give information of any convocations or meetings, and to check the plunder and reprisals of cattle between rival clans, and between the Highland clans and the Lowlanders,—generally to crush the unruly spirit of the men brought up under the clan system, and to teach them habits of obedience to the central government. The men who composed this militia were generally far above the station of society from which our armies are recruited. They were, many of them, cadets of gentlemen's families, tacksmen, and others closely connected with the ruling families of the district to which they belonged. The service in this view was looked on as highly honourable, and specially acceptable to the Highlanders, because it gave them the privilege of bearing arms, which they cherished as one of the dearest traditions of their Celtic manhood. The companies which formed this local militia first received a permanent shape in the year 1730; and the corps received the name of the FREICEADAN DUBH, or

[1] Stewart, vol. i. p. 311.

Black Watch, from the contrast of the dark green colour of their dress to the red coats of the English soldiers.

CH.—So *dubh* does not mean *black*, as I had imagined?

MAC.—No; no more than μέλας means *black* in Homer. But to proceed. The Black Watch, or 42d Regiment, as it is also called, were formed only as a local militia for keeping the peace in the Highlands—a service for which they were peculiarly well fitted, and which they performed in a manner for which they deserved the best thanks of the Hanoverian Government. But the Government, at the time of the French wars in the second quarter of the last century when Marshal Saxe did such brilliant service, being in want of men for operations in foreign parts, took upon them, contrary to good faith, as it would appear, and certainly contrary to the general understanding of the soldiers composing the Black Watch, to call up the corps to London, ostensibly to be reviewed by the King, but really to withdraw them from the home service which they had performed so creditably. The Londoners, who are still, even in these days of railways and steamboats, extremely ignorant of many matters benorth the Tweed, had no end of wonder at those unbreeched warriors, whom they had imagined to be savages, but who turned out to be gentlemen of far higher breeding and far more manly character than most of themselves. King George, in particular, who had never seen a Highlander, requested that some of their picked men might appear before him in the Metropolis, and exhibit their military exercises in the palace.

B.—Oh, I know what you are going to say. Professor Pauli mentioned the story in his lecture on the battle of Fontenoy. The men who were sent performed the broadsword and the Lochaber-axe exercise before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and others, in the great gallery at St. James's. The King was vastly delighted, as well he might be, both with the novelty and

with the dexterity of this exhibition; and so, not knowing the quality of the high-minded men with whom he had to deal, ordered his purse-bearer to deliver to each performer the gratuity of a guinea as he went out of the hall. This guinea the recipients quietly returned into the hands of the porter, as they left the gate of the palace—a fact which, in all probability, never came to the ear of his Hanoverian Majesty, or, if it had, he might have learned, what Englishmen have always been slow to understand, that Highlanders under the clan system were always gentlemen, Lowlanders under the feudal system only sometimes.

MAC.—*You are quite right*: you will find the story in Stewart, who is my authority for what I know of this matter.[1] And I suppose, Church, you are now quite satisfied; the exploits of the Black Watch at Fontenoy, Nicaragua, Quebec, and elsewhere, are matters of history, and may be presumed to be known to any Oxonian scholar who condescends to know anything of the great battles of the world after Salamis, Chaeroneia, Arbela, and Actium.

CH.—You are always twitting me on that score. But you ought to remember, and in fact you must know quite well, that, in respect of modern history, science, and general British culture, we are immensely improved, in fact altogether different from the time when Jeffrey and Hamilton delighted to expose the sterility of the English Academical soil and the narrowness of English University culture. Taking Universify men overhead now-a-days, I apprehend that it is the Scottish, and not the Oxford Master of Arts, who will have most cause to blush for his ignorance of the most important events of European history from the Reformation downwards. The Scot, no doubt, travels about a great deal in the world, and makes himself known creditably in various ways; but he does not travel back through time as he travels through space, and consequently

[1] Stewart's *Highlanders*, vol. i. p. 232.

presents generally a very local type of intellect, with a limited range of historical ideas.

MAC.—There you rub me on the raw. I must be dumb.

B.—By all means; only not in the vocal line. You are in our debt for a Highland war-song, pipes and pibrochs, kilts and claymores, *sgian dubh* and *sporan*. Let us have the genuine article.

MAC.—You shall have it—on one condition.

B.—What?

MAC.—That you have patience, and hear it to the end.

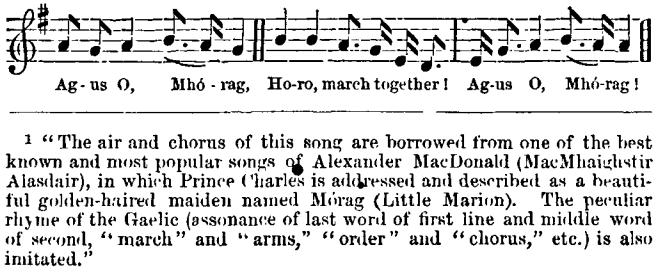
B.—How many verses are there?

MAC.—More than fifty.[1]

B.—*Donnerwetter!* that is worse than *Alles schweige!* performed in a *plenum* of Burschen at a grand Commers. But proceed: I have no doubt I shall be both delighted and instructed with your song.

MAC.—Instructed you certainly will be, for the delight I cannot answer. It requires a Highland heart and a Highland memory thoroughly to revel in the luxury of this song.

A HIGHLAND MARCHING SONG.[1]



[1] "The air and chorus of this song are borrowed from one of the best known and most popular songs of Alexander MacDonald (MacMhaighstir Alasdair), in which Prince Charles is addressed and described as a beautiful golden-haired maiden named Mórag (Little Marion). The peculiar rhyme of the Gaelic (assonance of last word of first line and middle word of second, "march" and "arms," "order" and "chorus," etc.) is also imitated."

Now we 're ready for the march,
Slope your arms, and step together!

CHORUS.—*Agus O, Mhórag,*[1]
Horo, march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

Keep your fours and march in order,
Singing chorus all together.

Lift your heads and step out proudly,
Look not down or round about you.

He that wears a kilt should be
Erect and free as deer on heather.

When he hears the bagpipe sound,
His heart should bound like steed for battle.

Think of them who went before us,
Winning glory for the tartan!

Vainly did the mighty Roman
Check the Caledonian valour;

Still from each unconquered glen
Rose the men no yoke could fetter.

With the Bruce they drew the sword,
On the gory field of Bannock.

In the ranks of great Gustavus
With the bravest they were reckoned.

'Neath the banners of Montrose
Like a storm-cloud swept the tartan;

[1] *N.B.*—Pronounced *Voerak.* "Agus" means simply "And."

And when fell Dundee victorious,
On Rinrory's blood-stained heather.

In the steps of Royal Charlie
Many a laurel did they gather,

From the rout on Preston brae
Till the day of black Culloden:

And in Fortune's darkest hour
Closer round him did they rally.

On the field of Fontenoy
They held nobly up their banner.

Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh for ever.

At Quebec their pibroch shrill
Up the hill went breathing terror.

On the sands of Aboukir
Rang their cheer mid hail of bullets.

When Sir Ralph, the good and brave,
On Iskandria's plain was stricken,

Heedless of life's ebbing tide,
He stood beside his Forty-second.

Many were their deeds of arms
'Gainst the swarms of Hyder Ali.

The grim fort of Savendroog
They refused not to adventure;

And the dizzy rock they scaled,
Which none dared before or after:

Leaguered close in Mangalore,
Tippoo and his hordes they baffled:

And the Sahib's cruel power
'Neath Seringa's towers they buried.

First of many a field of war,
Where great Arthur ruled the battle,

Do their colours tell the tale
Of the famous fight of Assaye.

So the story is of Maida,
Where the pride of France they levelled.

On Corunna's bloody shore
Their onset gladdened Moore in dying;

And on many a field of Spain,
To their ancient fame they added:

Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor,
Vittoria, Salamanca!

Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo,
Pyrenees, and San Sebastian!

When they crossed the Bidassoa,
Still before them Soult retreated:

Nivelle—Nive—Orthes—Toulouse—
Scarce the Muse their steps can follow!

On the slopes of Quatre Bras
The Frenchman saw them stand unbroken.

On the day of Waterloo
The pibroch blew where fire was hottest.

When the Alma heights were stormed,
Foremost went the Highland bonnets,

And before their "thin red line"
The Cossack rider turned and vanished.

When on India's burning plains
Dearly saved was Britain's honour,

Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest.

Joyful rang the pibroch loud,
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow,

And, like angels sent to save,
Came the brave ones to the succour.

When Ashantee's savage lord
Loosed his dusky hordes for havoc,

Through Adansi's horrid wood
In order good they led the battle;

And their stately tramp awakened
Thy forsaken streets, Coomassie!

As it was in days of yore,
So the story shall be ever:

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing:

Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

But when they have sheathed the sword,
Then their glory is to succour;

Hearts that scorn the thought of fear
Melt to tears at touch of pity;

Hands that fiercest smite in war
Have the warmest grasp for brothers;

And beneath the tartan plaid
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.

Think then of the name ye bear,
Ye that wear the Highland tartan!

Jealous of its old renown,
Hand it down without a blemish!

Agus O, Mhórag,
Horo, march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

And now, gentlemen, I have done my duty. *Oidhche mhath*—Good night! I always go to roost at eleven o'clock, no matter who is in the house. You will excuse me. You will find pipes and soda-water in the smoking-room. [*Exit.*

B.—That was a very sudden departure.

FL.—It is his way; and I must say I rather admire it, though it appears rude. My guardian is an extremely social man, but also a very busy man, and would be in great danger of being sacrificed, like not a few people, to the Juggernaut of society, if he did not adopt and imperatively stick to some rules for domestic forms of process.

CH.—I always admired MacDonald for this. He combines a wide sympathy and a most genial sensibility with the most stoical volition when necessary, and the most marked resolution. But who wrote the song?

FL.—Alexander Nicolson, Sheriff of Kirkcudbright.

B.—Truly a wonderful song; worth a whole summer semestre of lectures on the history of the Scottish Highlands. Of course the author is a Highlander?

FL.—Yes, a Skye man.

B.—And a most excellent fellow, no doubt.

FL.—Be sure of that; one such man in each county would save the Highlands. He is a man with a heart. He loves the people. But, as Napoleon said, *How rare are men!* The great majority of our Highland proprietors now love wild beasts and birds better than human beings.

B.—Preserve the one and expatriate the other!

FL.—Sadly true; but I must follow my guardian's excellent example, and court sleep. *Cadal math dhóibh*—A good sleep to you all. Take care you don't drop sparks from your cigars, and set fire to the house, or soil the bright Caraman rug which Murdoch MacDougall brought me from Cairo.

B.—*Cadal math!*

CH.—*Cadal math!*

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

DIALOGUE III.

SCENE I.—*Oban. A parlour in Craig Ard Hotel, with a view towards Mull.*

PERSONS.—*MacDonald—Church—Bücherblume. After dinner,* inter pocula.

CH.—Well, a fine round you have led us, indeed, Mac; up one long leg of the isosceles triangle and down the other, till we stand here at the opposite angle of the short base, as near as I can guess.

MAC.—Exactly so; a tourist means a fellow who goes round about, not a man who marches right on by the shortest road. Knowing that your destiny was Iona, with, perhaps, a touch of Mull and a glimpse of Skye, I certainly did mean to make you see as much of the mainland as possible before I let you loose on free wing in those remote regions. I am only sorry I did not whirl you a little further north, that you might have seen the brave Duke's magnificent residence on the fringe of the big German waves at Dunrobin, and, what is much more worth seeing, his Titanic operations with the steam-plough on the slope of Loch Shin. Pity also that neither the weather nor our leisure allowed us to stay at Forres for the sake of seeing the valley of the Findhorn, one of the finest stretches of dark mountain water and of picturesque wood in the Highlands; the land of the Cummings, a race famous in Scottish history, and still sending forth from their native seat men of daring nerve and ladies of adventurous intel-

lect and brilliant grace, of whom any country might be proud. I should likewise have wished to have led your steps quietly out of the track of railroads and the rut of mail-gigs into Strathnaver, that you might see something of the abomination of desolation as it has been practised in those parts.

CH.—I have heard something of that; but one need not go out of his way in the Highlands to seek desolation; and from my inmost heart I thank you for the peep that your circuitous route has given me of that beautiful metropolis of the North, Inverness. I never thought of coming upon such a breadth of luxuriant, sunny growth on the north side of your savage Grampians. When we left Blair-Athol, and began to creep up those waste, treeless, storm-scarred heights, with the wintry patches of cold white snow on their forehead, staring us in the face quite unblushingly, through what we call in England the flowery June, with little cold streamlets forcing their way through boggy peat-mosses into dark unlovely little lochs, and a chill north-easter whistling round us from the long grey back of Ben Muicdhui, I thought I had seen the last of green fields and lushy meadows, and was now fairly behind what you call the "rough boundaries" of all civilisation, a region in which, if men did live and thrive after a fashion in considerable numbers in the Middle Ages, it was only because they could not get out of it.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! A genuine John Bull's notion of the Highlands. Why, man, you might as well judge of the kernel of a nut from its shell as of one part of the Highlands by another.

B.—Of course, you may say the same of Germany, and, in fact, of all fine countries. Where there is little variety there is little beauty. Nature abhors monotony.

MAC.—And what is more, she loves to plant the most delicate beauty directly beside the most coarse unloveliness, as it were that you may feel more emphatically

what beauty is. The most lovely bits of Highland scenery are exactly beneath the nose or behind the back of the most ungrateful stretches of long unvaried bleakness and barrenness. It is all a matter of shelter and of soil. Scotland is not a cold country. The West Highlands are comparatively warm. It is the wind, not the cold, that hinders trees from growing in certain exposed situations. They are stunted only where they have no protection. I could show you hundreds of delightsome spots amongst the hills, where the wild storm is howling on one side of the Ben and Paradise smiling on the other. But you were praising Inverness—

CH.—Certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the kingdom; combining the green and fertile beauty of England with the wild grandeur of Scotland.

MAC.—Like Keswick?

CH.—Exactly so, but on a much grander scale. I shall never forget the range of view from the high ground to the south, where we looked down from the open field beside the Druids' temple upon the town below. What a panoramic sweep of mighty Bens, from the broad weighty mass of Wyvis on the north, westward towards Ben Vertach and the heights of Strath Glass, then south to the towering landmark of Mealfourvounie on Loch Ness! And then in the city itself what a graceful combination of wooded ridge and grassy strath! and what a river—so broad, so clear, so salubrious, so expressively fluent, and yet without noise, so utterly incapable of stagnation! A river is almost a necessity to a beautiful town; a real river, of course—a thing that runs and foams and brawls and shimmers with an eager look about it, like a young and happy creature—not creeping slow, as in Dublin and Berlin, like an enlarged edition of a country ditch.

MAC.—Flora sketched its principal features in fourteen lines last time we were there. I think I can repeat them.

CH.—By all means let us hear them.

MAC.—

Some sing of Rome and some of Florence; I
Will sound thy Highland praise, fair Inverness:
And, till some worthier bard thy thanks may buy,
Hope for the greater, but not spurn the less.
All things that make a city fair are thine,
The rightful queen and sovereign of this land
Of Bens and Glens and valiant men, who shine
Brightest in Britain's glory-roll, and stand
Best bulwark of her bounds—wide-circling sweep
Of rich green slope and brown-empurpled brae,
And flowery mead, and far in-winding bay;
Temple and tower are thine, and castled keep,
And ample stream that round fair gardened isles
Rolls its majestic current, wreathed in smiles.

CH.—I am glad she ends with the river, and, like Shakespeare, with a couplet. The dominant feature thus takes a more firm grip of the memory.

MAC.—But what thought you, Bücherblume, of the Invernessians, especially the heroes of the wool-market?

B.—Oh, that was rare! I should not have missed the wool-market for a hundred florins! What splendid-looking fellows some of them were! what legs—what noses! I threaded my way through the crowd before the Caledonian Hotel three times, and could not see a single man with a snub nose! And can there be any question about the æsthetical virtue of the Celtic dress? Certainly not. It is the dress of kings and kaisers; the dress of health and manhood and grace; it makes a man stand erect and display himself; stepping out in a grand, free, unhindered style, like Adam in Paradise before the fall. I wonder why so few of them wear this national dress, at once so rational, so noble, so picturesque, and so convenient.

MAC.—Oh, they follow the fashion, of course, like other mortals, not the principles of æsthetical philosophy. Besides, they are not true Highlanders; only a small minority

of the genuine Celtic breed. They are Lowlanders, or of Lowland fatherhood—importations. And then perhaps you don't know that this splendid Highland garb, which you laud so highly, was forbidden by Act of Parliament, and has only recently begun to show its face in the very scanty fashion which you observed. I remember, when I was a boy, it was a common remark amongst the people—*If you see a fellow with a kilt in the Highlands, be sure he is either an Englishman or a fool!*

B.—*So!*

MAC.—So!

B.—Well, this British land is so full of anomalies, absurdities, and incomprehensibilities, that I have made up my mind to be astonished at nothing. But what could have induced your Witenagemot in London to pass a statute against national habiliments? Do they wish positively to stereotype ugliness and to banish beauty from the land?

MAC.—Not quite that, though certainly, as a nation, we sin more grossly and more largely against the principles of your darling science of æsthetics than any other nation under the sun of equal pretensions to civilisation. But this excommunication of the kilt is not a matter of to-day, or even of yesterday; it is a matter of a century old: yes, a hundred years, and thirty to boot. The diskilting of the Gael was a part of the Disarming Act framed in the year 1746, after the quashing of the great rising in favour of the old kings of the land, which the Hanoverian Government called rebellion.

B.—Oh, I understand! Not bad policy either, from the Hanoverian point of view. Take the feather from a man's bonnet, and he won't look so proudly.

MAC.—Or a mitre from a bishop, and orthodoxy may perhaps suffer!

CH.—Who knows? The world is governed, not by wisdom only, but by wisdom, by authority, and by appearance, as Goethe says.

MAC.—Well, I bow to that. Aristotle is always right, and Goethe seldom wrong.

B.—Well; but you don't mean to say that Act of Parliament is still enforced? Why don't they resume their old garb now that the fear of their old enemies has died out? No man dreads a Highland rising now. It is only in Ireland the old blood boils.

MAC.—Custom, my dear fellow, custom, and fashion, and habit, "*Und die Gewohnheit nennt er seine Amme:*" four generations have a mighty power to change a lion into a lamb, and a Highlander into a Lowlander.

O ROMA! ROMA! NON E PIU
COME ERA PRIA!

They have been dispirited, degraded, and discouraged in every way. They are not allowed to be themselves; and why should they dress like Highlanders, when they have no pride in feeling that they are Highlanders? They do not hold their heads high before their Saxon lords. They are like the Greeks when conquered by the Romans: proud to call themselves with Roman names, and rebaptizing their language into Romaic. The Highland soul, I imagine, has been sucked out of the Highlanders; and this is the reason why they don't wear the kilt. Besides, remember always what I told you; the biggest fellow that you saw parading yonder, and talking largely of wool and wethers, of tups and hogs, and ewes and lambs, and a great deal more of ovine phraseology of which even learned Germans know nothing, these men are mostly either Lowlanders to the back-bone, or half-hearted Highlanders, whose fathers, for the sake of filthy lucre, went over to the strong Saxon minority at the time of the Clearances.

B.—What are the Clearances?

MAC.—Oh, that is too long a subject for me to discuss here; besides, with this tumbler of mellow Long John

before me, and in the company of two roving tourists, I don't wish to enter on the discussion of disagreeable topics. I only wish you to understand that at a certain date, not yet faded from the memory of Celtic men, the Highland glens were violently cleared of their native population, and a race of sheep-farmers brought in from Tweedside and Liddesdale.

B.—And that big mountain of a man, with large black eyes, whom I sat opposite to at the table, and who performed the overture to his dinner by exhausting three full plates of hotch-potch—meat and drink—bore a Teutonic stomach beneath his belt, not a Celtic.

MAC.—Most likely. The Saxon is a full feeder.

B.—But you do not mean to say that all the Highland glens had their native population shovelled out, and a south-country breed shovelled in?

MAC.—No; there is a considerable remnant in various places that have not bowed the knee to the great sheep-faced Baal, whose worship now, by the way, in this year of grace 1882, is not so profitable, and therefore not so fashionable, as it was in the first quarter of the century. Did you observe that bonnie bay, with the old castle, on the right, where the boat touched, some twelve or fifteen miles south of Inverness?

B.—Yes; Glen Urquhart.

MAC.—Well, then, on the brae above the castle you observed a sunny breadth of green and yellow fields, dotted with pretty little cottages?

B.—Yes, I did.

MAC.—Know then that wherever you see that style of things you are looking on the dwellings of the native Celtic population who grew up under the fostering care of the old Celtic proprietors, who acted as their bishop in secular matters, and to whom they looked up as to their father.

CH.—That is truly a pleasant spectacle! To me it is

most surprising that any Christian gentleman, holding property in the Highlands, should wish to feed his eyes constantly on bare hills and brown moors, instead of green fields, and homes of happy human beings.

MAC.—Perhaps these gentlemen might think and feel exactly like you, or any other prospective Christian bishop, if they only were here to see and to feel. But suppose the Christian gentleman to whom the glens belong lives in Paris, or London, and spends the greater part of his time in gazing at old pictures, writing dissertations on pre-Raphaelite art, or in playing at political shinty in the great scramble for power and place which is at once the business and the amusement of the normal Englishman; or suppose rather he indulges largely in the slippery stimulant of staking money on the breath of a horse at Newmarket or Epsom, or that in any other way he enacts the little rattling drama of his life on a stage some hundred miles removed from the view of a Highland hill, in this case you may imagine that, when he does visit his property, once a year, or once in a dozen years, he views the braes with very different eyes, seeking mainly for—

CH.—Grouse, and deer.

MAC.—Right! or perhaps not even that: every laird is not a sportsman. Perhaps only to have an hour's talk with his factor on some contemplated improvements which may have the effect of raising the rental at a leap, so as to enable the Christian gentleman to pay his debts of honour contracted at the last Ascot races, and keep him out of the hands of the Jews.

CH.—And so I understand if he could get more money, or the same money more readily and more speedily, by turning adrift all the native population and leasing the land to a big Roxburgh sheep-farmer, he would not hesitate to do so.

MAC.—Of course not, for "debts of honour" must be

paid; besides, he does not see anything disagreeable going on; otherwise, in many cases, he might not so readily allow it. The dirty work is done by the factor.

CH.—You are always hitting at factors.

MAC.—Yes; I believe that one half of the evil that has been done in the Highlands has been done by factors: and yet I cannot say that I blame them as the prime offenders: sometimes, no doubt, they are hard, harsh fellows, acting habitually from an engrained calculating selfishness; but always they are placed in a very delicate situation, which forces even the best among them on occasions to do things not much better than what the worst would advise: but the prime offender in all cases is the landlord.

CH.—How so?

MAC.—How so? Because he has no right to hand over the superintendence of his people wholesale to another man.

CH.—A man cannot always be present on his property.

MAC.—Yes, but he should be often; and whether present or absent in body, he should always keep a sharp eye on a class of men who act under peculiar temptations to perform their duty in a harsh, ungracious, and inhuman manner.

CH.—I cannot see how factors should be more likely to abuse the confidence placed in them than any other class of mandatories—a curate, for instance.

MAC.—I will tell you. The curate has the vicar above him, and the vicar the bishop; and both vicar and bishop have a direct practical interest to keep the curate at his proper work, should he show any strong inclination to dedicate his leisure, after formal duty done, to mere fox-hunting or trout-fishing. But the lord of the soil, brought up, as he often is, without any serious idea of his duties as the cherisher and protector of the local population, and finding no moral blame attached to him by public opinion

for habitual absence from the scene of his social duties, falls easily into the habit of looking on the rent-roll as the corner-stone of his social position and the measure of his factor's duty; political economists also, of a certain school too much petted in Scotland, will tell him that a rise in rent is a sure sign of the wise management of an estate; and he will gradually accept this rise of rent, by whatever means achieved, as the most satisfactory proof that he is doing his duty to his people. Meanwhile the factor, in order to make up a good rent-roll, has to go through a series of unpleasant operations, which result in making the relation betwixt himself and the tenantry the most disagreeable possible, and transforming himself into a model type of a composite monster, half bear and half fox, not at all lovely to behold.

CH.—You are painting, I fear, an extreme case. Such pictures may suit very well for novels and stage-plays, to produce a dramatic effect and gratify a vulgar democratic jealousy, but they do not belong to real life; and, even when they are true, like many of the figures in Thackeray and Dickens, are to be regarded as amusing caricatures rather than true portraits.

MAC.—I know many most estimable factors. I hate all sweeping condemnations. I would say of the class, as Plato said of the Athenians—"When they are good, they are very good;" at the same time, you cannot deny that the duties they have to perform are at once difficult, delicate, and disagreeable, and tend to produce exactly such a type of character as I have stated. The position of factor to an absentee landlord is not seldom so unfavourable that it is easier for the bad position to divorce the man from his goodness, than for the good man to make the bad position bend to his inclinations. A trustee on a bankrupt estate, you know, cannot afford to be generous: women may weep and widows may starve; the trustee must attend to the interest of the creditors. The position of a factor of an

absentee landlord is often not much different. The landlord is impatient for his rent; he knows nothing about the people; the factor does, but he knows also that what is expected of him is rent; so the lots are put up to the highest bidder; a South-country capitalist buys up the whole, and a colony of old and faithful dependants is turned adrift for the paltry gain of some hundred pounds, with a perpetual immunity from poor-rates and poachers.

CH.—A heartless proceeding!

MAC.—Just what I say; heart is not required for such a business any more than for killing a sheep, or cutting off a leg, or writing a smart article in a critical Review. Therefore, if a factor should sometimes prove a harsh and a heartless fellow, you have no reason to be surprised. Besides this, he must learn to play the fox. Landlords love to be popular, and fear the newspapers. Therefore whatever evil is done must be well spoken of. This implies a curious machinery, of fair words and false deeds, of intrigues, equivocations, and deceptions, not at all consistent with the formation of a noble character. Are you satisfied?

CH.—Partly.

MAC.—You would say altogether, if you had seen as much of that sort of thing as I have, and my fathers before me.—But I see, Bücherblume, this discussion is not particularly palatable to you; neither, in truth, is it to me. What think you of Ben Nevis?

B.—There, indeed, you have hit the right text for a tourist! Let the dead bury their dead! and hard-faced factors make peace with God—or the devil—the best way they can. It is really a glorious Ben. I see it even now hung up in the middle of the centre room of the picture-gallery of my brain.

MAC.—Does it supplant the Brocken?

B.—Oh, the Brocken is very fair—wonderful indeed—beyond all praise of Mount Ida or Parnassus, to men born

and bred on the broad sandy flats of Brandenburg and Pomerania, and who never saw any mountain higher than the Kreuzberg at Berlin. But for æsthetical effect our big Ben wants points; it is like a nose not well pronounced upon a broad, long face—just "*der lange Herr Philister*," as Claudius called it; but the mass, the majesty, and the elephantine bulk of your Nevis, presents an aspect in every respect worthy of the monarch of that mighty ridge of native granite ramparts, which the Romans saw, but could not cross.

CH.—Assuredly we were very happy in our view of it. Every line of the various far-stretching rim of that stout Caledonian back-bone was as clear and sharp as the best engraving; every patch of perpetual snow on that black precipitous north side, which fronted us as we sailed out of Loch Lochy, shone like a silver fillet hanging from the temples of a swarthy Moor; while the south side, viewed from Kilmallie, was as calmly majestic as an Egyptian Sphinx, and as divinely strong as a human-headed bull on some old Campanian coin.

B.—None of your fine similitudes will approach the reality. What a solemn scene that must have been when the brave Cameron, the hero of Quatre Bras—whose monument we saw close to the manse—was laid to rest there, amid the sorrowful honours of his numerous clansmen, and in the face of that king of Highland Bens!

MAC.—Yes, truly a noble sight.

Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
When a Cameron man was wanted!

I am afraid Ben Nevis will never look down on three thousand Camerons again.

B.—So much the worse.

MAC.—For us; the better for you, if Bismarck should get Europe into another serious war, and England might perhaps require soldiers.

B.—Are the Camerons still in that quarter?

MAC.—O yes; they stick to their ground, though not to their numbers. We don't cultivate men now in those parts, but sheep and deer. If you had taken a tramp out to Loch Eil, towards Arisaig, where Prince Charlie landed in 1745, you might have looked in at Fassifearn, to which this great soldier belonged. The only time I was there I saw a grand-looking dairy-maid, with a South-country name, who milked the cows for her South-country master, who lived, I was told, among the Cheviot hills, not far from Kelso. So much for the population; but the head of the clan Lochiel, a most excellent gentleman—though he does not speak Gaelic—lives at Auchnacarry, near Loch Arkaig; and Mrs. Cameron Campbell, the niece of the hero of Quatre Bras, lives at Inverawe, at the base of Ben Cruachan, not many miles from this, one of the most picturesque spots in the Highlands, which I hope you may see before you leave Scotland.

B.—Well, I wish I may. Cruachan is very unlike Nevis, but not less perfect in her way. If I called Nevis an elephant, I may call Cruachan a hind,—the one the most massive of male mountains, the other the most graceful of lady Bens.

MAC.—But your "long Philistine" beats us in two things: we have no witches, and no cloud-colossus.

B.—Very true; 'tis a pity that your Scott did not do as much for Ben Nevis as Goethe has done for the Brocken.

MAC.—Scott was true to himself. He was a Border man, and merely touched the Highlands with a flap of his wing as he passed. But a touch from him was as good as an embrace from a lesser man. As for the witches, the German Ben certainly has the advantage there; though it

was a misfortune for Goethe in the using of them that he did not live three hundred years earlier. People believed in witches when Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*, not now. The popular faith is more than half the battle with a great dramatist.—But I say, lads, this will never do. You are certainly not making the best of this fine summer evening, when sitting within doors here, even in the good company of Long John. March into the cool, and looking down over this inorganic huddlement of human dwellings, which we call Oban, "*orientir*" yourselves, as they say in Fatherland, on this majestic region of mighty Bens and plashing floods, while I go and spend a quiet hour with my grand-aunt, Mrs. MacTavish, rich in racy stories of the grand old times when men were more valued in the Highlands than red deer, and her niece, Silis MacKellar, whose rare old Highland melodies ring in my ears—such a barbarian am I—I must confess more pleasantly than the finest symphony of Beethoven, or the most thunder-tongued manifestations of Wagner's orchestral art. *Slan leibh*—and remember, the picnic is arranged for to-morrow, and you show yourselves on the pier at 7.30 A.M., not a moment later.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Next morning. The Pier at Oban*, 7.30 A.M.

MACDONALD *is seen coming down from Craig Ard, and singing to himself as he goes.*

Now all the world is touring gone,
My friends are all in Paris,
A fool is he, and I am none,
At home who longer tarries.

I 'll give a furlough to my books,
Let no man count it treason,
And fish for health and ruddy looks,
At Oban in the season!
For Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands!

'Tis there the steamboats drive about—
My tongue is no deceiver—
Out and in, and in and out,
Like shuttle of the weaver;
'Tis now to Mull, and now to Skye,
And now to mouth of Clyde, sir,
Like magic steed, with snorting speed,
They paw the purple tide, sir!
For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

At Oban all the world you see,
The doctor and the scholar,
The poor man with his penny fee,
The rich man with his dollar;
The father with his hopeful boy,
The mother with her daughters,
All flock to plash about with joy
Like ducks in Oban waters.
For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

At Oban on the pier, how gay,
How motley and how grand, sir,
With tourists all in quaint array,
About to leave the land, sir!
The priest who steals short holiday,
The prince who goes incog., sir,
The schoolboy with his dreams of play,
The sportsman with his dog, sir.
For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Ho, Bücherblume! is that you? I'm glad to see you. You've got the start of the Churchman. Germans are always early. I remember well how I used to admire your national promptitude at Bonn, where I saw the broad-browed fellows with keen eyes and glittering spectacles shuffling along the streets, with an odour of coffee and tobacco about them, at seven o'clock A.M., to hear Doctor Allwissen give a course of lectures on the philological relations of early Irish and Anglo-Saxon. I thought how impossible it would be to gather together any half-dozen men in Oxford at any hour of the day to hear lectures on such a subject.

B.—There, indeed, we beat you. You Englishmen do everything for pay—cash payment of course. If an angel from heaven, or St. Paul himself, were to alight in Oxford to give lectures on the difficult passages of his own Epistles, not a soul would go to hear him unless there was a good fat fellowship behind. The Dons would turn up their noses at him for a Methodist, and the undergraduates would prefer going to their tutors to be drilled according to rule for the little or the great go.—But I say, what a racket of people we have got here! I thought the Highlands, you said, had been depopulated.

MAC.—So they are, in many places. These are not Highlanders; they are tourists.

B.—Oh, of course! but what a navy of boats you have got here!

MAC.—*Natürlich!* Boats here, in London cabs. Oban is the "Charing Cross" of the Highlands.

B.—Is that the Glasgow steamboat?

MAC.—No; this is the Glencoe boat. She starts a quarter of an hour before the rest.

B.—How far is it to Glencoe?

MAC.—You ought to know; you saw the entrance to it yesterday as we steamed to Ballachulish. In a straight line, if one could go as the crow flies, twenty miles to the north there.

B.—What steamboat is that?

MAC.—That one is bound for Staffa. She waits for the Glasgow boat that comes down from Fort-William, to pick up any stray tourist from the North that may be desirous to proceed directly to pay his devotions at the shrine of the great prince-apostle of the Celts at Iona.

B.—I must go to Staffa some day.

MAC.—Of course. Staffa is as much part of Oban as the devil is of Dr. Faustus; and a devil of a business, I can assure you, it sometimes is to get there.

B.—Is it dangerous?

MAC.—No! but to pay a guinea for a day's pleasuring, and get nothing but a good drenching with salt water, and a turning of your stomach inside out for more than half a blessed day, is what in the Queen's English we most justly call a devil of a business.

B.—What has become of Church?

MAC.—Just where he ought to be; ten minutes too late. Churchmen and Tories are always behind the time.

B.—There he comes!

MAC.—Straw hat, checked hose, knickerbockers and all; disrobed of the clerical; fitted out for Kerrera. As like a bishop as the gentleman who comes out of the poodle dog in *Faust* is like the gentleman in black whom our Highland ministers swear by. How are you, old fellow?

CH.—Oh—well—very well; though not so bright as this bright morning. I suppose I am nothing the better for the second tumbler of Long John.

MAC.—*Second* tumbler! How ludicrous that sounds to a Celtic stomach; but let us thank Heaven for the weather.

CH.—What a fry of people!

MAC.—All alive like an ant-hill, to and fro, in and out, hurry-skurry, skimble-skamble, wiggle-waggle, down the middle and up again! Really John Bull is a pleasant sort of a fellow when he goes a-touring; then he flings aside his formality, and shows like any other natural creature.

There 's yourself, for instance. How much more like a happy creature of God you are here, than with the fear of the Dons and the Bishop before you at Oxford!

CH.—No doubt it is a right pleasant thing to shake one's-self free for a month and a day from the proprieties of the academical atmosphere. But who is that grand-looking fellow in nautical dress, with gold lace on his sleeves and about his cap?

MAC.—That is the captain of the "Pharos."

CH.—What "Pharos"? That sounds classical. But why is he rigged out so splendidly above his peers?

MAC.—He is a sort of bishop in his way, and cannot appear without observation. The bishop is head of a State church, and this man is head of a State ship. He circumnavigates the island, and exercises his function of overseer over the lighthouse-keepers.

B.—Who is that big fellow there, with a back like a mountain, and a belly like a beer-barrel?

MAC.—That 's a sheep-farmer from Mull; a good fellow; I know him well. He has been at Inverness at the wool-market, and is coming home. A pleasant fellow too; good-humoured, as most fat people are; and with a relish for a snatch of Gaelic verse, as all genuine Highlanders are when they get fair play.

CH.—Who hinders them from getting fair play?

MAC.—Need I tell you that? The Samnites had little cause to sing when the Romans were on their back. Demosthenes did not die singing.

CH.—Do you see that grand fellow there, six feet four without his boots, I wager?

MAC.—That one there beside the Alexandra touter?

CH.—Yes.

MAC.—This is one of the Romans, whom I spoke of in a similitude. You see with what a lordly air he strides. A Nimrod, one of the mighty hunters before the Lord, who have conquered the Highlands, not with English steel,

but with English gold. He is a mighty person, as all Englishmen are whose pockets bulge with cash; and he lives in the conviction that he has a divine commission, like his prototype the Roman, to civilise the world which he conquers. His idea of civilisation is characteristic. Trans-Grampian Caledonia labours under a sore disease. To understand his therapeutics, you must know his pathology and his diagnosis. The Highlands, he teaches, have been ruined by three things: by Gaelic, by Calvinism, and by the feudal system. The language of the Bens, therefore, as the language of uncultivated barbarians, ignorant of political economy and physical science, he systematically expels from the schools: nothing good can come from the Highlander till the traditions of his barbarous past be wiped out, and his mind presented as a blank book to be written upon outside and inside with the superscription of imperial Bull. The second curse of the Highlands is Calvinism; this he holds is a degraded variety of Christianity, stiff in its attitude, gloomy in its aspect, and democratic in its tendency. The only religion for a gentleman is, of course, Episcopacy; he himself was bred an Episcopalian, but his ancestors for many generations back before they migrated southwards having been Presbyterians, he thinks it his duty to patronise that form of worship, at least during the season of his Scottish residence, and so long as the Established Church remains established; should it be disestablished, he will have his own private chapel, and leave the sour-blooded sectarians to vent their venom and ventilate their conceits among themselves. As for the feudal system, which he muddles all through with the clan system, it was a social solecism which prevented all individual progress; making the one slave of the many to maintain them idling upon the soil, and the many slave to the one in a state of eternal babyhood. Nothing could redeem this state of things from its inherent feebleness but the commercial system—

the system which throws every man and every land on its own resources, and gives free scope to the strong, following the natural instinct of self-advancement, to make full use of their strength, while the weakling and the worthless fall out of the ranks, and cease to encumber a country which they have neither capacity nor inclination to improve. The greatest blessing that ever happened to the Highlands, according to his notion, has been the invasion of the hill-country by the great moneyed class of the south; the dispersion of English gold among the few who are able to give substantial service to intelligent capitalists, and the migration of the great mass of the people to the back slums of Glasgow, where they can be useful to our manufacturers, or to America, where there is ample room for all sorts of misfortuned waifs to wander, and work themselves up by honest labour into a sort of social respectability. The Highlands were never meant to maintain an independent population; the greater part of it is best utilised by giving free range to its natural population, the deer; and what is not usurped by the deer will wisely be allowed to fall into the hands of enterprising Lowland farmers, whose skill and capital expended on the glens, even if they should never show their face north of the Forth, are of ten times more value to the country than the presence of scores of traditionary serfs, who have neither the intelligence to conceive, nor the will to wish, nor the means to execute any economical improvement. Such is our great Celtic economical doctrinaire and deer-stalker. In politics he is a despotic Liberal; that is, a lordly believer in freedom, and in the magic of that word to solve every social problem in a world where the strong man has no shackles put on the free use of his strength, and neither unreasoned traditions nor sentimental sympathies are allowed to interfere with the natural dominance of the fittest. You see how consistently all his notions hang together. About his soul, as about his

body, there is nothing loose or dangling; all well-braced and buckled, and warranted proof against the slightest touch of antagonistic notions. He stands on a broad basis of self-complacency, like the pyramids in the desert. Doubt never approached within a hundred leagues of his centre of cerebration.

B.—What bell is that?

MAC.—That 's the last bell of the Glencoe boat. You see how that old lady, with a blowzy face, dressed in black and scarlet, is waddling up the gangway like a tipsy turkey-cock. See, she is in such fear of being too late, and in such a worry about her carpet-bag, that she has almost knocked down that poor fellow of a student, who has come from Edinburgh to recover strength after the severe drill of last winter at the University.

CH.—A poor lean lemon-faced water-blooded lad indeed. I am sorry for him. Scotch students I believe are never fat.

MAC.—No; not in Scotland: if they have any tendency towards the laying on of flesh they migrate southward.

CH.—*Νὴ τὸν κύνα*!—Here 's another of the same lean brood! for all the world like a potato that has grown up tall and thin and white in a dark cellar.

MAC.—Not a doubt of it. I know the fellow quite well. I met him first at a place called CHLACHAG, near the west end of Glencoe; at that time he could speak only a few words of broken English; two years afterwards he gained the Bronze Medal in the Greek class, Edinburgh. All this he did upon oatmeal, and cheese, and salt herrings, and £15 sterling.

CH.—For the whole Annus Academicus? You don't say so?

MAC.—I do; and he is not at all a singular instance. All things are possible to a Scottish Celt in love with learning, and with the prospect of a pulpit in the distance. But I am really sorry for this poor fellow; so lean, lank, and scraggy—like a drawn-out telescope—all length and

no breadth. I am afraid he will not last. But there comes a more hopeful crew, lusty and red, with good bulging calves, eager adventure in their eyes, and a tin vasculum slung over their shoulders.

B.—Botanists?

MAC.—Yes; they will be at the head of Ben Nevis before sunset, depend upon it.

CH.—After them I see two stout young fellows, with leathern belts round their waists, leathern pouches on their backs, and hammers in their hands.

MAC.—A brace of geologists. I spoke to them before you appeared on the stage; they are going first to Glencoe, to examine the porphyry there; then to Ben Nevis, whose top is composed of a porphyry that takes a good polish; then up through Morvern, where Judd has discovered some notable missing links in the geological series of these districts; thence across to Mull, to see the fossil leaves in the schist which the Duke of Argyll picked out from beds between the trap at Ardtun; and thence they mean to travel by the great quarries of red granite in the extreme west of the island, commonly called the Ross of Mull, to Iona.

B.—A jolly life. I have always been an advocate for field study. *Aber potz tausend!*—who is that stalking through the others with big strides, as if he had a right to lay them all flat on the ground, like a bishop of the Six-foot Club. Who is he?

MAC.—Oh, that is a deer-stalker; but nothing like our doctrinaire friend; a Nimrod, but of the native breed, who speaks the barbarous language of the Gael, and can sing snatches of Gaelic song to boot.

CH.—This man, I presume, has no objection to the people, and never drives them from their crofts, except, of course, when they persistently breed poachers—a genuine head of the clan in all points?

MAC.—Exactly so. He is a thoroughbred Highland chief of the old school, only not one of Prince Charlie's

men, a good Covenanter, true blue, stoutly orthodox; and his faith has five points—(1) He believes most emphatically in himself; (2) He believes in John Knox and in the Solemn League and Covenant; (3) He believes in Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall and the Free Church; (4) he believes in stags and red deer; and (5) he believes in a glass of good usquebaugh.

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! a strange mixture; but more large and liberal, and more human-looking, than the five points of the Synod of Dort, from which good Hugo Grotius suffered so much.

MAC.—Oh yes; he is human; a man every inch of him; and sometimes a little of a tiger too, if you don't take care of him. He would horsewhip you on the public highway. A most imperious fellow!

CH.—Despotism and Free-Churchism go well together.

MAC.—Of course. Our Free Churchmen, though their theology is what you 'd call low, are, in fact, our High Churchmen.

CH.—How he strides out! they fall off on either side before him, like the waves before a well-steered boat.

B.—That huge pastoral staff, or *pedum*, which he carries in his hand, should be a Lochaber axe.

MAC.—Yes; if he were a Lochaber man; but he comes from the far North. A certain ferocity, wedded to orthodoxy, is specially at home there.

CH.—Evidently that man will have his own way.

MAC.—A Highland chieftain always had. What do you think he did on one occasion when I was staying with him. We were talking about the march of democratic principles in the present age; and, though there is no better organised democracy in the world than the Free Church of which this old Celt is so glowing an apostle, he declared that democracy is the disintegrating element which will break all social bonds in this latter age of the world, and bring about the dissolution of all things. For,

said he, democracy means liberty, and liberty means individualism; and individualism means the negation of conjoint action, and the destruction of all social organism; for, where every one is eager to stand forward with his own individual self, he can no more act as subordinate part of a whole, he cannot and he will not subordinate himself to any superior; and without subordination unity of counsel and the concentration of scattered energies towards a common end becomes impossible. We manage differently here in the Highlands, said he; the chief of the clan is absolute, obedience instinctive, and execution certain. "Stand up, Donald," said he, "and stick this orange on your bonnet; put your back to the wall there, and see how neatly I will jerk it off with the bullet in this pistol, without grazing your skin!" Up stood Donald; crack went the pistol; and down fell the orange. "That is what I call discipline," says the chief; "all things are possible to men who know how to obey; but your modern democracy means nothing but selfishness, and breeds nothing but confusion."

B.—I subscribe to that; so would Bismarck. But here comes a very different type of character. Who is yon gentleman in black?

MAC.—Don't you know the type? An English clergyman—a very marked creature. Even without the long surtout, and the nicely adjusted neckcloth, and a general smoothness, trimness, and self-containedness of aspect, you might know him by a certain air of polish and propriety.

CH.—Of which certainly his clerical brother benorth the Tweed is rarely guilty. An English clergyman is always a gentleman.

MAC.—And a Scotch clergyman sometimes!

CH.—Exactly so!

MAC.—Well, anyhow this is a notable specimen. I have observed him on this pier year after year in the tourist season. There are few Episcopalians in Oban; but north there in Ballachulish a good handful; so my long-coated

friend, whom you see there, has just returned from one of his annual visits to water the church in the precincts of Glencoe, and is waiting, I fancy, for the Glasgow boat. I wish we could have a little talk with him; but at present there is no time. I see the smoke of the steamboat twining along like a gigantic air-serpent betwixt us and Lismore. I have a rare pleasure in contemplating the intellectual compactness and completeness of this style of man. There are no tags or flaps about him. His orthodoxy is impenetrable. He walks about in it as firmly and as lightly as the old knight within his brass coat. To him the Athanasian Creed, an object of pious horror to so many, and of cold friendship to not a few, is a supreme delight. I once heard him preach a sermon on Trinity Sunday, and with what complacency he did descant on the beauties of that venerable shibboleth, not fulminating with harsh, grating, pulpit thunder, like one of our Caledonian gospellers, but dealing forth damnation right daintily and deliberately, like a smart haberdasher's apprentice measuring out so many yards of pink ribbon to a young lady of fashion.

CH.—You are pleasant to-day.—Here comes quite a different character.

MAC.—Yes, very different; as like to him as a purple foxglove to a sprig of white heather.

CH.—Who is it?

MAC.—A most important fellow, and one of the most useful men in the Highlands. A land speculator.

CH.—A land speculator? I don't exactly understand.

MAC.—Well, a land merchant, if that is more intelligible. One who performs the same function in the sphere of Highland properties that the banker does in the domain of accounts current. He facilitates transference. He is a medium of possession. Do you comprehend?

CH.—I have a sort of glimmering.

MAC.—Well, let me be your Minerva, and remove the

mist from the eyes of Diomede. Imagine you had thirty thousand pounds in your pocket.

CH.—Not an easy thing at all for me to imagine.

MAC.—Imagine you have nothing: it comes all to the same thing in the end, provided the speculation turns out well. Imagine you can command thirty thousand pounds, no matter whence; you take up the papers, and see a Highland estate for sale; splendid situation; fine river; excellent shooting; population thin; grouse-shooting excellent; poor-rates remarkably low; no villages; great facilities for forming a deer forest, and so on. You write to your agent, and pay down the £30,000, and, with other £5000, which I suppose you have in your pocket, you immediately set about cutting up the estate in all directions, making roads, repairing fences, planting whole hill-sides, and running up elegant mansion-houses in picturesque situations. At the end of ten years the estate has quite a different look; as different from what it was when you bought it, as a raw student from the hills, in his first year at College, is from the same student when he is polished up into an A.M., settled in a parish, and about to marry the small proprietor's daughter. It is now your turn to advertise; a sale is sure; if chance favours, you may readily get £60,000 for your thirty, paid down cash, from some rich London brewer, or some English squire, whose property lies over coal: if less fortunate in your purchaser, you are at least sure of £40,000, that is £5000 sure profit, with all the pleasures of a healthy occupation, in improving, and being a god of another new world every ten years!

CH.—And can this really be done?

MAC.—My dear sir, it is done every day. So long as salmon are found in Highland rivers, grouse on Highland moors, deer in Highland glens, and gold in English pockets, this sort of thing will go on, no matter what becomes of the people.

B.—And then we may say, with Pliny, LATIFUNDIA PERDIDERE CALEDONIAM!

MAC.—Not that exactly; for my friend the land speculator, with his grand Roman method of operating on the braes, is a wise man, and has no special favour for creating monster estates, or peopling a country with deer instead of men. On the contrary, he will often buy up an outlying pendicle of some great lord's estate, and, before he is done with it, cut it up into half a dozen separate estates, each forming a centre of a certain amount of local life and human society.

B.—Such a man will be looked upon by all large-hearted economists as the greatest benefactor of the Highlands, while your big lords, who, to gratify their own solitary pleasure and family vanity, lock up the land in great stretches of unpeopled solitude, must be looked upon as the enemies of all social progress.

MAC.—Aristocratic capitals of the pillar of the State, which, with their weight and magnitude, crush the shaft that they ought only to adorn.

CH.—Well, I am glad to have set my mark on this fellow.

MAC.—He certainly knows what he is about. But here comes the boat. What a stir there will be! Now, every man looks about for his luggage in the first place, and for himself afterwards. How the porters are agog! You will see them rush up the gangway forthwith, like so many terriers in face of the foe. There they go! Work with your eyes now, my boys, and let your tongues lie.

(*The steamboat lands its passengers from the North, and the Glasgow tourists go in. The bell rings. The boat departs, sailing southward down the Sound of Kerrera.*)

MAC.—Come along now, Donald; come along! The stage is clear—*Am bheil thu deas?* Put your hand to the oar—*gu h' ealamh! gu h' ealamh!*—Donald—*am bheil thu deas?*

DONALD.—*Tha mi deas.*

MAC.—Then be quick; jump into the boat; hang out your lug-sail, and be off. There is a whiff of easting in the wind to-day that will carry us across to Gylen in no time. Church, I say, Church, what are you staring at? Come along! Bücherblume, don't be dreaming! No metaphysics here. Trundle up, *mein lieber Bursch*, down this way; don't you see the steps? Do it cleverly, now. That's it! Off we go.—But stop! Who's there?—*per Baccho!* as we used to say in Naples—in the name of all that's genial and jolly, there comes my friend HILARIUS, one of Her Majesty's School Inspectors. Hilarius! Hilarius! is that you?—the most ubiquitous of mortals. How are you, my boy?

HIL.—Excellent well.

MAC.—Whither bound?

HIL.—On my usual tramp, doing Her Majesty's commands, itinerant bishop of the schools.

MAC.—Do you remain here to-day?

HIL.—Yes.

MAC.—Then come with us: we are just starting for Kerrera, to picnic in Gylen Castle. You are the very man for it. Come along! you will find yourself in most excellent company.

(*Introducing* CHURCH *and* BÜCHERBLUME.)

HIL.—I am afraid I cannot. I have despatches to write—reports of the state of education in North and South Uist and Barra, from which I have just come. They are very sharp upon us up-stairs.

MAC.—Pshaw! be not righteous overmuch. Why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Why shouldst thou die before thy time? Keep despatches for rainy days; you have enough of them in this part of the world. Use a bright day when you have it. Besides, if you require an inducement you will see at Gylen Castle a section of

the Old Red conglomerate lying on the Silurian rock, that a geologist like you might well travel a hundred miles to precognosce. Ramsay broke his hammer upon it in ecstasy, and Geikie commenced a song. You must see it.

HIL.—Are there any scratches there, any signs of glaciation?

MAC.—I cannot promise you scratches: but the section you must see. Come along.

HIL.—Well, I cannot resist the temptation.

MAC.—Wisely resolved. Jump in! There you are!—And now, Donald, *greas ort!* don't allow these Sassenachs to say that Highlanders are a parcel of lazy loungers. Bravo! bravo! that sail bulges beautifully—never eagle of Jove, prophetic of a great Roman victory, spread its wings more proudly.

(*They sail out of the bay.*)

B.—(*Singing the German Burschen air "Gaudeamus igitur."*)

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

MAC.—Come along, *mein lieber*, give us the next verse.

B.— *Ubi sunt, qui ante nos*
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Hos si vis videre!

MAC.—*Vortrefflich!* Music is never so sweet as on the waters. Give our friend the bishop another snatch of your Burschicose orthodoxy.

B.— *Vita nostra brevis est,*
Brevi finietur,
Venit Mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur!

CH.—Epicurus!

MAC.—No doubt: nobody expects young men to swear by Zeus. Another verse!

B.— *Vivant omnes virgines*
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant uxores decentes
Matres fidæ diligentes,
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

HIL.—Better still. Now give us the PEREAT! A man cannot be orthodox without a hearty commination.

B.— *Pereat Tristitia,*
Pereant osores,
Pereat Diabolus!
Quivis anti-Burschius
Atque irrisores!

MAC.—*Bravo, bravissimo!* Now, Church, I bet you a golden sovereign your learned lordlings in Christ Church never gave voice to any such delectable Latin as that.

CH.—Scarcely. But I say, Mac, how grandly Oban shows from the sea!

MAC.—You may say so; a *baile mor*, as we say in Gaelic, really a big town. At least it will be so very soon.

CH.—It looks so spruce and new.

MAC.—No wonder: though it stretches along the beach there for almost a mile, it is a mere creation of yesterday, so to speak. It is not a hundred years old altogether.

B.—So!

MAC.—Altogether so. The old maps know no such place as Oban. There is a book by Pennant[1]—

B.—I know it.

MAC.—Well, Pennant says, opposite Mull in the mainland there is the bay of Oban with a custom-house and a post-office!

CH.—Oh, I remember now, what I read in the very first chapters—for I seldom read books through—of a book of which my aunt, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, was specially fond—*Letters from the Mountains*, by—

MAC.—Mrs. Grant of Laggan, written in the year 1773.

CH.—Yes, that was the name. Well, in that book, the bright-eyed bounding girl, not more than sweet seventeen, if I remember rightly, tossing about young arms of sympathy joyfully, like a birch-tree in the fresh May breeze, writes how she shot across the country from Inveraray to Oban—

MAC.—Yes, in a straight line by Port Sonnachan and Glenfeochan, not as we do now *per ambages*, round about by Dalmally, Taynuilt, and Connel Ferry.

CH.—Exactly so: you will know best; and when she came to Oban she found nothing there but a single house, in which a bland old gentleman lived.

MAC.—MacVicar.

CH.—Yes, collector of His Majesty's customs—

MAC.—A deputy establishment from Greenock.

CH.—Who took her under his wise old care, and to throw a little cool water on her fervid sentimental fancies about Ossian and the Feinn, told her to study biography, which she did, and returned to her Mentor the not uncertain verdict that Czar Peter of Russia was an extraordinary man, and a wise man, but not a virtuous man, and, therefore, not a truly great man.

MAC.—Well, is that all?

CH.—No! She says also expressly, if I remember

[1] *Tour in Scotland in* 1769. 5th Edition. London, 1790.

rightly, that the Duke of Argyll, who was superior of the ground where that house stood, was so struck with the commodiousness and beauty of the situation, that he determined to erect a few houses there, and lay the foundation of a pretty village.

HIL.—True to the letter; and the ground where that house stood, the oldest part of Oban, now belongs to Macfie. The house itself has recently been destroyed by the railway engineers, who, as you know, are a class of operators who have no respect for persons or places, or proprieties of any kind.

CH.—Who is Macfie? Is the Duke no longer lord in those parts?

HIL.—No; he possesses only a single house,—that house with the pillars on each side of the door, in that row of houses of darkish sandstone, called Cawdor Place.

CH.—Rather odd.

HIL.—Well, you see, it arose this way. The Duke, in 1731 I believe—the same year in which he disposed of his Morvern estates—sold the property of Glensheallach, to which the oldest part of Oban belongs, to Campbell of Sonnachan; and Campbell of Sonnachan sold it to Macfie, reserving, however, to himself this single house in Cawdor Place, which he afterwards gave as a present to the Duke.

B. (*to MacDonald*).—You said the town of Oban was quite a new creation. Is it likely to grow much bigger?

MAC.—Oh, of course, especially now that the railway has come.

B.—But I do not see where it has any room to expand. It has already, in my opinion, overcrowded the narrow strip of land which it occupies. From an æsthetical point of view, it seems to me rather blundered in not a few places.

HIL.—Unquestionably. God made it beautiful, and man has done what he could to mar its natural beauty.

MAC.—Besides the want of æsthetical instinct charac-

teristic of the Scot, there was no presiding genius here to mark out the building areas, so as to harmonise with the nature of the ground; and then the tourists, who have made Oban a town, as the Duke of Argyll made it a village, the tourists demanded accommodation, which, of course, means huge hotels; and huge hotels in a pretty little Highland bay are out of all congruity; and so Oban, as Bücherblume, with his usual sharpness of philosophical glance, remarks, has grown up rapidly into a great æsthetical blunder.

B.—Perhaps it will improve. At present it is plainly in what you call the hobble-de-hoy state.

CH.—Like America!

B.—Yes; with great pretensions: but the young Western Republic has certainly more backbone. If I understand MacDonald rightly, Oban is a town without a root. It grows like some plants, not from the root but from the atmosphere. It borrows the appearance of a factitious splendour by making tourists pay toll. But what I wished to know is, Can it possibly get beyond this state? Has it any scope to expand?

MAC.—No fear of that: if only trade can be made to centre here, which is possible, there is space enough in Glensheallach and other adjacent ground for a town as large as Glasgow. But, as it now stands, I must confess I hate a village, which, for three months of the year, assumes the air and strut of a town, and then sinks into impotence. Besides, though the tourists, that is Church and Bücherblume, *et id genus omne*, are a most excellent class of persons, and do a great deal of good to the Highlands by spending their money freely, they are not without a great attendant evil. They are like the sun, that breeds maggots and malaria, where a matter favourable to putrescence presents itself: they are like kings that breed courtiers; and courtiers are proverbially a low class. The set of people that follow in the train of

tourists, and live by serving their needs and abusing their helplessness, are never a good specimen of the population of the country into which they are engrafted: the random opportunities, and fitful starts of activity, by which they live, are not favourable to the formation of habits of steady industry. They are a sort of drift of humanity; no well-stratified quarry from which one might hew stones for any stable social architecture. And this drift abounds in Oban, not only as a sort of tail and trail of the tourists, but as a consequence of the heartless policy of not a few landed proprietors in the Highlands.

CH.—Oh, the poor lairds! you never spare them. What have they to do with Oban? Really, MacDonald, you are as wicked as *Punch*, who, when he seizes on any unfortunate victim of his art, be it Lord Beaconsfield or other notoriety, no matter which, drags him by the nose into the foreground on all occasions, and gives him no peace.

MAC.—My dear fellow, I have no ill-will to the lairds: I have no ill-will to any class of men; but I can't, and I won't, deny facts. Thank heaven, I don't live in Oban, or within thirty miles of it; but I know the poor-rates are remarkably high there, and I know one thing that makes them so. When the lairds, to enlarge their field for raising wild beasts, and the factors, to exercise their speculative faculty in the erection of model farms, or to save themselves the trouble of collecting small rents, send all the small crofters off their property, where can they go? —into the towns of course, which are saddled with their support; and in this way these gentlemen, by a process which is neither Christian, nor gentlemanly, nor even human, contrive to escape from their natural obligations, and to make the industrious mechanics, tradesmen, and professional men of all classes, pay the penalty of their selfishness, laziness, and glaring neglect of their duty, as the natural patrons and protectors of the country people.

CH.—My dear Mac, I have said a thousand times you have missed your destiny, and should have been a preacher.

MAC.—Well, well, I will preach no more to-day. I will change my key.—Come, Donald, *gabh oran!* you and Alasdair give us a song: a boat-song, of course—*Rori beag Shabhari*—a reminiscence of good old Norman. Come along!—*greas ort!*

DONALD *and* ALASDAIR *sing to the tune of "Roderick vic Alpin Dhu,"*—

RUARAI BEAG SHABHARI, HO I HORO.

Fàilt' air a' Ghille
Le 'chaog-shùilibh biorach,
Le 'chòta, 's le 'bhrigiosan
Gasda de 'n chlò!
'S maith dh' aithn 'ear air d' aogas
Gur Leòdach do chinne,
Siòl Thormaid o 'n Eilein
Air an luidheadh an ceo.
O' Aonghais 'Ic Ruarai,
'S tu athair an deadh mhic,
'S tu'dh' fhaodadh 'bhi moiteil
Na-m bitheadh tu beò;
'S nach 'eil neach anns an Sgìreachd
Cho farasda, finealt'
Ri Ruarai beag Shabhari, Ho i horō!

Cha n-eil Cléireach a' s dùthaich
A 's lùthmhoire shiùbhlas;
Gu 'n toirt gu pùsadh,
Bithidh tu dlùth air an tòir.
Cha n-eil Cléireach 's an t Seanadh
Co ro mhaith a stiùireas
A' Bhìrlinn troi'chuaintibh
Nan stuaghannan mòr';

'N uair 'sheideas an doinionn
Na siùil o na crannaibh,
'S a chaillear gach cladach
Le siòban, 's le ceò ;
'Sin éighidh gach maraich',
O 's ro mhaith do ghabhail,
A Ruarai bhig Shabhari, Ho i horō.

'N uair sheinneadh tu 'n Iorram
'S tu 'dhùisgeadh an spiorad
Ann an guaillibh nan gillean,
'S iad 'an glacan nan ràmh :
'N uair sheinneadh tu 'n duanag,
'N sin b' ait leam 'bhi suas riut
'Bhi 'm shuidhe ri 'd ghuallainn
'S an t searrag a' m làimh.
Cha n-eil eadar so 's Rò-ag
A sheirmeadh leat "Mòrag'
'S tu 'g iomairt le furan
Ràmh-bràghad an Rōe ;
'N sin their iad ri Ruarai,
O piseach 'us buaidh ort,
A Ruarai bhig Shabhari, Ho i hōro ![1]

OMNES.— *Bravo, bravo, bravo,*
Bravo—bravissimo !

MAC.—I am glad to see you enjoy that, Church.

CH.—I am extremely fond of Highland music. But, my dear Mac, what is that you were saying about old Norman? Did Norman Macleod write the song?

MAC.—Not he—not the one you mean,—his father,

[1] *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, by Dr. Norman Macleod. London, 1868. An admirable volume, redolent in every page of that health, strength, and broad-breasted manhood which characterised the Scottish Highlands at a time when a Celtic gentleman could bring down a deer or hook a salmon when occasion offered, but never degraded himself by becoming a wholesale dealer in game, and sacrificing the people of whom he was the natural protector to the wild beasts of which he made merchandise.

who was minister of Campsie, and afterwards at St. Columba's Church, Glasgow: a man of decided genius, a Christian, a gentleman of the first rank, and a splendid Gaelic scholar.

CH.—They must have been made of good stuff, these Macleods—Scandinavian?

MAC.—Yes, originally; but no man can tell with how much genuine Celtic blood intermingled. Mixed blood is the best.

CH.—I wish I knew a little Gaelic. Have you a translation of that song?

MAC.—Flora, I doubt not, has a version of it among her papers. It is all in praise of Roderick or Rory, who acted as boatman to the minister of Morvern, on the Sound of Mull there, opposite Salen. But cast an eye as you pass on that sombre old mansion on your left, lying securely amidst the trees in the hollow recess of the coast, and fenced from encroachment of sunlight or society all round on the three landward sides by high steep green hills. That is Gallanach, the mansion-house of a side branch of the Dunolly stock, a MacDougall.

B.—It looks very fine just now; but I am afraid rather dull in winter.

MAC.—A gloomy residence for seven months in the Scottish year.

B.—Now we are rounding the corner. The swell of the Atlantic comes broadly in here; and there is a considerable surge of white crests on the water.

MAC.—That is because the tide flows one way at present, and the wind blows another. We shall have no rough weather to-day.

B.—What islands are these to the south?

MAC.—That high one is Scarba, I fancy, north of Jura, and right opposite the west end of the Crinan Canal.

B.—And that other long low island more to the west?

MAC.—That is Colonsay.

B.—Is there anything worth seeing on that island?

MAC.—Not exactly in Colonsay; but in Oronsay, which lies close to it, and, at low water, for three hours is really part of it, there are the ruins of a monastery founded by the Lord of the Isles in the fourteenth century. You will find some account of it in Pennant.

B.—Then it was originally part of your great ancestor's domain?

MAC.—Unquestionably. All this western wing of Scotland belonged to the MacDonalds, or their powerful vassals.

HIL.—What magnificent dikes these are running down through the trap all along the coast!

MAC.—Yes; I knew you would be delighted with them. There are some splendid veins of white compact trap near Gallanach, which you must see before leaving Oban. Also on the road near the ferry there is a distinctly ribbed stratum of the trap, like the basaltic ribs of Samson at the base of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh.

HIL.—Delicious! I will make a point of seeing it.

B.—What land is that right before us, shooting so proudly up from the water?

MAC.—Mull, of course. Consider your bearings. We mapped all that last night on the terrace, in front of Mrs. Maclaurin's dining-room.

B.—I remember; behind that ridge is Loch Buie, the snug nest of the little remnant of the mighty Macleans.

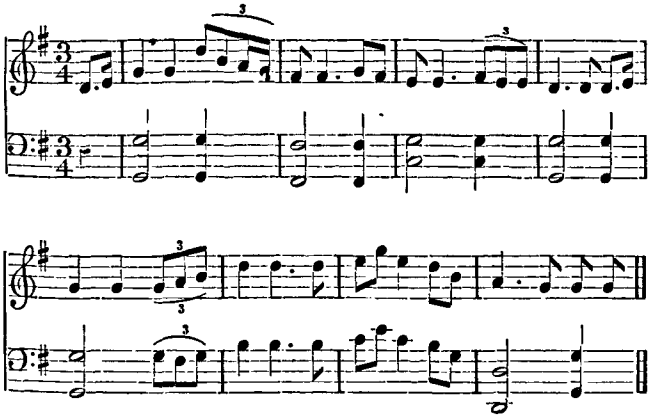
MAC.—Exactly so. And across that narrow Sound, some three or four miles betwixt Kerrera and Mull, before the days of steamboats, the great sea highway lay betwixt the mainland and Mull, and thence direct across the island to Iona; but now tourists almost invariably prefer being carried round the island by the steamboat.—But, I say, Donald, we are now nearing Castle Gylen: let us go in bravely with glee. A song, I say, a song! strike up, Alasdair, *Fhir a' bhata*—that's a two-handed affair; will

do either for a love-song or a boat-song, as need may serve. I'll lead off. (*He sings.*)

CHORUS.—*Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,*
Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,
Fhir a' bhata, na horo-eile,
Gu ma slan dhut,
'S gach ait an teid thu !

Now, you go on with the verses, and I will join in the chorus.

DONALD *and* ALASDAIR *sing; at the end of every verse the chorus is repeated, in which* MACDONALD *joins.*

FEAR A' BHATA.

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh 'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;
An tig thu 'n diugh, na 'n tig thu maireach,
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a ta mi.

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite ;
'S tric na deoir a' ruidh o'm shùilean ;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut,
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich ?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm beil thu sàbhailt ;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
Gur gorach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhut.

Gheall mo leannan domh gun do 'n t-sioda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan riomhach ;
Fainn' òir anns am faicinn 'iomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dichuimhn'.

Cha'n eil baile beag 's am bi thu,
Nach tàmh thu greis ann, a chur do sgios dhiot
Bheir thu làmh air do leabhar riomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanag 's a bhuaireadh nionag.

Ged a thu'irt iad gun robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an oidhche,
'Us anns a' mhadainn bi'dh mi 'gad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh ;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe ;
Ach gaol a thoisich 'nuair bha mi m' phàisdein,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gum feum mi d'aogas a leig' air dichuimhn ;
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,
'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille tùrsach, deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an deighs a reubadh ;
Guileag bais aic' air lochan feurach,
A 's cach gu leir an deis a treigeadh.

B.—Beautiful, beautiful—*wunderschön!*

MAC.—There is a pleasant cradling feeling about the air, which suits admirably with the slow swell of the waves over which we are now bounding.

CH.—I think this is the Gaelic song about which I saw something in the papers the other day.

MAC.—Yes; it was sung before the Queen; and Her Majesty was delighted with it. She is an excellent lady, the Queen. She loves the Highlands. God bless her!

Dhia gleidh ar Banrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan d'ar Banrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh!

DONALD *and* ALASDAIR.—*Dhia*, etc. etc.

MAC.—Now, boys, hard work—*a nuas*—*a nuas*—down with the sail—*N'aire, N'aire!* take care, take care! there we are! Jump out now, and scramble up the brae, every man where his nose leads him, and ramble about, or lie in the sun, led by the omnipotence of whim, for an hour or two; then to meet at the castle. Dinner on the table at 1.30 exactly.

SCENE III.—*Platform within Gylen Castle on the open grass looking out to the Atlantic.*

MAC.—Now, gentlemen, are you all assembled?—one, two, and myself three; but where is Hilarius?—pottering down behind there about the geological section, I have no doubt, or creeping through some of these long deep slits in the rock, through which the trap has been sent up. Hilloa! Hil. I say, Hil! In the meantime, let us unpack and fall to. I have no doubt Mrs. Maclaurin has provided royally for us: on such occasions I never saw her fail. Sit down, gentlemen. In the first place, a basin of curds and cream—*gruth 'us uachdar*—that stands for soup.

B.—Here comes Hilarius.

MAC.—Sit down, Hil; forget your antediluvian scratches for a moment, and devote yourself to the present.

B.—How glibly these curds slip down my throat!

MAC.—No wonder; the cream came from my friend, Miss MacDougall of Glenmore.

CH.—Excellent woman! Such curds! the very poetry of meat and drink! like the geranium amongst flowers—sweet to the eye, sweet to the smell, and soft to the touch. I shall read Theocritus with genuine gusto after this.

MAC.—Of course; the Scottish Highlands is the modern Arcadia, Argolis, and Sparta, bundled up into one bouquet of excellence. I say, Bücherblume, I hope you don't sigh for sauerkraut or raw herrings?

B.—Not at all.

CH.—Let me have another plate of curds.

MAC.—By no means, old chap; you don't know what's coming. A double helping of soup is always vulgar. Remember what you saw at the wool-market.

CH.—Well, I submit. On Celtic soil a MacDonald is entitled to despotize.

MAC.—What will you have now? Here is cold salmon, there cold lamb, and in that other packet roasted duck, ham and pease. Likewise a dozen of hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of pickles, and a veal pie!

CH.—The duck is delicious, and the ham has a flavour about it that would do honour to Yorkshire.

B.—Or Westphalia.

CH.—Yes; you Germans understand eating. It is difficult to say whether your brain or your stomach is the more capacious.

HIL.—Give me a touch of vinegar to help the salmon down. *Solus cum solo* it feels rather heavy.

MAC.—Well, I am glad to see there is silence amongst you for a few minutes; gently munching and quietly chewing, like the sheep upon the grass.

HIL.—On the contrary, I have always inculcated the doctrine that conversation and music ought to accompany human feedings. Notwithstanding the cranial and other analogies on which Huxley delights to dwell, human beings are, in all their most characteristic habits, not only different from beasts, but antagonistic.

MAC.—The lamb is delicious, and the pickles prime. Mrs. Maclaurin is indeed a ministering angel. Bücherblume, will you take another mouthful of this veal pie?

B.—*Ich danke!*

MAC.—Well then, take this screw, and make these bottles discharge their contents. Here is sherry, there claret, there Sauterne, and there Rüdesheimer. I brought this specially for you, Bücherblume.

B.—I prefer beer.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! an orthodox brother of the *Bierkneipe.*

Cerevisiam bibunt homines,
Animalia caetera fontes!

But you must content yourself with Rüdesheimer.—Church, I know you prefer claret.

CH.—Thank you—(*drinks*)—that wine has a fine rich bouquet.

MAC.—I took care of that. Claret without a bouquet is not much better than coloured cold water. But now boys, make ready, here comes the third course.

HIL.—And the last, I hope.

MAC.—Yes; three is a sacred number. Aristotle settled that. Three is the first number that has a beginning, a middle, and an end; and this gives the perfect idea of a whole. Every dinner ought to have at least three courses, and every song at least three verses.

CH.—And every novel three volumes!

HIL.—And every sermon three heads!

MAC.—But what are we talking about? Here is a gooseberry pie—there a basket of strawberries—there again a quarter of the best Cheddar cheese—a box of beautifully browned oat-cakes—*aran coirc*—a case of anchovy paste—and a bottle of stout old port to fall like the dew of Hermon upon the oat-cakes.

CH.—I'll take some strawberries.

MAC.—They well deserve your patronage; they are the same that we had at the cottage, from my friend John Campbell at Ledaig.

CH.—They are excellent.

HIL.—And the oatcakes divine. I cannot imagine any Olympian combination of nectar and ambrosia, which should be superior to this Cheddar cheese, and crisp, well-browned oatcakes, with port wine, such as we have here. I wallow in sensuous delight.

MAC.—Be ashamed of yourself! Remember, the gentleman on your right hand is a clergyman, and will one day be a bishop.

HIL.—There can be no harm in showing him that a Presbyterian is not always sour. I do confess that I enjoy my meat and drink, and am not ashamed to say so. Some of your Germans, Herr Bücherblume—Novalis, I think—said that eating is an accentuated living. Everything is always best, when well accentuated. Are the flowers ashamed of drinking in the morning dew? and should not I glory in dropping down this rich-blooded port?

B.—Well, I agree with you. John Bull is always associated in my mind with beef-steak, plum-pudding, and port wine; and the man who feeds in this fashion will do nothing in a meagre style. The Englishman is certainly an aristocratic animal; and there is something large, and royal, and rich, and grandly substantial in his style of eating and drinking.

MAC.—Bravo, Bücherblume! you talk like a philosopher and like a gentleman. The French say we do not understand eating; we are savages, they say, eating like beasts without science.

B.—The French are a jealous people, believing in nobody but themselves. The Germans are cosmopolitan, and appreciate all things.

MAC.—But not always so generously as my dear friend Bücherblume; and this reminds me, gentlemen, that I am moved in spirit at the present moment to propose a toast. Quaff off that claret, Church, uncork this champagne, and hear my toast. Are you all charged? The health which I have the honour to propose is that of my dear friend, Hermann Bücherblume, doctor of philosophy of the University of Berlin. (*They drink off their glasses of champagne.*) Well, that is rather premature; but it was quite right to whiff off that brilliant vine-juice with the sparkle upon it. You all crown your glasses now with the port, and quaff them off, when I have launched my toast in full form. Herr Bücherblume is one of my oldest friends; we were chums in the University of Göttingen, where we both attended the lectures of Professor von Seebach, and picked up a few scraps of geological knowledge, such as an educated gentleman requires now, to take part in conversation. He was my constant companion in many a sturdy tramp up to the highest points of the Harz mountains, and down to the lowest depths of the mines. I drank beer with him in the Brockenhaus, where we had the good fortune to shake our fists at the mocking Colossus in the clouds. I stood with him upon the ancient palace of the Henries and the Ottos at Goslar; I took off my hat with him before the portal of Klopstock's house in Quedlinburg; with him I visited the quaint gallery of historical portraits in the poet Gleim's house at Halberstadt; in his company I paid my devotion to the great Homerid

Wolf, in the beautiful village of Ilfeld; with him I wound my way through the shifting beauties of the richly-wooded glen of the Ross-trappe, which I venture, however unpatriotically, in not a few points to place above the Trossachs and Loch Katrine. And more than this: I esteem myself exceptionally happy, in having in his company witnessed that most significant procession in modern times, the entry of the victorious Prussian troops into Berlin, after the famous campaign of 1870-1, which castigated Gaul so signally for centuries of inherited insolence, and placed the Germans, where they ought to be placed, in the front rank of political influence in Europe, as they have long been leading the van of intellectual progress. (*Cheers from* HILARIUS.) Never shall I forget the day when I stood beside him on the stage which had been erected in front of the University: for three hours troop after troop of laurel-crowned, sun-burnt warriors, with their pointed helmets and broad cuirasses flashing in the sun; the fine old fellow of a king looking down, with pious gratitude to Heaven, on the achievements of his beloved soldiery; the stout erect, well-compacted form of Bismarck, standing on the one side, like Ajax, a very tower amongst the people, and on the other side the slim figure, gentlemanly air, clear untroubled look, and calm intellectual strength of Moltke. *Bücherblume*, here is my hand! may I never live to see the day when my blood shall not move more swiftly, and my pulse beat more firmly at the memory of that most memorable of these latter days! Right proud am I, though not a German, of being able to say with my learned friend here, "Et *quorum pars* PARVA fui." At least I hope the Germans may say of me, as the Jews said of Cornelius, "he loveth our people." Gentlemen, I cannot tell you what I owe intellectually and morally to my early connection with that most subtle people, of whom my friend Bücherblume is one of the best types. (*Bravo, bravo! Hear, hear!*)

The people which produced Copernicus and Kepler and Martin Luther, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, and Bismarck—("*Oh! oh!*" *from* CHURCH)—yes, I say Bismarck, the most honest, the most thorough, and the most effective of modern statesmen, however puling sentimentalists and raging Radicals may protest against his victorious motto, "Blood and IRON." ("*Oh! oh! oh!*" *from* CHURCH.) Yes, gentlemen, I say, BLOOD and IRON—which, though it may frighten weak nerves, is merely a strong expression for hitting the nail on the head, acting with clearness and decision, and swift effect, in circumstances where no amount of solemn convocation and clatter of tongues, no tricks of curiously-tangled diplomacy and duplicity, could produce a satisfactory result. Gentlemen, what Bismarck is in the political world, that my friend Bücherblume is in the world of speculation. He always knows what he is about; and always goes the straightest, the most direct, and the most sure way to his object. He is well acquainted, as you must have observed, with books; but he does not read many books; at least not what would be called many by some of the redoubtable scholars of his erudite fatherland; he reads the great books; the landmarks of thought, and the sign-posts of progress; the books from which other books spring, as branches from the stem of a tree; these books he reads again and again; and what he reads, he ponders and digests and disposes so that everything by a sort of internal crystallisation takes its proper place, in the great organism of thought, and nothing is lost, except what it would be an incumbrance to retain; and all the well-sifted treasures which he with such discrimination collects, are seasoned in his soul with a moral fragrance and adorned with an æsthetical grace which doubles their value. Gentlemen, I propose the health of my old and esteemed friend Dr. Hermann Bücherblume; and, while we shake hands

here together, may it be accepted as a living emblem of the radical unity which exists between the two far-divergent branches of the great Aryan family, represented by the Celt and the Teut! With all the honours!

OMNES.—Hurrah—huzza—hurrah! *Es lebe Bücherblume! Es lebe Preussen—Es lebe das Deutsche Reich—Es lebe Bismarck!*

MAC.—(*Singing.*)

Füllet die Gläser, trinket wieder aus!
Unser Bruder Bücherblume, der soll leben
Und das ganze Blumische Haus!

OMNES.—*Aus! aus! aus!*
Und das ganze Blumische Haus!

Bücherblume, your health—one cheer more. Hurrah!

B.—*Meine Herren!* Speaking is not a German virtue; and, even if I could find utterance in that way, I should feel it impossible to open my mouth after this brilliant display of eloquence from my dear friend MacDonald. I can only say that I fully appreciate the honour thus paid to me in this place and in this company, and hope that my excellent Scottish host will consider it a sufficient expression of my gratitude if, instead of a speech, I endeavour to entertain you with a song.

MAC.—*Recht gut!* A song, a song!

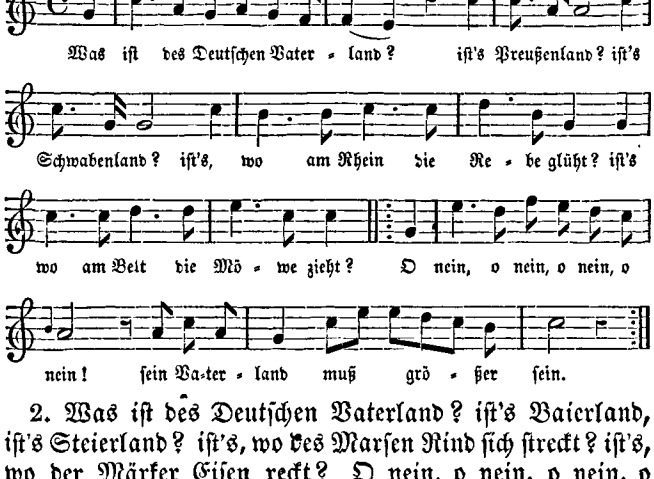
OMNES.—A song!

B.—What shall it be?

MAC.—Patriotic, of course. Blücher's March, or something of Arndt or Körner, or *Die Wacht am Rhein.*

B.—Very well. I shall give you *Des Deutschen Vaterland.*

Des Deutschen Vaterland.

Mit Wärme.

Was ist des Deutschen Vater - land? ist's Preußenland? ist's
Schwabenland? ist's, wo am Rhein die Re - be glüht? ist's
wo am Belt die Mö - we zieht? O nein, o nein, o nein, o
nein! sein Va-ter - land muß grö - ßer sein.

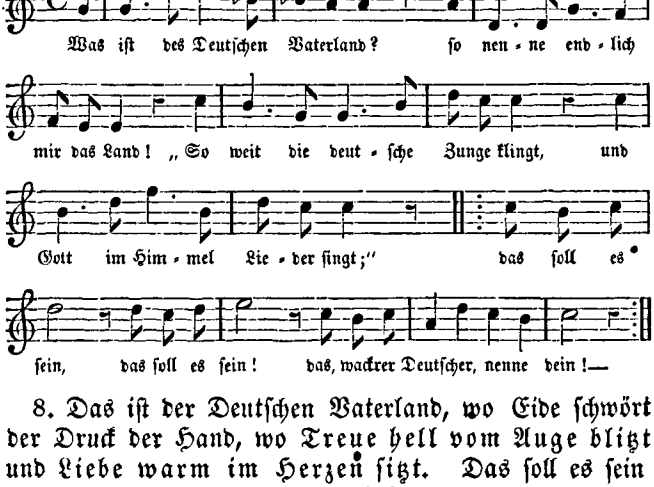
2. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? ist's Baierland, ist's Steierland? ist's, wo des Marsen Rind sich streckt? ist's, wo der Märker Eisen reckt? O nein, o nein, o nein, o nein! sein Vaterland muß größer sein.

3. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? ist's Pommerland, Westphalenland? ist's, wo der Sand der Dünen weht? ist's, wo die Donau brausend geht? O nein, u. s. w.

4. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? so nenne mir das große Land! ist's Land der Schweizer, ist's Tirol? das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl! O nein, u. s. w.

5. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? so nenne mir das große Land! gewiß ist es das Oesterreich, an Siegen und an Ehren reich? O nein, u. s. w.

6. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? so nenne mir das große Land! ist's, was der Fürsten Trug zerklaubt? vom Kaiser und vom Reich geraubt? O nein, u. s. w.

Lebhafter. Vers 7.

Was iſt des Deutſchen Vaterland? ſo nen - ne end - lich
mir das Land! „So weit die deut - ſche Zunge klingt, und
Gott im Him - mel Lie - der ſingt;" das ſoll es
ſein, das ſoll es ſein! das, wackrer Deutſcher, nenne dein!—

8. Das iſt der Deutſchen Vaterland, wo Eide ſchwört der Druck der Hand, wo Treue hell vom Auge blitzt und Liebe warm im Herzen ſitzt. Das ſoll es ſein das, wackrer Deutſcher, nenne dein!

9. Das iſt der Deutſchen Vaterland, wo Zorn vertilgt den welſchen Tand, wo jeder Frevel heißet Feind, wo jeder Edle heißet Freund. Das ſoll es ſein, das ganze Deutſchland ſoll es ſein.

10. Das ganze Deutſchland ſoll es ſein, o Gott vom Himmel, ſieh darein, und gieb uns ächten, deutſchen Muth, daß wir es lieben treu und gut. Das ſoll es ſein, das ganze Deutſchland ſoll es ſein!

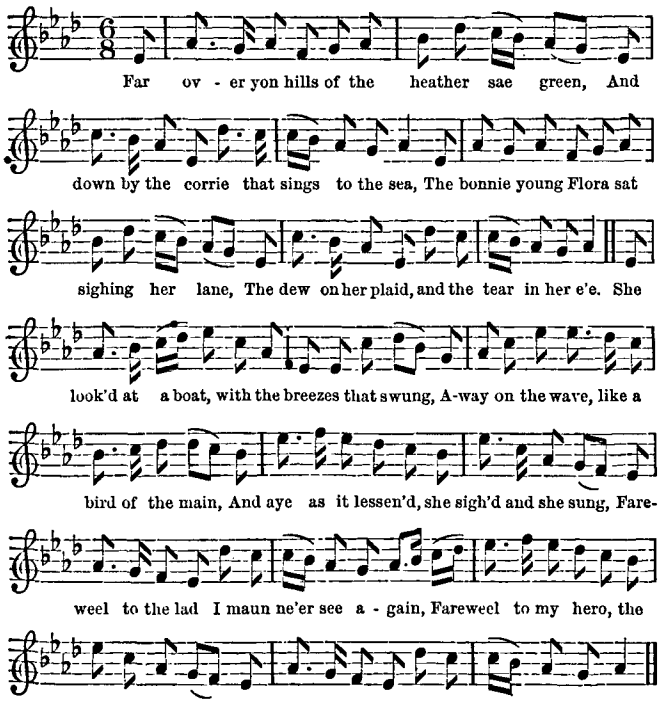
OMNES.—*Das ist der Deutschen Vaterland!*

MAC.—Well done, old fellow! Now, uncork this other bottle of champagne; and Hilarius will give us a song from the Celtic side of the house. We must remember on what ground we sit.

HIL.—By all means.

MAC.—Are you all charged? Then drink . . . and now, Hilarius, your song.

HIL.—(*Sings.*)

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

Far ov - er yon hills of the heather sae green, And
down by the corrie that sings to the sea, The bonnie young Flora sat
sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e. She
look'd at a boat, with the breezes that swung, A-way on the wave, like a
bird of the main, And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-
weel to the lad I maun ne'er see a - gain, Fareweel to my hero, the
gal-lant and young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;

The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

MAC.—A beautiful song; though, to my thinking, Prince Charlie was a high-purposed young romancer; and the affair of '45, in conception a brilliant blunder, and in execution a disastrous tragedy.

CH.—Upon the whole, I agree with you. I have, of course, as an Episcopalian, a sort of general sympathy with Prince Charlie; but, when I look at the then situation of affairs coolly as a politician, I must confess that it was sheer madness, with one-half of the Highlands and one-third of Scotland to attempt subverting the Hanoverian dynasty at that hour of the day.

MAC.—Had King George been like the younger Dionysius, a weak voluptuary inheriting the usurped lordship of a tyrannical father; and had Charlie been as sure of the co-operation of a discontented population in England as Dion was in Syracuse, then the affair might have succeeded,—if only for a year and a day, still a success; but, as matters actually stood, it was merely a bold attempt to get hold of a sleeping lion by the barking of a wakeful terrier: the lion had only to be aroused by the barking, and then where was the terrier? Lochiel knew this quite well; but the romancer would go forward, and then all his brave romancers after him, by clannish necessity, rushed down a steep place into the sea!

HIL.—On that point all sensible men, I imagine, are agreed.

MAC.—Now, gentlemen, that we have done full justice to appetite, to friendship, to sentiment and to history, I propose to wind up with an intellectual treat. I call on our

friend Hilarius to favour the company with an exposition of the geological features of the district.

B.—*Gewiss!*—the one thing needful to make this Kerrera feast worthy comparison to the best symposium that ever was illustrated by the presence of the most accomplished of ancient Greek deipnosophists!

OMNES.—By all means! by all means!

HIL.—Well, when there have been so many performers, I cannot refuse to perform my part. Only one condition I must make, that you prepare yourselves for a discourse, not quite so long as a Gaelic, but considerably longer than an Episcopalian, sermon.

B.—Give yourself free swing; half-an-hour could not now be better spent than in the double process of digesting our lunch and listening to your scientific exposition.

HIL.—At the Castle here we stand on a projecting boss of conglomerate that represents the great period of the Old Red Sandstone. You observe the same amorphous stuff on the other side of the hollow below us to the west, at the first projecting cape, where it forms a picturesque castellated mass running out into the sea. Below it you catch a horizontal line running persistently along the face of the cliff, as straight and continuous as if drawn by a gigantic pen along the rocks. That line marks the junction of two geologic epochs, the Silurian below and the Old Red above, which we shall afterwards go down to examine, for it well deserves it, being one of the best geological junctions of strata in the country, as distinct and patent to the eye and hand as a generalised section in a lecture-room. At the cape to the west of that one the same union of diverse rocks can be seen, though less apparent than at the near one. The Silurian there visibly represents the most extensive series of rocks in Scotland, covering, it is computed, 60,000 square miles in the British Islands. It forms the great body of the whole metamorphic rocks of the Highlands, and is the underlying basis of

all the later rocks, including the broad belt of the Carboniferous series between the Forth and Clyde. The Silurian is, as you know, the third of the great geological epochs containing organic remains. The first, the Laurentian, is extensively represented in the Long Island and elsewhere in the Hebrides, and on some parts of the north-west coast. The second, the Cambrian, runs chiefly from Loch Carron to Loch Broom, its type rock being the thick-bedded mural masses of chocolate-coloured sandstone round Loch Torridon and Loch Maree, where it rises grandly into the domes of Alligin, Leagach, and Slioch. The distribution of these two series is seen at a glance on this geological map. The Silurian rocks were deposited in a comparatively shallow open ocean, with abundant marine life, into which poured great rivers from a continent then existing in the northern Atlantic to the west of Scotland, and forming a kind of Silurian Atlantis. The deposits then laid down on the sea-bed are here exhibited in thin dark fissile slates, which further north become the Ballachulish slates of commerce, their vertical lines being visible under the castellated conglomerate boss on the cape before us; and by certain hard blue limestones seen in the second cape. Towards the close of the marine Silurian era the sea-bottom gradually rose till it appeared above the surface of the water, bearing shallow lagoons scattered here and there over its surface, which in time became detached fresh-water lakes, teeming with finny life, and fringed by vegetation. The old country then formed an Old Red lake district, no doubt less picturesque than now, and without a "discerning intellect" to be filled with love or terror at its prospects. This was the condition of things during the Old Red epoch in Scotland and Wales, though further south the open ocean rolled its billows over the Devonian rocks of the south-west of England. The Scotch Old Red is now recognised as a fresh-water lacustrine deposit, distinct from, but more or less contemporaneous with, the marine Devonian of England.

As recently laid down by Professor Archibald Geikie, a notable student of the system which Hugh Miller first rendered famous, there existed five great lakes at this epoch, which he has named, according to their localities, Lake Orcadie, from the Moray Firth to the Orkneys; Lake Caledonia, in the centre of Scotland; Lake Cheviot about the hills of the name; the Welsh Lake; and a smaller basin round our present position, stretching from the Firth of Lorn south-east of us, across to Loch Awe, which he appropriately designates Lake Lorn, as it occupied roughly the district and firth of Lorn. Where we now stand, we are pretty well near the centre of this ancient Old Red loch, and the conglomerate on which Gylen is now perched is part of the deposits then formed in its depths.

MAC.—Well, that is most picturesque and interesting; but don't you think, Church, it is as well for us that the old waters have been dried up, so that we sit comfortably here on the green sward on its old bed, under the blue sky?

CH.—No doubt, no doubt, my boy; for we human beings are sadly selfish in general, and apt to think more of our own comfort than of the whole divine scheme in "the long results of time." But I am hugely interested in this old-world tale, and we should let Hilarius proceed.

MAC.—By all means.

HIL.—Before Lake Lorn was formed in those post-Silurian times, great changes, involving long ages, passed over the underlying Silurian rocks. These were deposited in normal positions of course, that is, more or less horizontally; but observe that, as they now exist, they stand almost vertical in the cliff below us. This fact indicates immense convulsion or slow but mighty depression and upheaval; at all events, remarkable changes in the rocks at that period. These changes were succeeded by volcanic action of great activity, for, as we shall see, when we examine them more closely, the vertical slates are cut through, generally at right angles to their

strike, by vertical dikes of basalt and reddish porphyry, which have metamorphosed the shales on each side of them through their intense heat when intruded. Moreover, in the greater part of Kerrera here and between the Firth of Lorn and Loch Awe, there stretch broad deposits of volcanic rock, forming the high undulating surface of the Lechan Muir, which various indications prove to have been thrown out during the Old Red era. This region at that time must, therefore, have been the seat of a Scotch Hecla, rolling out its lava sheets on the neighbouring land and into the lake of Lorn.

Moreover, after the intrusion of these trap and porphyry dikes through the Silurian slates, these rocks must have passed through untold coercive experiences, causing immense denudation and planing of the surface. For, notice, the upper edges of the Silurian slates, as well as the porphyry dikes beneath the overlying conglomerate in the first cape, have been clean shaven off, as if cut and smoothed by an almighty plane in the hands of a primeval Titan. This general flat horizontality of vertical strata and intrusive dikes is a most impressive fact, and proves the intensest action of the most powerful smoothing agencies; but whether of long-continued water-action on a flat shore, or an immense ice-sheet then crawling over the land, it will require further investigation to settle. But that such potent planing forces were then in action is proved incontestably by that beautiful section before us in these two cliffs,—for it extends through both.

B.—So far as I can judge, Hilarius, you are right on this point of denudation and planing of the earth's surface as it then existed in these remote regions, and in thinking that it must have taken place before the deposition of the superincumbent conglomerate; but what leads you to imagine that the volcanic intrusion took place before the conglomerate was laid down?

HIL.—A very pertinent question, Herr Bücherblume, but one easily answered. In the first place, observe that the porphyry dikes have their surface cut off along with the slates in which they are, and that they do not intrude into the conglomerate above. But note a second conclusive proof. When the conglomerate is examined, it is found to be composed of masses of the underlying rocks, slate and limestone, *including the porphyry;* and this is true wherever it exists round Oban; and is also very well seen on the shore near the Dog Rock, beside Dunolly Castle. As these intrusive dikes are probably extensions of the great volcanic beds of the Lechan Muir, these beds also existed before the conglomerate was laid down, resting on them as it also does in some sections.

CH.—But how and whence came the conglomerate?

HIL.—That is a question more difficult of answer. As we see from the rock on which we stand, this conglomerate is generally composed of a mass of more or less rounded stones and blocks, many of them pretty large, some four feet across, set in a hard, firm calcareous matrix, which binds its heterogeneous elements together so well that they have defied all disintegrating agencies, which are peculiarly telling on such stuff, for æons on æons since these early geologic times. These rounded components must therefore have long been subjected to rounding agencies of some kind to make them the rubbed, globular, and polished blocks they are. It may be these were only water-forces, in the shape of waves, on the rocky shore of Lake Lorn, as they dashed at the base of mighty cliffs surrounding it, and planed the Silurian slate into the flat it now presents. Or the plums in the rocky pudding may have been formed by the de-grading powers of a huge ice-sheet that crept over the surface and made its own *grund-moräne*, or "ground moraine," that grew under its immense mass like the Boulder Clay of recent geological changes. There are evidences at various points

that the conglomerate consists, in places, of transported materials, as we shall see at the second cliff below, where, in addition to pieces of the underlying rocks, there is a large proportion of quartzite and other rocks from some more or less distant source. There also it will be found that the composing pieces of rock are angular and sub-angular, more like the result of ice- than water-grinding. I am not aware, however, that ice-scratched surfaces have been found in this conglomerate, but their absence would not exclude ice agency, any more than it does in some of the Boulder Clays.

MAC.—Are there any proofs of ice action during the earlier geological periods?

HIL.—Yes; that is a subject that has received not a little attention from geologists; and it is now pretty well agreed that there have been, at intervals through the whole geological epochs, recurring Glacial Periods, which have left their remains in various forms, very similar to those of the latest boreal time; and this is one of the arguments in favour of the theory lately and increasingly advocated, that the double-pendulum motion of the earth round the sun, by which it approaches very near and recedes very far from its central fires, is the cause of the succession of arctic and tropical life exhibited in the geological record.

MAC.—To which division of the Old Red does this conglomerate belong?

HIL.—It belongs to the lower division—a fact which adds to its interest. The upper division of the Old Red is little exhibited in the north. It occurs only in a few isolated areas on the northern mainland, as along the southern and western shores of the Moray Firth, and on the north of Caithness; at Dunnet Head near Thurso, where the "mad baker," Dick, used to climb and search, and at Duncansby Head, John o'Groats, both of which are cut off by faults from the neighbouring rocks; and

also in the island of Hoy, in Orkney, just opposite. The next most northerly place where it is found is in the valley of the Eden, in Fife. South of the Firths of Forth and Clyde it is more largely developed at various points, especially in the lower dales of the Tweed and Teviot.

The lower division of the Old Red is associated with contemporaneous lavas, volcanic ashes, and conglomerates, which still form important ranges of hills. In central Scotland they rise into the chain of the Pentlands, Ochils, and Sidlaws; and here in Lorn they form the greater part of Kerrera and the Lechan Muir. The lakes of the lower Old Red Sandstone were thus marked by lines of active volcanoes, some of which, according to Professor Geikie, must have rivalled Vesuvius in bulk. He has shown, for example, that in Lake Caledonia some of the piles of ejected lava and tuff are more than 6000 feet thick.

B.—I suppose there is no representative of the important Carboniferous Period in the Highland area?

HIL.—Well, that was stoutly asserted to be the case, and the Highlands were put down in all our books as dry land during that epoch of active vegetable life, until quite recently, when Professor Judd, with his sharp eyes, in 1877, made an unexpected and important discovery in the neighbourhood here. At the entrance of the picturesque Sound of Mull, opposite Oban, on its north side, stands the castle of Ardtornish. On the shore, at the Innimore of Ardtornish, just above lowest spring-tide mark, on some rocky ledges there exposed, but difficult of access, he found undoubted plant remains of the Carboniferous Period, in the typical *lepidodendron*, *sigillaria*, and *calamite*. This was a pretty overturning of previous notions, and another proof of the need of abandoning the hasty generalisations to which geology had been, and still is, far too much addicted. The existence of these coal rocks in that one little patch under the tide-line in Morvern is a most

singular and significant fact, and speaks volumes for interesting inquiry as to the geological state of the Highlands during the Carboniferous and subsequent periods, and the manner of its preservation in this obscure corner, and the incalculable denudation of its contemporaries, and the like.

B.—That is most interesting and unexpected. Have any of the subsequent systems been discovered in the Highland area? After this I should not be surprised to hear of more.

HIL.—O yes; your surmise is well founded; but I can only advert very briefly to their nature. In our neighbourhood here beautiful Mull has been the scene of terrific volcanic outbursts, as well as Skye, and the bits of land between,—Ardnamurchan, Eigg, and Rum,—during the comparatively recent Miocene Period. This makes Mull and Skye the youngest islands in the British archipelago, surrounded, in the way of contrast, by their most ancient neighbours of the oldest period in geologic history. Mull, in particular, seems to have been a regular caldron of terror to itself and to its neighbourhood in its rampageous youth; though, like some human erratic sparks, it has in later life settled down into a quiet, interesting, picturesque old gentleman, bearing marks, however, of his youthful escapades. The only bit of Mull contemporaneous with our Old Red rocks here is on its east side, just opposite Kerrera, where the ferry is; so that you set out from the mainland, from near Altnacraig, cross Kerrera, and land on Mull at Auchnacraig, by the two ferries, all on rocks of the same Old Red age.

B.—But what more recent rocks exist in these islands?

HIL.—In Mull and Skye and their neighbourhood we have remains containing abundant fossils of the whole of the Secondary series, from the Carboniferous down to the Chalk, which last occurs at Loch Aline, in Morvern, and in Griban peninsula, in the west of Mull. But for an account

of these rocks, I would advise you to read Professor Judd's paper "On the Secondary Rocks of Scotland,"[1] which, though dry enough to some, is truly a prose poem of no ordinary interest to those who can realise and interpret its strange and eventful chapters in this ancient world-history of the Highlands of Scotland. They contain, amongst other things, the secret of the picturesque character of the islands that have been the scene of these recent volcanic disturbances with their associated periods of quiescence, when the rest of Scotland was much as it now is, geologically.

And now, gentlemen, I have done. May every sermon in the Highlands next Sunday be blessed with as attentive—

OMNES.—And delighted—

HIL.—An audience as I have had to-day.

MAC.—Now, gentlemen, I think we must rise. Enough's as good as a feast.—Hillo! Donald! take these fragments of an over-bounteous banquet, and feed yourselves fat upon them, you and Alasdair! Then pack the baskets, and steer yourselves back the way you came, till you come to the ferry. We meanwhile wander round the island till we come to the cross road, which leads us to where you are waiting for us. In three hours we shall be with you. *Slan leibh!* Come along, boys!

SCENE IV.—*The whole party now leave the Castle, and proceed downwards along the coast on the west side of the island, keeping always to the north. They make a halt first, to make an inspection of the sections pointed out by* HILARIUS, *prominently displayed in the two capes on the shore a little to the west of the Castle.*

B.—It is interesting to observe the motley variety of the pebbles on the shore here.

[1] In the Quarterly Journal of the London Geological Society for August 1878.

HIL.—Of course they are shaken out of the conglomerate, which is like a pudding composed not only of plums, but of apples and pears, and peas and peaches, and cherries and almonds, and half a dozen other ingredients.

CH.—Here is a big block of a stone, quite unlike all the rest.

MAC.—I see you have never been either in Cornwall or Aberdeen.

CH.—Never.

MAC.—Or in Kirkcudbright?

CH.—Never!

MAC.—But surely you have seen Aberdeen granite—on the Waterloo Bridge in London, and in a thousand polished slabs in a hundred cemeteries.

CH.—Oh, I see!

MAC.—Well then, this block is a piece of granite not native to this island, but, as I imagine, carried by the force of the waves from some of the circumjacent coasts.

HIL.—Exactly; this is red granite from the Ross of Mull. I know it as well as a shepherd knows his collie dog. You will see it from the Inn window at Iona, glowing with a grand flesh-coloured glory in the rays of the setting sun.

MAC.—What plant is this that I have just dug up from the crevice of the rock there?

HIL.—Let me see!

CH.—What bright shining leaves it has; the very perfection of a bright glancing cleanness; and how cool and fresh, and what a peculiar refreshing odour!

HIL.—It is Scottish lovage, one of the great family of the Umbelliferæ, that spread out their inflorescence like an upturned umbrella.

B.—Do you know the botanical name?

HIL.—*Ligusticum Scoticum.*[1]

CH.—I could imagine dame Amphritite amid her sea-daughters, having her flowing locks bound with a chaplet of this most salubrious leafage.

MAC.—Had Homer been a Scot, no doubt he would have make a sea διάδημα of it. And had the Tritons like the Satyrs been given to drinking anything stronger than salt water, unquestionably they would have kept their brain cool with lovage as the Bacchantes did with ivy.

B.—How wonderful to think that I shall see this plant again, as I may do possibly on the cliffs of the green isle of Rügen, or somewhere not a thousand miles from Berlin. I shall think on Kerrera; and the whole of this day's delightful enjoyment will instantly rise up from the grey sea of memory with all the floating fulness of a dream! But I say, my dear friend, you forgot, in the whirl of your Teutonic inspiration, and your transcendental admiration of Bismarck, you forgot to tell us something much more to the purpose here. An old castle is always interesting, as we may imagine all sorts of pleasant and awful things connected with it: knights and dames; tilts and tournaments; wars and weddings; pilgrims, troubadours and blind harpers; love, jealousy, and revenge; murders, haunted chambers, skeletons, and ghosts. But my imagination, as you know, never ventures into the air; I use no wings; I am of the earth, earthy; I am a quadruped browsing and ruminating on facts. I love an old castle only when you can point with the historical finger and say—*Thereby hangs a tale!*

MAC.—Well; for this matter happily you can be gratified. By old Gylen there does hang a tale, though a very short one. That castle was taken by the Covenanting general, David Leslie, in the time of what English writers call the Great Rebellion.

[1] Pennant, vol. iii. p. 206.

CH.—You mean the great wars of the seventeenth century which ended in the murder of King Charles I. Of course it was a rebellion, and can be called by no other name.

MAC.—I call it a grand assertion of the sacred right of insurrection; but let the phrase pass. The fact was that after the rapid successes of adventurous chivalry in the early career of Montrose had ended, as they could not but end, in severe prostration before the weight of stern popular conviction at Philiphaugh, and the Lowlands of Scotland had been effectually cleared of all the advocates of political dictation in ecclesiastical matters, it was determined to attack the eagle in his nest, and cut off the Highland chiefs from all power of banding together to assist the throne in strangling religious liberty for the future. The MacDonalds, MacLeans, and MacDougalls, the natural lords of this district, had all espoused the cause of the misguided monarch, and fought with all their force on the side of Montrose; and against them accordingly in the year 1647, two years after the battle of Inverlochy, General David Leslie was sent to enforce an easy, though in some cases an ugly, submission. The expedition first attacked MacDonald's stronghold in Cantire, where some very bloody business was done; from that it proceeded to Jura, and thence to Mull, taking Gylen, I imagine, on the way, as it could hardly avoid doing, though I must confess I have never been able to lay my finger on the exact historical authority on which this received tradition depends. The ruins of the MacDougall's castle, however, and the fact that it stood directly in the way of a hostile body invading Mull, are sufficient proof that the fact must have been as the general tradition states.

B.—You will not think it strange, I hope, if I confess that I agree with our English friend in this matter, and have always followed the career of Montrose with the feeling that Philiphaugh ought to have been as successful as

Tippermuir; and, had it not been for the waywardness of your Highlanders, and lukewarmness and vulgar jealousy of Huntly, the end of that brilliant progress of victories would have been correspondent to the start.

CH.—And where then would have been the Covenanters, and the unhappy separation from a Church which may fairly be looked upon as the Aristotelian mean between Papal despotism on the one hand and Presbyterian anarchy on the other?

MAC.—This is no time for arguing: your sentiments, Bücherblume, are quite rational enough for a Prussian: a strong monarchy, such as you boast, certainly has a right to override ecclesiastical and personal freedom, after the type which Charles I. attempted to introduce here and failed. But your strong monarchy, you are aware, never has existed in this country, having been protested against successfully, both by the barons in the earlier course of our history, and in later times by both barons and people.

B.—But the points upon which your Covenanting divines showed such obstinacy were really so trifling, so absurd, so ungrateful, so unreasonable, that I really never could see they formed a sufficient cause for the shedding of such rivers of British blood, and the stirring up of so much fretful bile among brethren.

MAC.—My dear fellow, don't talk like a Quaker. Peace is not the highest good; often rather the most fatal soporific and the most deadly poison. The question is not whether genuflexion, signing the cross, printed liturgies, and other such external forms sanctioned by the civil magistrate, are trifling or serious: the question is whether it is safe in a free Christian people to tolerate the intermeddling of princes and policemen in such matters. *Obsta principiis.* I think the Covenanters were right. Had the insidious approaches of the Stewarts not been manfully opposed at the beginning, instead of our present liberty of

conscience, of which all Englishmen are proud, we should have had in the Church a sort of Popery without the Pope, and in the State some British Louis XIV., with the necessity of a French revolution in the next century, a great deal more bloody, and a great deal less beneficial than our great civil war. But what is that Hilarius has got hanging about his hat?

HIL.—Oh, only a blooming wisp of the wood-vetch which I tore up from that stony brae there. It is a beautiful plant, and not over-common.

B.—O yes; I have gathered it frequently in the woods about Bonn, *Vicia sylvatica!*

MAC.—What beautiful cream-coloured petals, so delicately streaked with a purplish blue!

CH.—"Behold the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

MAC.—Bravo, Church! "Sermons in stones, and good in everything!" The fragrance of a fair flower is more sacred to me than all the incense of the cathedrals, and always sets me worshipping.

CH.—I wish you could teach our scientific men to feel like you. Instead of elevating and expanding, the study of natural science with many of them seems to have ended in extinguishing their piety.

MAC.—Yes, very sad, one of the saddest traits of these times; but, as we have often had piety without knowledge—with results, God knows, how sorrowful!—we must even be content to have knowledge without piety sometimes.

CH.—That is natural enough; but one expects more from philosophers than the mere swing of the pendulum.

MAC.—Knowledge is not philosophy: philosophy is wisdom. Wisdom is a living power: knowledge is merely a dissection, and a registration, and a tabulation of things living, or of the fossilised forms of things that once were

alive, or of the bare materials for the substructure of a possible life. Knowledge is altogether a subordinate, auxiliary, and incomplete thing: it is the scheme of the architect without the stones or the lime. That a purely scientific man should be atheistical is no more strange than that a mathematician should not be a poet. The atheism or irreligion of a certain school of men of science in the present age is the simple phenomenon of the reactionary one-sidedness characteristic of an age of transition. Physical science without piety is merely a kick of the cognitive faculty against the insolence of piety without knowledge, which has celebrated its triumph only too long by presenting Christianity to the world in the form of what a German writer calls a caricature of the Holiest.

B.—What a delicious fragrance comes streaming down this brae! What can it be?

HIL.—Oh, I know it; an old friend of mine not to be found everywhere; but, when it is found, generally found in abundance. Here it is: smell it.

B.—Richly luscious!—the whole brae is aromatic like the moors in Greece, and other warm countries.

HIL.—You observe it is an orchis; not of that fine, deep, dark purple hue that you picked up yesterday in the moist meadow, but of a much richer fragrance. It is the *Gymnadenia conopsea*. The dry hilly pastures, where the heather maintains its ground over the grass in Glenmore, a little south of Oban, are quite full of it; and here, in Kerrera, it seasons whole braes.

CH.—Here is something of the orchis type, but very different. It has a meagre aspect, and seems to have no faculty of spreading itself, for I only found this one specimen over the whole brae. It has small whitish-yellow flowers, and looks for all the world like one of our little blinking men in Oxford, who can do nothing but read.

B.—Oh, we have such creatures in Germany too, perhaps

more than you have in England. I think I know this plant. Hilarius, is it not another Gymnadenia?

HIL.—Yes, albida; in some books it is a Habenaria.

MAC.—Come, gentlemen, don't lag on the road, peeping through microscopes and counting stones and pistils. Reserve that for home study. Meanwhile I see the smoke curling up behind the rock, from the house of an old and esteemed friend of mine, Miss MacDougall. We must go in, and have a taste of her milk.

CH.—One of your thousand and one sweethearts, Mac?

MAC.—Not at all; only what we call in Scotch a "decent woman," an unmarried woman that keeps her brother's farm-house in order. Come along!

(*Here all the party,* MACDONALD *leading the way, enter a farm-house in the middle of the island between the west and east ferries.*)

MAC.—How are you, my dear Miss MacDougall? I have brought a jolly party to see you.

MISS M.—Oh, but 'tis I that am right glad to see you, sir, and Hilarius too; everybody knows Hilarius: he is always everywhere. And how have you been keeping, Maister MacDonald? and how is Miss Flora?

MAC.—Oh, wonderful well—*buidheachas do Dhia!* Flora is too busy to be unwell.

MISS M.—Indeed, but that is the fery true fact. She is a wonderful lady, Miss Flora. She is like the grand old ladies that we read of in books; there are no such ladies now. But you will be tired, I make no doubt. Sit down in the parlour, and I will be bringing you a drink of milk, some of that same milk from the dun cow whose eyes you used to look into and praise so much, Mr. MacDonald.

[*Exit* MISS MACDOUGALL.

CH.—That cousin seems wonderfully fond of you, Mac. A cousin, no doubt?

MAC.—No, no! she is a MacDougall to the back-bone, and her mother was a Campbell. She has not a drop of

MacDonald blood in her whole body. But you must not be surprised at her kindness. There is one key to the hearts of all Highlanders, and I possess it.

CH.—What is that?

MAC.—I speak Gaelic.

CH.—Is that a rare accomplishment?

MAC.—I am sorry to say it is—amongst the Highland gentry.

B.—The more fools they, if such a natural accomplishment can command so much love.

MAC.—The world is full of fools; and the Highland lairds have contributed their fair share to the summation.

(*Re-enter* MISS MACDOUGALL.)

MISS M.—Here, gentlemen; here is the milk—

MAC.—Call it cream, my dear lady. These Sassenach gentlemen will not understand you, if you call this rich liquor milk. It is as like to London milk as London porter is to thin beer.

MISS M.—No doubt, Maistir MacDonald, the milk is fery goot. It would not be a proper thing in the like of me to give any milk but the fery pest to a shentleman like you, that is descended from the great Lord of the Isles, who was the father both of the MacDougalls and the MacDonalds, and a shentleman that is so goot to our people, and that speaks such peautiful Gaelic. Oh! 'tis no time that I hear such Gaelic as yours, Mr. MacDonald; such deep Gaelic, and from such a full breast, like the song of the *Smeorach* in the first month of the summer. But, shentlemen, you will be drinking; drink; and here is bread—*aran coirce*—and putter—*im min agus ur*, Mr. MacDonald, fery good putter: there is no petter putter in Oban; and here is cheese. I cannot say so much for the cheese, but it is the pest we have in the Highlands—'tis there that the Sassenach peats us.

CH.—*Νὴ τὸν κύνα*! this milk is admirable—*θεῖον τὸ πόμα*—or rather both meat and drink. I now understand

the secret of Highland blood. Such rich milk and such fresh breezes could not produce other than gallant men and stately women. MacDonalds and MacDougalls, Macleods and Macleans, the halls of fame are hung with their conquests in the fields of manly strife, and the saloons of womanly grace.

MAC.—Bravo! bravo! I never heard a man eloquent from milk before.

CH.—The oatcake, too, is excellent: only with it I should prefer a glass of old port, with a dig into a deep Stilton cheese.

MAC.—The oatcakes, you remember, Dr. Johnson says, are food for men in Scotland and horses in England; and you see the reason here both how Scotchmen are so superior to Englishmen, and English horses to all other horses. If beer and beefsteaks have made Englishmen, oatmeal cakes and oatmeal porridge have made Scotchmen.

HIL.—Specially Scotch brains. There is a notable seasoning of phosphorus in oats, which produces the *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

MAC.—" Celtarum," as the writer meant.

CH.—I perceive there are books on the shelves there. Miss MacDougall, may I take the liberty of looking at your library?

MISS M.—Of course, sir; but there will be little for a shentleman like you to see there.

CH.—That remains to be seen. What's this? Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*—English! Baxter's *Saints' Rest*—English! Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion*—English! *Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer*—English! Chambers's *Lives of Illustrious Scotsmen*—English! *Gazetteer of Scotland,* an odd volume—English. A *Latin Grammar,* a *Greek Grammar,* a *Greek Dictionary,* a *Greek New Testament!* Why, Miss MacDougall, your library seems to contain every language in the world except Gaelic. What is the meaning of that? Have you no Gaelic books?

MISS M.—O yes; there is a Gaelic Bible there, that furthest one in the corner beneath the rest; and there is a Gaelic Catechism; and there is a pook of Dan Spioradail, fery sweet and peautiful, by Patrick Grant, that was a minister of the gospel, a fery goot man, and a fery powerful preacher in Strathspey; and there is a pook of songs by Duncan Ban, which my father used to sing, but we don't sing them no more now.

CH.—Why not?

MISS M.—Because the minister says it is not right to be singing profane songs; and we don't wish to offend the minister. Besides, we are not understanding them now, as our fathers did the Gaelic. The songs were fery goot when my father was singing them, and my father was a fery goot man; but we don't sing the Duncan Ban now.

CH.—Can you not read your own language?

MISS M.—Not fery well. My prother can. He went away up the country when he was a boy, where was a good shentleman that gave prizes to the boys and girls of the school that would be reading and speaking the most peautiful Gaelic, and so he learned to read all the Gaelic pooks; and without the pook, too, he can speak out all the poem of Ben Dorain. My prother knows the Gaelic well. For mine own self, I can read some goot chapters of the New Testament—that is all.

CH.—Can you read the English Testament?

MISS M.—The *beurla?* Yes, I have *beurla* to read a little. Some chapters of the *beurla* I can read better than the Gaelic.

CH.—What is the *beurla?*

MISS M.—The *beurla?* The *cainnt Shassenach.* What you will be speaking yourself, and all the shentlemen is *beurla.*

CH.—And what do you make of these Greek and Latin books? Does your brother read them too?

MISS M.—Not at all, he! It's only the minister that would be reading Greek, not my prother.

CH.—What are they doing here then?

MISS M.—Well, sir, that would be a sad story to tell. It was a young man of my mother's country who died—he was a Campbell—that lived away north there behind Ben Cruachan. You will be knowing that country, sir, most likely, fery near the farm where Donnacha Ban was born.

MAC.—Where Earl Dudley has his shooting lodge, that I pointed out to you one day on the shore of Loch Tulloch.

CH.—I remember.

MISS M.—Well, he it was that was a fery clever young man, with a great love of the pooks; somewhat weakly in the body, but with a real entusamé for the pooks: so he went to Glasgow for to study at the University: Lord Dudley gave him five pounds, and a fine lady from London gave him other five pounds, and other five he got from his parents: so he could afford to go to the University; and there it was that he learned to know the Latin and the Greek, like any minister—you may pelieve that—for he gave himself no rest, night nor day, till he could read the Testament in Greek better than I can do the Gaelic; and he was a great Greek scholar; and he gained peautiful prizes, all stamped with gold letters, which you may see all locked up in the press to keep them from the dust and the peat-smoke; and he came home to his parents with a wonderful sugh of praise; and his name was in the papers; and he was much the talk of the people in all his country. But now comes the sadness—*Mo thruaigh!*—he had been forcing himself, you see, in the teeth of Nature, to keep up with the other young shentlemen in the classes that had better schooling—so he fell into a pining and a dwining by too much poring over the pooks, do you see—night and day, without rest, as I was telling you—and so, like a horse that is overworked, he became proken-winded; and it was a cough that he pegan to

take; and that was the *caitheamh* that was plainly eating into his preath; and so they sent him here for a change of the air, and for some amusement; but it was of no profit; he pined and pined away; like a tree that droops when it has been transplanted away from the water, and without proper roots; and he died; and we puried him in the churchyard at Dalmally, where his father's father and his mother's mother were puried before him; and his Greek pooks that he brought with him were left here on the shelf: that is the story.

CH.—Very sad!—It is not the only story of the kind I have heard. I am afraid the Glasgow air did not agree with him.

MISS M.—There, sir, you speak the fery true thing: if he could have read his Greek pooks among his native hills, he might have grown strong; but the pooks, and the close smoky air, and the constant pending over the table, with the hateful preath of the gas in his nostrils, all that killed him.

MAC.—Well, Miss MacDougall, I have often said that Highlanders ought to study Gaelic and let Greek alone. Had your young friend rambled over the hills, and sung Duncan Ban's songs, he might have grown up a stout fellow.

MISS M.—You speak the fery right thing—*smior na firinn*—Mr. MacDonald, as you always do: but you know the Gaelic is of no use, when a young man wishes to get on; and besides, there are few shentlemen in the Highlands like the one that gave Gaelic to my prother; they are not favourable to the Gaelic at all at all; and some of them are quite keen to stamp it out of sight, like the cattle-disease. I have myself heard one of them saying so—these fery words.

MAC.—I know the barbarians; but the Dunolly people do not stamp out the Gaelic, do they?

MISS M.—O no! the Colonel is a very nice shentleman.

He never does anything that is not goot to the people: he never turns nobody out of their old places.

MAC.—How long have your people been on this farm, Miss MacDougall?

MISS M.—Four hundred years, son from father, there has always been a MacDougall on this farm.

MAC.—Could you give me any eggs? I wish to take some as a present to my excellent landlady, Mrs. Maclaurin of the Craig Ard.

MISS M.—O she be a fery proper woman; and I would gladly be obliging to you, sir, and to Mrs. Maclaurin; but I have no eggs this day; I gave them all yesterday to the lady; you see, sir, we keeps by the old customs here; we sends the chicken and the eggs and the ducks to the lady of the big house week by week, as she may be wanting them—specially in the season. Often there will be a great number of visitors that will require to be fed.

MAC.—You pay that as part of the rent—the *mòd*—I presume.

MISS M.—Exactly; we keep to the old customs here, Mr. MacDonald: they are fery goot customs.

MAC.—Excellent customs in my opinion, whatever the political economists may say. Whatever tends to strengthen the bonds of friendly connection between the different classes of society is good. What you get from a friend is better than what you buy in a market; it is seasoned with love, a sort of seasoning which does not belong to cash-payment in the modern mercantile style.

MISS M.—You are right, Maistir MacDonald; the goot lady loves her people, and her people love the goot lady. It is a fery goot custom.

MAC.—Well, my dear Miss MacDougall, we cannot stay here all day. We must be off. We shall never forget your good entertainment. Mary, my darling! here's half-a-crown for you to buy a new gown, or anything your aunt may advise. Good-bye, Mary—that's a good girl.

Slan leibh, Miss MacDougall.—*Mo bheannach!* Come away, gentlemen!

(*The party leave the cottage and proceed across the island towards the ferry on the Sound of Kerrera.*)

MAC.—Well, Kit, what think you of my friend, Miss Mary MacDougall?

CH.—A most excellent person indeed: so sensible, so intelligent, so kindly considerate, so loyal-hearted to the native aristocracy of the land!

MAC.—And you might have added, with manners under a rough exterior, so essentially polite, a delicacy of feeling, and a grace of sentiment that might fitly clothe the noblest lady in the land. Look you a little into the matter as you pursue your travels, and you will find reason to say with me that the Highlands of Scotland possess the remnants—for alas! it is now only the remnants—of the noblest peasantry in the world.

CH.—The respect which she seemed to pay to the opinion of her minister in regard to the profane songs, seemed to me very noticeable. I thought the stout Presbyterian spirit in the North had extinguished all reverence for the clergy.

MAC.—My dear Church, that is really a notion which you must discard. No people believe more profoundly in their clergy than the Scotch; and, besides, these Highlanders here have an innate vein of loyalty both to God and man, arising out of the old clan system. But with all this, my countrymen are quite free from that servile clinging to the sacerdotal body, and what you call the church, which is found in most Roman Catholic countries and in some parts of Anglo-Catholic England. These people observe the Sabbath strictly, and ponder their Bibles. That gives a wonderful moral power. I have often talked with Mary MacDougall on subtle questions of Church and State, and found her extremely sensible and moderate; quite free from that exaggeration of accessory

trifles and that stilting up of local peculiarities into the dignity of great general principles which forms the staple of many a grand ecclesiastical debate. Mary MacDougall could never for a moment conceive how it was a matter of any consequence to Christianity whether the parish minister was paid by a burden on the land, or by a contribution from the people.

B.—Of course the laity is always free from professional tendencies and professional vices, what your Bacon calls the *idola tribus*. It may be laid down as a general principle that the theology of the people is always more rational, and their politics more moderate, than the language of the professional men who speak for them would lead us to imagine.

MAC.—Yes; the professional theologians, to amuse their leisure or to magnify their conceit, spin out the simple broad truths of Evangelical religion into a web of curious subtleties; and the professional politicians are gladiators, who, while engaged in the struggle, must, in the nature of things, be more hot than the spectators. The eager professional advocacy of a cause often blinds even a powerful intellect to the absurdity of extreme statements which make a cool observer smile. But, apart from all this, you will find what I say is true; no peasantry in Europe, not even your own well-schooled Germans, are, as a body, more intelligent than the genuine old Scotch Highlander.

B.—The genuine old Highlander,—that is a phrase I observe you always use. You seem to speak as if the genuine Highlander were a rare bird; what say you to the existing Highlander?

MAC.—Unfortunately I must make the distinction: the best of the genuine old Highlanders left the country in disgust a hundred years ago and more; some are leaving it even now every day; but a remnant still remains, such as we have here in Kerrera for instance.

B.—Strange that any proprietors should be so unpatriotic as to wish to get rid of such a population; and stranger still that any Government should allow it.

MAC.—Pooh!—our Government allows everything; or rather we have no government. The aristocracy is the government. The landed proprietors made the laws about land, and the landed proprietors administer the laws. Nothing would appear more ridiculous to certain of our great landed proprietors than to deny the right and the propriety of their clearing the ground of all population at their pleasure. Take this green island of Kerrera for instance, about three miles long by one and a half broad; it contains some seven or eight farms, besides large hill pastures, yielding a rental, I believe, of some £800 or £900 a year. Well, imagine this island, by some such transfer as we see every day in the Highlands, passing from the old kindly lords of the soil into the hands of some rich English lord who keeps it merely as an appanage to a range of the wild country a little further north which he has mapped out for a deer forest. His factor, who manages everything for him—he himself visiting the Highlands only for two months during the shooting season—informs him that there is some trouble occasionally,—which he may style a constant bother—in getting these small farmers to pay their rents. It would be much more convenient (for the factor) and much better for the people themselves, and a great benefit to the whole nation, if these people were shovelled away to Glasgow or to Canada, while the whole island should be let to a rich sheep-farmer on Tweedside, who will pay the full rent of the property, and perhaps a little more, without any bother to the factor or to his lordship. His lordship will not be at all shocked by this statement, and will follow—as all absentee landlords do—the advice of his factor. The Government will never hear of it; the news-

paper columns will say it is admirable political economy; and the people vanish.

B.—Well; all that I have to say is that, if such things were to take place in Germany, Bismarck would have a word to say about it.

MAC.—Yes; Bismarck knows what government means—great measures for the general good: but the only principle of government professed by the majority of our British landholding M.P.'s is—EVERY MAN MAY DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS OWN.

B.—St. Paul preaches that no man either liveth or dieth to himself; and Socrates teaches that, if man is a reasonable, he is also a social animal, and that a solitary man is only an intellectual tiger.

MAC.—Our lairds care as little for St. Paul as for Socrates; and, if they were given to definitions, they would say that man is a shooting animal, or, perhaps, a money-spending animal; anyhow, an Englishman may defy the devil in his own castle, and do what he likes with his own. But this is no place for rearguing the first book of the Platonic Republic. I see Donald and Alasdair looking out for us from the ferry pier. There is the boat. Come along, Hil., and Kit, and the whole troop of you. Follow Bücherblume and me. There you are. Jump in, boys! Up with your sail, Alasdair, and then—let us start with a song. Now sit down. All right!—the lug has caught the breeze bravely. We shall be in Oban in ten minutes. Now, Donald, mark me, you know the boat-song made by the high priest across the water there at Morvern, to the tune of *Mairi laghach*. You all and Alasdair will join in the Gaelic chorus, while I reel off a translation which Miss Flora made of the other verses for the benefit of the Sassenach. Strike up!

(*They strike across the Sound towards Oban, and as the boat scuds along, they sing the following song.*)

MACDONALD, DONALD, *and* ALASDAIR.—

Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn;
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
S' tu mo bhàta grinn.
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
S' tu mo bhàta grinn;
Mo bhàta boidheach laghach,
Thogadh taobh Loch Fin.

MACDONALD.—(*Sings. At the end of each stanza the boatmen sing the Gaelic chorus.*)

Ho, my bonnie boatie,
Thou bonnie boatie mine!
So trim and tight a boatie
Was never launched on brine.
Ho, my bonnie boatie,
My praise is justly thine
Above all bonnie boaties
Were builded on Loch Fyne!

To build thee up so firmly,
I knew the stuff was good;
Thy keel of stoutest elm-tree,
Well fixed in oaken wood;
Thy timbers ripely seasoned
Of cleanest Norway pine,
Well cased in ruddy copper,
To plough the deep were thine!

How lovely was my boatie
At rest upon the shore,
Before my bonnie boatie
Had known wild ocean's roar.

Thy deck so smooth and stainless,
With such fine bend thy rim,
Thy seams that know no gaping,
Thy masts so tall and trim!

And bonnie was my boatie,
Afloat upon the bay,
When smooth as mirror round her
The heaving ocean lay;
While round the cradled boatie
Light troops of plumy things,
To praise the bonnie boatie
Made music with their wings.

How eager was my boatie
To plough the swelling seas,
When o'er the curling waters
Full sharply blew the breeze!
O, 'twas she that stood to windward,
The first among her peers,
When shrill the blasty music
Came piping round her ears!

And when the sea came surging
In mountains from the west,
And reared the racing billow
Its high and hissing crest;
She turned her head so deftly,
With skill so firmly shown,
The billows they went their way,
The boatie went her own.

And when the sudden squall came
Black swooping from the Ben,
And white the foam was spinning
Around thy top-mast then,

O never knew my boatie
A thought of ugly dread,
But dashed right through the billow,
With the spray-shower round her head!

Yet wert thou never headstrong
To stand with forward will,
When yielding was thy wisdom
And caution was my skill.
How neatly and how nimbly
Thou turned thee to the wind,
With thy leeside in the water,
And a swirling trail behind!

What though a lowly dwelling
On barren shore I own,
My kingdom is the blue wave,
My boatie is my throne!
I'll never want a dainty dish
To breakfast or to dine,
While men may man my boatie
And fish swim in Loch Fyne!

DIALOGUE IV.

SCENE I.—*St. Columba's Inn at Iona.*
PERSONS.—*MacDonald and Church.*

MAC.—Well, Church, my boy, there you are at last! Here have I been a whole week waiting for you; and, had I not had Skene, and Reeves, and MacLauchlan, Anderson, Mitchell, and Burton, and half-a-dozen lives of Scotch and Irish saints to boot, in my wallet, I don't know how I could have got through the twenty-four hours. In the name of Columba, Comgall, Brendan, Ninian, Kentigern, Cuthbert, Baldred, Maelrubha, St. Bridget, and all the Celts of the Calendar, where have you been all this time?

CH.—Well, I can only say PECCAVI; and from the bottom of my heart, I do say it—PECCAVI; but I was induced, in a most pleasant and for me a most profitable way, to extend my movements to more than three times their original range.

MAC.—How was that?

CH.—Lend your ears! You know my intention was simply to land at Salen, walk across to Kinloch Scridain, over the top of Ben More, and thence along the south coast of the loch, by Ardtun and Bunessan, to the granite quarries in the Ross opposite your window here. Well, I left Oban this day week in the Mull boat at six o'clock; and after two hours' very pleasant sailing through smooth waves, purpling like a dying dolphin's back in the setting

sun, found myself on Colonel Gardyne's solidly-built pier at Salen. I slept at the inn—a very snug shop, with a fine view seaward; and next morning, after breakfast, with my light wallet, containing a single shirt and two or three white collars, slung over my shoulder, I trudged cheerily along the road to Loch Baa, in the centre of the island, along which I had to pass on my way up Glen Clachach, I think they call it, to Kinloch Scridain. At the west end of Loch Baa, where the river Baa winds its way out into Loch na Keal, on a smooth green promontory or grassy platform that runs into the loch, I saw a plain little white house looking up the loch, embosomed amidst steep mountains, and echoing with bouncing water (for there had been a good brush of rain during the night), but without a tree bigger than a gooseberry bush.

MAC.—Ben More Lodge, I imagine, the shooting-box of the Duke of Argyll.

CH.—So it turned out to be; but the Duke was not there; and so much the better, I fancy, for me. I knocked at the door to get some information as to my way across. The door opened; but instead of a flunkey in plush, which might have been a natural apparition in such a place, a benevolent old gentleman came rolling out in a wheeled easy chair, with two attendants, like supporters in a heraldic scutcheon, one kilted smartly, the other trousered loosely, with baskets and other angling paraphernalia on their backs. I explained my wants: a traveller wishing to cross Ben More; a Churchman specially desirous of seeing Iona and the remains of early Celtic apostleship and monastic discipline there. He asked my name. I told him. "CHURCH!" he said, with a breadth of sympathetic complacency in his face such as I never saw before, and I feel convinced it was a face on which a frown could not sit comfortably for more than the tenth part of a minute, "CHURCH! I have many good reasons for loving that name. You are a Yorkshire man, are you not?" "Yes!" "I thought

so; then you will, no doubt, know something of my Aunt Betsy, who was married to a Yorkshire man of that name?" I nodded assent. There was *not* time then and there to enter into the details of Aunt Betsy's connection with the noble family of Church; but there needed no more to broach the vein of hospitality, which from the Celtic heart ever pours so largely, specially when the electric influence of blood stirs the flow. "You are anxious to study the ecclesiastical remains of this country," he continued. "You could not be in a better place than just where you are. Iona, of course, is your goal; but you cannot be within an hour's sail of Inch Kenneth without visiting that famous isle, famous not only for Celtic saintship, but for Celtic hospitality exercised most nobly by a good Celtic baronet to a learned English doctor and dictionary-maker a hundred years ago, and something more. You will stay here to-day; there is plenty of room; true, you can expect nothing but mutton-chops and sea-trout for dinner, but you shall have a bottle of champagne in compensation. I am going out on the loch to fish; you may amuse yourself anyhow you please, till I come back; and next morning I will send my man, MacDonald, with you—an experienced boatman—to helm you down to Inch Kenneth." So said, so done. All resistance was in vain. St. Kenneth and Dr. Johnson and this most benign of old gentlemen were too much for me. I remained two days at Loch Baa, and so broke my tryst with you. *Peccavi!* Am I forgiven?

MAC.—Certainly, in your circumstances and with your views. But what of your expedition to Inch Kenneth?

CH.—Well, I spent the first day in scrambling up Ben Greig, a huge height of more than 2600 feet above the sea, I should imagine, which rises directly in front of the traveller as he jogs on southward from Salen to Loch Baa. From this lofty ridge of desolation my eye took in a grand sweep of view, open towards the sea beyond Staffa, and the gigantic range of the Ben More peaks close behind

to the south. Next morning, immediately after breakfast, I found the boat waiting for me on the S.E. corner of Loch na Keal, about half a mile behind a place marked KNOCK in the maps; and forthwith we hoisted sail with a pretty stiff breeze from the west directly in our teeth. This of course forced us to move forward in a zigzag style, making a long leg and a short, moving four miles of space for every mile of distance that we left behind us; so that we took three hours to run down a length of eight or nine miles; what, with a good north wind, we could have managed in an hour. But I did not regret it, not being at all enamoured of the modern fashion of rattling railway speed through a beautiful country, so that its finest features only sweep across your sight, like the flitting phantoms of a dream.

MAC.—There you are right. The man who does not love to let the salient features of the landscape sink into his soul, and write their significant legend there in the indelible ink of fond memory, has no right to travel in these parts.

CH.—Lying lazily on my back in the stern-sheets of the boat, I had a long quiet look into the middle of that grand knot of finely-grouped mountains, which the common tourist sets down generally as BEN MORE. It was as if in a great palace some one had suddenly opened all the windows, and laid the pictured halls and the blazoned galleries open to public view. From the bay of Oban the observer counts three distinct cones; from the waters of Loch na Keal five separate tops become visible: my friend Ben Greig, with his long, bare, weather-beaten, storm-shattered front, behind him Bengour, or the Goat's Hill—

MAC.—Bravo! that's the way to pick up the Gaelic; half the dictionary, believe me, lies stamped upon these Bens and glens.

CH.—Then Ben FHADA, the lowest and the northern-

most of the three peaks seen from Oban ; and then the big Ben More proper, and the little Ben More beside it. To proceed with my sea-voyage :—We saw nothing remarkable in the way, after we had passed those grandly frowning cliffs, which bound the district called the Griban, save two seals, and a whale disporting itself with the lazy lubberly roll with which these huge mammals delight to glide through the briny depths, and a colony of cormorants—

MAC.—*Sgarbh* we call them here.

CH.—Well, *sgarbh*, on a little flat island, or low flat reef rather, called Sandiland, close to Inch Kenneth ; ugly creatures, who, when the plash of our oars came near them, flapped their dark vans, and protruded their long, bare necks, and shot away as fast as they could in the direction of Staffa and the Dutchman's Cap, which we saw in the distance. A pretty contrast to these dusky long-necks were the guillemots or divers—

MAC.—*Eun-a-chrubain*—

CH.—Dainty, like sea-piets, with their black and white plumage, breasting themselves as quietly upon the waves as a hen sitting upon eggs, till we came close up to them, and then popping down suddenly with a clean plunge, like the harlequin in a Christmas pantomime. But what pleased me most in that domain of exuberant vitality (for so, I think, we may call the sea, following Thales) was an immense host of sea-gulls fluttering in long files above the waters, crying and cawing and chattering in the most wonderful way, evidently under some very joyous excitement. The eye of our boatman, well exercised in these matters, soon discovered the cause of the commotion. "They are at their dinner," said he ; "a shoal of herrings is sailing up the loch ; and the big whale that we saw is no doubt here after the same game." A sad game for the herrings ! said I ; nevertheless, let us rejoice with the gulls, as Spinoza did when he fed the spider with flies. I remember somewhere to have read—

Strong Nature from her prostrate ruin rears
Her vanquished head, still victor in the strife,
And through progressive deaths in stately tiers
Mounts to the stage which bears the noblest life.

MAC.—Well: you seem to have spent your three hours on the water not unprofitably. But I presume it is high time to consider how you landed at last on the sacred soil of Inch Kenneth.

CH.—Ay! and a fine green smiling little island it is; and fertile too; it is not more than a mile long and half a mile broad, without a single tree to protect it from the violence of the south-west blast, and yet—so the present tenant told me—it yields £120 rent to the laird of Ulva, to whose kingdom it is an appendage.

MAC.—The monks, having no steamboats to supply them in those days from Glasgow, were forced to sustain themselves from the produce of their own soil, and so could not afford to settle on barren rocks. I remember Dean Monro calls it "a fair ile, fertill and fruitful, inhabit and manurit, full of cunings about the shores of it." There is plenty of fine rich meadow here in Iona, and in the Garbheloch islands also, no doubt.

CH.—We landed on the beach, a little to the north of the white house where Sir Allan entertained the gruff Doctor; and proceeded straight up a gentle rise to the venerable spot, where the three little lancet windows in the east gable of a small building in ruins indicated plainly enough the chapel that we were in search of. Not much to see, but a great deal to feel. With me historical places are like roots from which whole centuries of buried life rise up resuscitated. I immediately fell plump into the sixth century, and began to consider seriously what sort of a fellow I should have been, if I had lived then, and instead of Christ Church, Oxford, had been educated at Columba College, Iona, or served under the supreme abbot, on that

low green isle, in habitual fellowship with seals and sea-gulls, cormorants, guillemots, whales, whelks, lobsters, and other varieties of the marine creation.

MAC.—Did you go into the inside of the chapel?

CH.—Yes.

MAC.—And did you go in as Dr. Johnson did?

CH.—How?

MAC.—Boswell and he, you may remember, or he and Boswell (for the substance ought certainly to come before the shadow), went in uncovered and saw in it "*the effects of precipitate reformation.*"

CH.—I did go in uncovered. I always do so in a sacred building. It is only your Presbyterians of the extreme type, who, to show in an emphatic way their contempt for all externals, march into a holy place bluff-browed and bonneted, with a stout self-dependent air, as if they were entering a meeting of Northampton shoemakers, called to hear Bradlaugh deliver a lecture against God and the aristocracy. But as for the "precipitate reformation," to the effects of which the sturdy Doctor felt his thoughts revert at the aspect of the ruin, I cannot say that any cogitations of that kind stirred my brain. I am a good Anglican Churchman; but I could no more think of declaiming against ruined cathedrals in Scotland than I should dream of quarrelling with a strong wind because it tears up a few trees. It is not in the nature of winds to move with the calculated regularity of an ordered march; and only on very rare occasions can the reform of any deeply-rooted social abuse be effected by a committee of sober philosophers, balancing carefully the just mean between two extremes, with Aristotle's *Ethics* in their pockets.

MAC.—You speak wisely: but what were your cogitations, standing uncovered in the inside of that hoary old shrine?

CH.—What yours would have been there: I was astonished, or rather, let me say, disgusted, at the irreverent

carelessness of the people who had allowed the floor of this most venerable building to be overgrown with nettles, so that not a single one of the sepulchral stones was legible.

MAC.—I am afraid I must confess, our regular Presbyterian Scot is in some respects a most irreverent animal. He knows nothing of Church history before the Reformation, and of course cannot respect it; the sepulchral slabs of mediæval saints are to him only platforms for the Pope to stand on; and the Nicæan Creed is in his estimate only the little insignificant seed out of which the great mustard-tree of the Confession of Faith grew to the magnitude which in his pious imagination is destined to overwhelm the whole earth. Did you see nothing else in the chapel? The great lexicographer speaks, if I remember rightly, of an altar not yet quite demolished, and of a bas-relief of the Virgin and Child and an angel hovering over her; also a good hand-bell without a clapper which "neither Presbyterian bigotry nor barbaric wantonness has yet taken away."

CH.—I am ashamed to say that I made only a hasty entry into, and a more hasty exit from, the abode of nettles; but, had there been anything like a bas-relief on the east wall, I think it hardly could have escaped my ken.

MAC.—Boswell came out of it in a hurry too, but not from the same cause.

CH.—How?

MAC.—The Doctor writes to Mrs. Thrale[1] that Boswell, "who is very pious"—I remember the exact words—"went into the chapel at night to perform his devotions, and came back in haste for fear of spectres."

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! I have no genius for being frightened by ghosts. I rather think they must be afraid of me.

MAC.—How so?

CH.—Because, whenever I put myself in the way of

[1] Letter xxvi., October 24, 1778.

receiving spiritual communications from the other world, which I did once and again under the direction of an esteemed female spiritualist friend in London, it was always a mistake; or, if not a mistake, at all events a conclusion without any reliable result: for how could I know whether a few raps under a table, or thumps on my back, came from a ghost or from a living body, when the whole affair went on in the dark?

MAC.—Right again. The way to do with ghosts, when they appear, is just to look them quietly in the face, and address them in the most indifferent way possible, as you would do with a person whom you happened to know, but didn't much care for: in the style of an old Scotch minister, of whom the story goes, that, being accustomed to pass through a churchyard every night on his way home, one of his waggish friends, wishing to make an experiment on his courage, wrapped himself up in a white sheet, and, on a certain night, as the honest wayfarer was as usual crossing the churchyard, rose up bolt before him from the grave-stones like a cloud from behind a hill: to which apparition the intended victim of spectral terrors, so far from being frightened, coolly said: *Is it a general rising, or are you just daundering about in the moonlight yer lane?*

CH.—Ha! ha! ha!

MAC.—But to our muttons, as the French say. If you were not conversing with spectres in that sacred place, I shall venture to guess you were conversing with the Muses.

CH.—What could a man well do there, being alone, and not being a sketcher? I told the boatmen to take their ease for an hour and a bottle of beer, with a sip of *uisgebeatha* if they could get it,—while I went to the further end of the little island to reconnoitre; and there sat down, looking over the great blue sea in the direction of Iona. In this position a feeling of the most blissful composure gradually stole over me: the genius of the place took full

possession of the vacant chambers of my brain; and I did not rise, till I had hewn out the rough draft of these two sonnets, which I licked into shape walking up and down the beach at Salen.

MAC.—Two sonnets! that's one too much. But by all means strike the key-note of the place with one just now, and we shall have the other one to-morrow, when Flora comes.

CH.—Is she coming here?

MAC.—Yes; and my good old mother with her. She is a good girl, and will understand the inspiration of the place much more profoundly than the Reverend Christopher Church, or Matthew Arnold, or Tennyson himself, though you should pile up a whole pyramid of sonnets. Only a Catholic can have a genuine appreciation of Iona. I always feel the original, or perhaps in my case it were more appropriate to say the acquired, sin of Protestantism gnawing secretly at the roots of my enjoyment. But come on!

CH.—

INCH KENNETH.

Nay, spur not so! he wastes no time who tarries
A moment here to spell the old grey stones,
Where high-renowned Macleans and stout MacQuarries
Rehearse their glories, and preserve their bones.
Here think thee back a thousand years or more,
And ask how tonsured monks were mighty then
From grey Iona's granite-girdled shore
To tame the souls of rude rough-hearted men.
No feeble race were they who chose to dwell
In the green refuge of this wave-lashed nook,
But strong in love, and the all-conquering spell
Of death-defying cross, and peaceful crook,
And armed with law divine more strong than steel
To bend the stiff, and make the proud man kneel.

MAC.—Very fair; and thanks to you, my dear fellow, for having touched one of the best chords of my heart by the words—

CH.—What words?

MAC.—The high-renowned MACLEANS.

CH.—Well, to be honest, I did not know much about them; only generally that there were mighty men in Mull in those days, and the Macleans were amongst the mightiest.

MAC.—A man's mind must be quite blank in the Scottish history of the last four hundred years who doesn't know that. Besides, the MacDonalds and the Macleans were very closely allied, not only topographically but socially.

CH.—My impression was that, like other Celtic chiefs, they were always in a state of internecine war with their next-door neighbours. In politics, you know, a neighbour generally means an enemy.

MAC.—And so it was no doubt originally in the case of the MacDonalds and the Macleans, but latterly they became good friends, and acted together in many a stout feat of arms; the effect partly of the compulsory good offices of Government, but not less from intense hostility to their common enemy, the Inveraray Campbells. Besides, I must inform you that there is a very close family relationship betwixt our MacDonalds and that branch of the great Maclean family from which the present baronetage descends; for my grandmother's great-grandmother was a close connection of that Donald Maclean of Brolas, the third son of Hector Og, who was the grandfather of that Donald Maclean of Brolas, whose son was the well-known Allan Maclean, sixth baronet, Dr. Johnson's kind host, who died in the year 1783, six years before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

CH.—*Per Bacchu!*

MAC.—Swearing again!

CH.—I beg your pardon, or rather the pardon of my cloth; but really it is enough to make a saint swear, to hear how glibly you talk about your grandmother's great-grandmother, just as if you had been taking tea with her last night. I know nothing about my grandmother.

MAC.—The more shame to you. The knowledge and esteem of ancestry has been the fruitful source whence the most brilliant feats of Celtic chivalry have sprung. You believe, of course, in hero-worship, one of the favourite attitudes of noble human souls, which our grim prophet Carlyle has recently brought into vogue.

CH.—Of course I do.

MAC.—Then the Highland pride of ancestry, and passion for genealogical detail, which you Lowlanders are so forward to acknowledge with a passing sneer, is only the modern Celtic form of that instinct of ancestral reverence which caused the Greeks to raise a temple to Theseus, and the Romans to do the same honour to Romulus. The Jews also, as you may happen to know from the Old Testament, though they could not practise hero-worship by elevating Moses into the society of the gods (for monotheism allows no such society), were genealogists.

CH.—And yet the respect which they paid to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is not alluded to with particular approbation in the Gospels.

MAC.—*Corruptio optimi pessima.* The best aid to virtue is always a poor substitute for it; nevertheless, St. Paul in the Romans, and St. James in his Catholic Epistle, knew well how to use father Abraham as their best ally in laying the foundation of a new and more spiritual religion. The Highland love of pedigree, like the Jewish, has, no doubt, its degenerate type; with not a few, it may be, nothing better than a shallow sentimentalism, the hobby-horse of a ridiculous vanity, or the blown bladder of an empty pride; but it is also good for the Macleans to cherish

in their heart of hearts Lachlan Mor and Hector Mor, and the other worthies of their genealogical tree. Without such cherishing it is quite possible, or rather more than likely, that we never should have been able to boast of a glorious victory at Waterloo. I can never forget the account which I read in the *Life of Livingstone*, the African traveller, whose ancestry were from Ulva, of the last words of one of his ancestors on his deathbed to those who were to take up the honour of his name:—

"In my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If therefore any of you or your children should take to dishonourable ways, it will not be because it runs in your blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you—BE HONEST."

CH.—That certainly is very fine; but your chiefs, if I have not lived in a region of pure delusion, bequeathed to their descendants generally something very different from a reverential memory of a noble ancestry. They handed down from father to son a most diabolical spirit of revenge. Were they not, in fact, continually engaged, clan against clan, in the most internecine feuds, signalised by the most brutal barbarities? I rather think the pride of ancestry tended to nourish the lust of revenge.

MAC.—Oh, you are thinking, no doubt, of the smoking of the poor people of Eig in the cave by the MacLeods of Skye and other such savage achievements! But they were not savages for all that, any more than the French were at the time of the French Revolution. Men are like dogs, mild enough habitually, but capable of springing all at once into sudden fits of fierceness. Besides, those things were done in wild times, when war was partly the business, partly the recreation, of all the world; and as for revenge, it was often the only form that a righteous retribution could take, when the central government was

feeble and false, venal and tyrannical. No doubt you were thinking also of the Lady Rock, which you passed on your way hither, and the infamous deed perpetrated there by one of my grandmother's great-grandmother's ancestors.

CH.—Yes; I did hear them talking something about a barbarous exposure of a lady made there by some of the chiefs; but I was busy at the time watching the beautiful phosphorescence of the water, as it rose in foamy swirls from the strong stir of the screw, and not at all inclined to wander into the contemplation of such inhuman barbarities.

MAC.—Well, I will tell you it now:—Lachlan Cattanach Maclean, the perpetrator of this diabolical deed, was the great-grandfather of the great Lachlan Mor who fell a victim to the treachery of the MacDonalds at Gruinard in Islay, in the year 1598. This monster, to gratify his ambition, or perhaps by way of raising a cheap rampart against the aggressive genius of the Argyll Campbells, our hereditary enemy, had married the Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Archibald second Earl of Argyll, who fell at Flodden Field in the year 1513, along with Hector Odhar, the respectable father of the said Lachlan. But marriage, you know, is one thing, especially among persons in the highest social platform, and love is another; so this Cattanach, or the shaggy Maclean, had no sooner satisfied himself with the sweetness of the honeymoon, than he began to look about for a new excitement, and his eye fell upon a fair lady of his own clan, Miss Maclean of Treshnish (the isles which you passed between Ardnamurchan and Staffa), whom he could not obtain otherwise than in the way of legitimate marriage. To accomplish this the Lady Elizabeth was of course to be disposed of; and, as the chiefs in those days had always some fellows about them ready to obey their commands, however brutal, without question, Lachlan found no difficulty in engaging

half a dozen of rough retainers to go out with him, by way of a short sail, to a rock at the south end of Lismore, at the evening hour, and just when the tide was rising. There the savage brute left her, like Andromeda in classical story, not to be devoured by a sea monster, but certainly to be overwhelmed by the full flow of the water in a few hours. But this modern Andromeda, like the ancient one, had her deliverer: not, however, in the shape of a mythical aëronaut with sharp sabre; but in the mild form of a conscience hardened for the moment, but relapsing presently into the normal measure of human softness. One of the perpetrators revealed the inhuman villainy to one of the chief's body-guard, who immediately, regardless of the displeasure of so brutal a master, sent out a boat with some trusty men from Loch Don, who rescued the miserable sufferer, just as the waves were breaking over her, and rowed her in safety across to the coast of Lorn, pretty much where Oban now stands, or a little further south at Loch Feochan, and thence across the country to Port Sonnachan, on Loch Awe, and over the hills by *Tigh-na-fead*, if that respectable house of call then existed, to her father's stronghold at Inveraray. Of all this Lachlan knew nothing; and he proceeded to act out the inhuman drama, which he had instituted, by nailing up a lay figure of a lady in a coffin, and proceeding with it, in the guise of a tearful husband, to Inveraray, where, according to a correspondence which he had entered into with the Earl, she was to be buried with her ancestors. The Earl of course knew what he was about; so, as had been previously arranged, when the hypocritical mourner arrived, the coffin being set down in an adjacent apartment, he was forthwith marshalled into the dining-room, where the family sat at dinner with the Lady Elizabeth at the head of the table. The monster was thunderstruck; but the catastrophe with which such a confrontment should have closed dramatically was with-

held: no doubt from the fear of the formidable body of retainers whom the guilty man had brought with him, and the certainty of a battle of blood, with which the floor of the castle would be deluged if claymores were once drawn by infuriated clansmen in the presence of their chiefs. Cattanach was allowed to escape: the Lady Elizabeth, after obtaining a writ of divorce from the Consistorial Court, was married to her kinsman, Campbell of Achnabreac; and the murderer was reserved for a bloody conclusion of his basely prolonged life at a later date.

CH.—I hope he didn't die in his bed?

MAC.—Yes, he did; but not peaceably: he was killed in his bed by Campbell of Achallader, the brother of the Lady Elizabeth.

CH.—*Καὶ δίκαια γε ἔπαθεν*, as we used to say at Christ Church: served him right. It is a most pitiful and a most tragical story. It might suit admirably for a ballad.

MAC.—Campbell, you may remember, has done it in his "Glenara,"[1] but with too much compression, I venture to think, for the breadth which the ballad style requires. To my mind the full length prose narrative of the family *Seanachaid*, whom I have followed, is much more effective.[2] But let me hear now if you saw anything at Inch Kenneth worth noticing besides the old chapel. I have a notion that some of my grandmother's great-grandmother's near relations lie buried there. Were there no sepulchral slabs?

CH.—I told you already that the crop of nettles made unapproachable and illegible the slabs that were on the floor; outside, however, my eye was attracted by one or two, of which I took a note.

MAC.—What were they?

CH.—Here they are (*taking out his note-book*). The first

[1] The young poet lived for some time as a tutor in the family of a Mrs. Campbell of Sunipol near the shore, on the west coast of Mull, a little to the north of Calgary.

[2] *History of the Clan Maclean, by a Seanachaidh.* London: Smith and Elder. 1838.

shield I have in my notes is quarterly—first and fourth, a castle; second, the tricrural sign seen on the Manx pennies; and third, a stag's head.

MAC.—My blood lays no claim to that. The castle certainly belongs to the Macleods: the three legs of Man have their origin in a vain conceit of the MacKenzies—afterwards Earls of Cromarty, that they were descended from the Norwegian kings of Man—a notion which possibly also may have had a lodgment in the brain-chambers of that branch of the Macleods from whom, through the mother of one of his ancestors, the Earl of Cromarty was descended;[1] the stag's head, again, is a plain index of the MacKenzies, with whom, no doubt, my Macleans stood in very close connection; for Colin MacKenzie of Kintail, from whom all the MacKenzies descend, was the brother of GILLEAN, whom the Macleans acknowledge as the first person who gave the name to the clan, and who flourished about the year 1170. I do not, however, affect to know more of heraldry than comes naturally to a Highlander rejoicing in his stout ancestry. The clerks of the Herald Office are the only persons who are likely to interpret the scutcheon aright; besides, there was a good deal of irregularity in the heraldic assumptions of not a few respectable Celtic families, to which the records of the Herald Office can furnish no key. Was there no inscription on that stone?

CH.—There might be; but I certainly did not make it out. There was another headstone, however, from which, with some difficulty, I deciphered both the name and the date of one of your illustrious ancestry. The scutcheon here, as in the other case, was quarterly—first, a lion; second, a castle; third, a galley or lymphad, as the heralds call it, with a salmon beneath; and fourth, a hand with a cross: the supporters were birds, herons or ostriches, I could not guess which.

[1] Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. iii. pp. 354-6.

MAC.—This certainly is a Maclean, though differing in some points from the arms of the Dhuart branch, which has a rock where your field has a lion, and a salmon with two eagles' heads in the fourth quarter; no doubt some side branch. What was the inscription?

CH.—The slab bore—DONALD MACLEAN OF BROLAS, who died in 1725, aged 54 years.

MAC.—The grandson I mentioned before of Donald of Brolas, the third son of Hector Og, who, as you may remember, was a close connection of my good grandmother's great-grandmother.

CH.—Yes, I remember—or at least I ought to remember that.

MAC.—Did you read any more stones?

CH.—No. Are the Macleans still mighty in Mull?

MAC.—Far from it: a little better off than the MacDonalds in Isla, or the Campbells after them: that is all we can say.

CH.—How many branches were there of the family?

MAC.—I don't pretend to be exhaustive; but from my earliest years I have been familiar with the Macleans of Dhuart, of Loch Buie, of Coll, of Ardgour, of Torloisk, of Brolas, and of Pennycross.

CH.—So you may say with the poet—WE ARE SEVEN. That is a sacred number. Have all the seven still a local habitation and a name in the island?

MAC.—Most of them not an acre: the two that remain only a fragment of what they once had; like the curtailment of a scarlet gown which the students display on their shoulders at the latter end of their fourth year at the University.

CH.—Ha! ha, ha! I saw a few such as I passed through the famous western capital on my way to Oban. I should like to have seen these learned habiliments on the day after the close of the fourth session.

MAC.—In that case they would have been altogether

invisible,—dissipated and dissolved into their primitive elements.

CH.—What are the two families that still maintain their ground on the island?

MAC.—Loch Buie, who remains lord of that beautiful sunny nook, at the end of the large sweeping bay, at the south-east corner of the island, as you sail round to Iona by Kerrera: the other, Pennycross, in that snug little creek of Carsaig, so well known to geologists, a few miles to the west of Loch Buie. I should mention also that the Macleans of Ardgour are not Mull men at all, and still retain the property, or at least part of the property, from which they take their title, at the Corran ferry opposite Glencoe, as you steam up to Inverness.

CH.—How did Dhuart and Coll, and the other powerful members of the clan, come to be dispossessed of their fine heritage in this beautiful island?

MAC.—Because they took the wrong side in politics, and did not properly attend to the debtor and creditor side of their accounts. Celtic hospitality was a good thing, and Celtic loyalty a better in its day, and in its way; but after the '45, to keep open house, and to court company with Princes, and with rich English lords in London, and to swill down unlimited bumpers of Burgundy to the memory of Prince Charlie and the Stewarts, was the high road to ruin; and the Macleans were not the only clan whom that sort of thing wiped clean off the book of Highland existence.

CH.—I remember Doctor Johnson says that his good host, Sir Allan, was caging himself up in that green little island, in order to repair the fortunes which had come down to him diminished through the mal-economy of his predecessors.

MAC.—Mal-economy no doubt there was, not only in Mull, but almost everywhere in the Highlands; but in the case of the Macleans there had been most potently put

forth the greed of the Government, and the guile of the Campbells, to suck the blood out of a race whom they had always found it difficult to control in the open field and with fair play. King James VI., that singular compound of pedantry, despotism, and cowardice, in order to get possession of the property of the chiefs, sent a roving commission through the Highlands, in order to pick flaws in titles—the common device of crowned cowards, when they mean to steal but don't care to be called thieves—to which commission every Maclean was not always strong and happy enough to be able to answer in the style practised so suitably by Maclean of Kingairloch.

CH.—Pray, what was that?

MAC.—Simply this; when the Commissioners—they were Campbells, of course, to whom the crowned coward had intrusted the job—made a visit to Kingairloch, on the coast of Morvern there, opposite Appin, and requested him to produce the titles by which he held his property, the chief, rising with sudden indignation from his seat, replied, "I can produce no sheepskin, no quibbles upon parchment to satisfy you, but the tenures by which I and my forefathers have held these lands are at your service;" and with that he made a sign to his piper, who instantly blew up the clan gathering, and out issued from a dozen different quarters a hundred armed warriors. "This, Messieurs Commissioners," continued the chief, "is the tenure by which I have held my property, and by this it is my purpose to hold it against all deadly. Take this answer back to your master at Inveraray, and if it doesn't content him, he may come here himself, and get a sharper one on the spot."[1]

CH.—In the great struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries I understood you to say that the Macleans always took the wrong side in politics, that is, the side of the Stewarts?

[1] *Memoirs of the Macleans*, p. 109.

MAC.—They could scarcely do otherwise, considering their antecedents. They were amongst the most loyal of the loyal at Largs and Bannockburn, and they could not fail to share the sorrows of the discrowned monarch at Inverkeithing and Culloden. The Macleans, if not always wise in action, were generous in purpose, and noble in conduct.

CH.—They seem to have taken a prominent part, according to your account, in all the great achievements of Scottish history.

MAC.—Undoubtedly; and a prominent place too their achievements occupy in my memory, thanks to my grandmother, who made us learn a set of memorial Gaelic rhymes made by an old bard of the connection, in which the principal exploit of each notable head of the clan was set clearly into a short stanza, which she sang to a Highland air. Would you like to hear one or two of the verses?

CH.—By all means, but you must bear in mind what St. Paul says about speaking in an unknown tongue.

MAC.—Oh, never fear, I can give it you in English; Flora and I used to amuse ourselves, or, rather, Flora amused me, with turning the Gaelic into English, which pleased the good old lady wonderfully; and our verses not only pleased, but paid better than most that are published; for the excellent lady gave us regularly a penny for every verse, and a sixpence when we repeated the whole string of them on her birthday.

CH.—A prophetic pedagogue she! payment for results, and results of the best kind—knowledge enlarged, memory strengthened, patriotism warmed, sentiment cherished. These old grandmothers of yours had some educational notions, from which Her Majesty's inspectors, in these schooling times, might not be ashamed to borrow.

MAC.—Yes! but patriotic sentiment in a Highland lad or lass is a delicate flower, for whose subtle fragrance the

coarse nostrils of educational Red-tapists up there in the big Babylon have no organ. Now attend! I will give you a lesson in history with which, when you have thoroughly crammed it, you may confound the wits of the most learned Dons in Oxford, not excepting the head of Christ Church :—

When the king of Norway came,
Our Alexander's crown to claim
At Largs with pomp and pride there!
Gill MacGillean seized the villain,
And drowned him in the Clyde there!

CH.—That's Haco and the battle of Largs, of course, of which we "ignorant and insolent Oxonians" happen to know something.

MAC.—Well, thank God; and know this something more, that this Gillies MacGillean, who fought at the battle of Largs in 1263, was the son of that GILLEAN who, as I mentioned before, was the first of the race that stamped his name on the clan.

CH.—Why, then, is he called *Gillean* and not Maclean?

MAC.—Because Maclean is a curtailment for *Mac-Gille-Ian*, "the son of the servant of the apostle John."

CH.—Indeed! but as to Haco, who, you say, was drowned in the Clyde, I was taught that he died in his bed at Kirkwall; and you remember Dowie, at Balliol, made a very pretty ballad on that foundation.

MAC.—And a very good foundation too: but my grandmother, or the bard whose rhyme came down to her from her great-grandmother, was not so particular about curious points. The main thing was to swamp the fleet, and let the king shift for himself in the water the best way he could. But I proceed—

Red Hector slew, I tell you true,
The laird of Drum, and all his crew,
At Harlaw on the heather there;

But there the slain the slayer slew,
And both lay dead together there!

You have heard of the battle of Harlaw?

CH.—No.

MAC.—Well, I am not surprised at that; though it looms largely and flames in very sanguine colours in the history of the MacDonalds. It was Donald of the Isles that made a raid in the year 1411 into the northern country; and the verse which I have sung to you records the fact that Hector Ruadh, or Rufus Maclean, chief of Dhuart, and the fifth in descent from Gillean, being his lieutenant on that occasion, comes into collision quite in Homeric style with Irvine the laird of Drum; a duel which ended with the death of both combatants, like the mortal slaughter of the hostile Theban brothers in the Greek tragedy. But I must proceed. The Macleans, of course, were cut down among the other flowers of the forest with a sweeping scythe at Flodden field.

At Flodden field stout Hector stood,
With all the best of Scottish blood,
Till swooping ruin found him there!
And man for man his faithful clan,
Were heaped in death around him there!

This was HECTOR ODHAR, or the sallow-faced Hector, who fell amid a wall of his faithful adherents, in that battle of sorrowful issue, which has found such worthy record in the pathetic lyric of Mrs. Cockburn, and the stirring ballad of Professor Aytoun. Our next hero, in order of time, is Lachlan Mor, or Big Lachlan, who was mighty both in soul and body, and had to make a big business of blood with the MacDonalds of Islay, in the days when keeping his next-door neighbour stoutly at bay was a necessary part of each man's manhood. You will hear more about this brave fellow when you go to Islay, where—at Gruinard on

the north coast—he was treacherously overpowered by the MacDonalds in the year 1598.

Big Lachlan from his rocky hold
Right wisely ruled his clansmen bold,
That owned the stout command there,
But stained with gore green Islay's shore,
Cut down by traitor hand there!

Another Lachlan, the grandson of this Lachlan Mor, appears prominently with Montrose at Inverlochy. This chief was made a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I. in 1632; an honour which perhaps tended not a little to attach the Maclean clan more and more closely to the unfortunate family who could never be made to understand that the principles of absolute despotism, which might be the best suited for Oriental monarchies, were altogether unfitted for the breezy atmosphere and the independent spirit of the West.

At Inverlochy on the foes
Sir Lachlan rained a shower of blows,
A true and loyal knight there;
While false Argyll, removed a mile,
Looked on, and then took flight there!

At Inverkeithing in 1651, the Macleans were not less desperately and unfortunately loyal, in combat with Lambert, and the troops of Cromwell.

Sir Hector Roy, the stout Maclean,
Fought one to ten, but all in vain,
His broad claymore unsheathing;
Himself lay dead mid heaps of slain,
For Charles at Inverkeithing!

There is a well-known anecdote, connected with this Inverkeithing business, which, as it sets forth, in the most brilliant style, the well-known fidelity of the clan to their

chief, I must not omit to tell you. Sir Hector knew quite well that he was fighting at a disadvantage in respect both of numbers and position, which made it almost impossible for him to achieve victory; nevertheless he stood firm. "What would you have me to do?" said he to one who advised him strongly to consider his position. "Would you have me flee, and be for ever the scorn of honest men? Our honour and our loyalty demand that we do our best." And, striking his sword into the ground, with this resolve, he planted himself and his brave men in the front of Lambert's sweeping battery, like an array of stout pines before the storm; and stood firmly for four hours, till only forty of the 800 of his brave followers remained to tell the tale of the deathful overthrow. At an advanced period of the battle, the charge of the enemy was directed specially against the spot occupied by Sir Hector; on observing which his devoted followers, man after man, with fearless spirit came up to the front, and offered their own breasts to the weapons aimed at their chief; and, as each in succession rushed forward for this purpose, he cried out in the hearing of the whole body—*Fear eil airson Eachainn!* —ANOTHER FOR HECTOR! till, under this noble inspiration of self-sacrifice, eight gentlemen of the name of Maclean made a final resting-place for their brave master on the bodies of his faithful adherents whom he loved.

CH.—Bravo! bravo! It will be long before the commercial system, and political economy, and progress of society by steam-engines and railways, will produce results of that kind.

MAC.—Long indeed! The clan system, whatever were its defects, produced fidelity, loyalty, constancy, courage, and a race of good soldiers and gallant officers, such as Great Britain may one day sigh for vainly in the hour of her greatest need!

CH.—Well; you are near the end of your glory roll now, I suppose?

MAC.—Very nearly; but you will not imagine, I hope, that the Macleans were absent at Killiecrankie.

CH.—I wish I could. I have a great respect for Charles I., notwithstanding all his blunders; and even for Charles II., who had not then developed the full blossom of his worthlessness, I could have drawn the sword with Sir Hector at Inverkeithing; but for such a pig-headed, perverse, unteachable, intolerable blockhead as James, loyalty was spent in vain, and patriotism became suicide.

MAC.—That was my grandmother's opinion too: she was a woman of great practical sagacity, and, good Catholic as she was, always said that James, with his ignoring of all past experience, and open defiance of statute and consuetude in this free country, had done more harm to Popery than all the generations of the Protestant succession from big Harry downwards. She dated the final fall and overthrow of the Maclean influence in the west from the part which they took in the affair of Killiecrankie.

CH.—Had she any verse about that?

MAC.—

O good Sir John, hadst thou been wise
To read the times with prophet eyes,
Nor propped the falling Stewart then,
The false Argyll, with all his wile,
Had not set foot in Dhuart then!

As little had she to say in praise of the laird of Drimnin's heroism at Culloden.

Mere sentiment, she said, even when altogether healthy or a little exaggerated, might make a good poem; but policy alone could prevail in politics, which has to do, not with what is nobly conceivable, but what is practically achievable; and to draw the sword in answer to a dramatic appeal of a daring young adventurer from mere chivalrous sentiment, as Lochiel did at Glenfinnan, was a juvenile folly, which, at the best, could gain the glory of

a brilliant blunder, and was certain to end in a lamentable defeat.

On dark Culloden's bloody heath
Drimnin's claymore leapt from its sheath,
Prince Charlie to deliver there!
But vain the fight: in pitchy night
His star went down for ever there!

CH.—I see! She touched the blunder of the '45 with a very gentle hand: laudation not censorship was the proper business of the Senachie. The black Cattanach of course would escape notice.

MAC.—Not at all. Mephistopheles, in *Faust*, never appears more thoroughly a devil than when confronted with Margaret; and the old bards, in the grand play of gloom and gleam which their skies presented, had lessons enough in the art of contrast to know that virtue never appears more lovely than when set against vice in its most perfectly vicious avatar.

When Lachlan's soul to Ifrinn sped,
The fiends below rejoiced, and said,
"If Satan should resign here,
This bad Maclean in hell shall reign,
And drink red blood for wine here."

CH.—Amen!

MAC.—Amen! and much more heartily than I can give the responses to the damnatory clauses in your Athanasian Creed.

CH.—We must tear out that leaf from our Prayer-Book; otherwise, I fear, it will be the death of us.

MAC.—I have no desire to kill you; but, if your bishops are bent on making you commit suicide, after the fashion of churchmen, by orthodox strangulation, I will not lift a finger to save you. But come on!—I have done my duty to my grandmother; 'tis your turn now to do your duty to yourself, by informing me how you came to linger so

long on the road. You have only given an account of three days, after which you might have come to Iona any day in four hours.

CH.—Well, I have your pardon already, and so shall make a full confession. You remember DOWIE of Balliol, who was the best boatman on the river, and the worst spinner of Greek iambics in the College, when you and I were going in for honours at Christ Church.

MAC.—Of course; who could forget him, with his ponderous zeal for Gaelic and geology, and his light, airy flirtation with the easiest Greek and Latin he could lay his fingers on. Is he here?

CH.—Well, the simple fact is, that I encountered him at Salen, sailing about in a trim steam-yacht, which he had fitted out from money left him by the sudden death of his uncle, an indigo-merchant. He was most fervid, as you may imagine, at the unexpected meeting with me; and insisted that I should take a cruise with him to Oban, and round by Colonsay to Iona. This offer I had not scrupulosity of conscience enough to resist; and here I am after a slight trial of your patience, for which I humbly crave forgiveness.

MAC.—I forgive you; but let us have the sequel!

CH.—Well then, we left Salen at eight o'clock A.M., and after passing Loch Aline, a loch which well deserves its name—"bonnie loch"—for such they told me was the meaning of the Gaelic word—we left the stunted remains of Ardtornish on our left, and Dhuart, with its infamous Lady Rock, on our right. Oban then received us with its bonnie bay, and its crudely huddled houses, which have destroyed one of the prettiest villages in the Highlands; and, after taking in water from the clear-spouting lion's head beneath Altnacraig, we steamed deftly through the Sound of Kerrera, and steering pretty much in a south-westerly direction, considerably to the west of the Glasgow steamer's route, we arrived at the Garveloch

isles in less than two hours. On approaching them, and sailing round by the north side, we found that what in the distance appears one compact little island, is indeed, as the name indicates, a small group of three or four islands, running in a continuous sort of line from north-west to south-east. Of these the first we came to at the north-west point was Dun Chonell, a name evidently indicating the site of some stout old chief who fenced himself in wild security there.

MAC.—I think I can tell you something about that. No person deserving the name of a chief ever dwelt there; but in the *Life of Columba*[1] there is mention of a piratical family, whose sire was called Connell, infesting those parts. One of them called LAMHDEAS, or Right Hand, rushed on the saint with a spear, and was only prevented by a miracle from killing him.

CH.—Very well, so be it. Perish Connell! and so perish every man, *ὅστις τοιαῦτα γε ῥέζοι*, as Homer says, who uses his right hand in such a wrong way! The north coast of the isles along which we sailed was precipitous and grandly frowning like the cliffs at *Griban*, in Mull, though not nearly so high. The rocks were of the light brown colour which so often indicates the trap or basaltic formation; but my hasty conclusions on the geological structure of the islands were forthwith checked by a scientific man of our company who informed us that the rock was certainly limestone, forming, in fact, one of the most southerly links of the great limestone vein which constitutes Lismore, and, travelling in a northerly direction, crops out grandly at Inchnadamph, in Sutherlandshire, and uttermost Durness, a little to the east of Cape Wrath. Well; we had not long to steer, but turning round the west end of the group, anchored off the south coast of the westermost island, where it looks south-east to Scarba; the Paps of Jura and the high land of Islay beyond, being visible on the

[1] Lib. ii. ch. 25.

extreme south-west. We lowered our light gig, and in a few minutes landed without difficulty in a long narrow inlet, —what are called *Voes* in Shetland,—at the end of which was a pleasant green ascent watered by a bright oozing well. After refreshing ourselves from this pure fountain, no doubt frequently honoured by the lips of the princely saint as he took the air after his morning devotions, we perceived on the slope of the hill, at a very short distance from the shore, some ruins of old buildings, one of which was doubtless a chapel; for near it we found lying a broken slab of a distinctly sepulchral character; it was, however, much more rude and much more effaced than the remains which had delighted me at Inch Kenneth. A little below this chapel was a curious building, with the roof composed of overlapping stones in the shape of a beehive or an oven, which we took at first for a limekiln; but, on minute inspection, finding no signs of its having been used for that purpose, we concluded it was a hermitage used by the pious monks in those wild times, when, to serve God well, it seemed necessary to bolt out of God's world, and from the society of God's reasonable creatures as much as possible. And this is almost all that I could carry off in the way of pleasant memory from *Elach Nave*, or Isle of the Saints, as it is called in the maps.[1]

MAC.—A corruption no doubt of *Eilean Naomh*. Only last night, when I was turning over Fordun,[2] I stumbled on a notable passage in which he mentions this island. Here it is: *Insula Helant Leneow, scilicet, insula Sanctorum, et ibi refugium. Insula Garveleane, juxta magnum castrum de Donquhomle, distans ab aliis insulis sex milliaribus in oceano.* Did you not climb up the height above the ruins?

CH.—No; it was very hot, and I was tired, and sat down to a glass of hock and a biscuit beside the well,

[1] See a more particular account of Eilean Naomh, or Hinba, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1880.

[2] Lib. ii. cap. 10.

where a handsome young lady, a cousin of Dowie's, drew me into a long discussion about Cardinal Newman and the Pope, and the connection between Romanism and the monastic establishments of these far-western Celts.

MAC.—The more fool you! Use your eyes when you visit holy islands, and speak with handsome young ladies afterwards. Mr. Muir, I remember, says that "on the summit of a neighbouring hillock, overlooking the shore, there is a pile of loose stones, laid together like an altar, and flanked by a short pillar bearing an incised cross, which is locally regarded as the tomb of Eithne, mother of the Saint."[1] You should certainly have seen that.—Whither next?

CH.—Having a long afternoon before us, our captain, who was a very intelligent man, suggested that we should cruise a little along the south coast of Mull, and take a look at some of the natural curiosities there. We took his advice, steered northward, and landed first a little to the east of the headland that forms the east wing of Loch Buie. Here we made a search for a cave called, on the Ordnance Map, Lord Lovat's Cave; and after an hour or two of severe sweating found it. We went in first into a large chamber, some two or three hundred feet, I should imagine, which, mounting higher and higher as it proceeds, ultimately opens up, we were told, into the slope of the brae above; then we descended, through a long hollow alley, with a narrow mouth, a little to the left, and groped our way, by the help of a candle, into the recesses, where the space gradually widened.

MAC.—And what did you see there?

CH.—I am ashamed to say that I saw nothing but smoke,—the smoke from the extinguished candles of those who, with more prompt adventure, had gone into the rift before me.

[1] *Old Church Architecture on the Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland*, p. 141.

MAC.—Depend upon it, with the best magnetic wire illumination, you would have seen nothing worth the toil. The only cave that ever left any impression on my mind was that at Adelsberg, between Laybach and Trieste, a piece of dædal Nature's Titanic architecture, which, like the pillared corridor of Fingal at Staffa, once seen can never be forgotten.

CH.—I went into one of these long narrow dim passages in the Egyptian temples—at Denderah, I think—and saw nothing there with which I can charge my memory, except the incidental *divertimento* of the colony of bats settled there, which, having their weak nerves unpleasantly disturbed by the flare of our torches, kept flitting and bouncing about, and bumping against us, like drunk men in a dance. So here, in our search for this dark refuge of the Jacobite lord, we came incidentally upon a little black-green snake, of about two feet long, which we killed lightly with a sharp blow from a stick; and this creature one of our party, a student of medicine, when we returned to the boat, took a fancy to cut up; and lo! in the stomach of the small reptile, there were no less than four young mice lying in a state of undigested preservation. This little incident I shall never forget: but as to the cave, which it was our purpose to explore, it left no traces on my brain gallery that will be visible six months after this.

MAC.—Except perhaps as a peg to hang Lovat upon—as rare as rascal as ever Norman blood, with Celtic and Scandinavian potently mingled, worked up into the shape of a man. History says that he was found somewhere not far from this in the hollow of a tree, and carried to London, tried for high treason, and beheaded.

CH.—As many noble men were on that unhappy occasion.

MAC.—One of the *noble* he certainly was not. Political martyrs are sometimes heroes, and sometimes fools; but

Simon Fraser was neither: he was a beast and a knave: beheading was far too good for him. If he had been smoked or starved to death in the darkest nook of the cave which goes by his name, it would have served him right.

CH.—What special wrong did he do, to invoke your curse?

MAC.—Did you not know?

CH.—No!

MAC.—Then I will tell you. He joined to himself a wife by a rite for the character of which you must consult the records of the criminal courts.

CH.—Indeed!

MAC.—In very deed: but as Dante says,

Non parliam di loro, ma guarda e passa!

Speak not of him, but with observant eye
Regard, and pass—and let the worthless lie!

What next?

CH.—We crossed Loch Buie to the snug little bay of Carsaig, and saw the famous Arches.

MAC.—I have often seen them from the sea, but never landed.

CH.—In such situations, where the coast is steep and abrupt, a yacht is more desirable than the best pair of legs, or the legs of a score of horses. It was a rare pleasure to walk up and down on the smooth pebbles of the tiny beach, and to pass under those natural vaulted roofs, formed by a grand overflow of that primeval lava, to which the scenery of Argyllshire owes so much of its picturesque character. The arch was topped by a row of short basaltic pillars, neatly packed together, as you often see in the clerestories and cloister corridors of Gothic architecture.

MAC.—Precisely: a miniature imitation of STAFFA. These architectural features of Nature are useful in stirring us, dull mortals, to acknowledge and bow the head to the

great demiurge, who generally conceals the cunning compactness of his solid structures under the luxuriance of the leafy decoration with which he mantles them. At bottom there is nothing more wonderful in the pillars of Staffa than in the crystals of pentagonal, hexagonal, or other forms, which deposit themselves from a chemical solution. All things are full of order; and order is always divine.

CH.—Right. *Vivat Pythagoras!—ἀριθμὸς τὸ πᾶν.*

MAC.—Now for Colonsay. I know something of the Macneills.

CH.—Well, we had a very unpleasant sail from Carsaig. Though the distance is not more than twenty miles, if so much, we took nearly three hours to it, an ugly south-easter blowing in our face all the while, with that thick succession of surly whiffs of sharp rain so characteristic of the Argyllshire coast, where, as an old Highlander said to me, it never rains, but only showers heavily. I stood on the deck looking eagerly towards the south end of the east side of the island along which we were sailing, because I knew that Oronsay was there, and I had a foolish notion in my head that I should land about a hundred yards or so in the bay between Oronsay and the little island of Ghudimal, where Pennant landed.

MAC.—But Pennant was coming from Islay, you from Mull.

CH.—Of course; and we might have landed there, had we only wished to see Oronsay; but Dowie is too eager a geologist to be content with an easy sail along the coast; besides, the sweep of the waves under the rough brush of the south-easter was becoming every minute more troublesome; and so we were glad to take shelter in the comparatively quiet bay of Scallasaig, where there is a good inn.

MAC.—Oh! I know it well: Macneill is the landlord's name.

CH.—Yes; and his sister's, Hester, who did her best to

make us comfortable after the drench of the rain, and the spray of the sea brine to which we had been subjected.

MAC.—What of the island?

CH.—It is not fair to speak of Highland scenery except under the influence of bright weather; but, save where a stretch of green showed itself here and there in the hollows, I must confess there was something grey and grim both about the natural features and the architectural character of the island, not at all attractive after the beautiful green slopes of Mull and the Sound of Kerrera.

MAC.—That arises partly, no doubt, from the force of the blast both on the east and west, to which the long, narrow island is exposed, but more perhaps from the character of the geology, which, as my map informs me,[1] is either the same or closely akin to our rocks in Iona here, and generally in the outer Hebrides, either gneiss or varieties of primary schistose rock, whereas, in Kerrera and in Mull, the trap is universal.

CH.—Exactly so. The island consists of a series of rough, irregular elevations of a schistose rock, fundamentally black and grey, but not rarely, from the effect of weathering, I was told, on the lime, with which it is largely impregnated, presenting a whitish face, looking at a distance like quartz; these rough heights, though seldom rising to any elevation, not above four or five hundred feet I should imagine, running as they do principally along the coast, afford in many places good shelter from the winds, and leave in the midst, at intervals, a considerable extent of flat meadow land.

MAC.—Are there any trees?

CH.—Yes; at one place very fair; and at some other places, where they can manage to find shelter, but where, I must confess, they put me very much in mind of a huddlement of sheep in a snowstorm behind a rock.

MAC.—Or the approaches of an engineer to an invested

[1] Geikie's *Geological Map of Scotland.* Edin.: W. & A. K. Johnston.

town, keeping his head beneath the range of the shot. But what was the place where they could show their faces with more confidence?

CH.—Round Colonsay House, near Killoran Bay.

MAC.—Did you call on the laird?

CH.—Yes I did; the good old gentleman at Loch Baa gave me a letter of introduction to the lady, who treated me with great kindness.

MAC.—You are a lucky dog. I could have given you a letter myself, had I known of your wanderings. I knew Lord Colonsay well; he was a sagacious Celt; a sound-headed judge; and, what is better than all, a good landlord. He did not belong to that class of proprietors who think they have no duty to perform to their property except to draw rents, and to believe everything that their factor tells them.

CH.—His memory is certainly very sweet in the island. The tenants, who cannot be particularly wealthy, put up a monument to him, at their own expense, on the height that overlooks the bay of Scallasaig on the south side.

MAC.—I heard the lightning had knocked it down.

CH.—Yes; on the very same day, they say, that Inveraray Castle was burned; but they have put it up again.

MAC—Bravo!—did you see nothing else at Scallasaig?

CH.—Yes, a small circle of antique stones, of the kind so common in Scotland, popularly called Druidical, on the right hand of the road which leads up from the inn towards Killoran.

MAC.—Now go on with St. Oran, and the report of your doings at the sacerdotal isle.

CH.—Oh, by all means. I had the good fortune to pick up at the inn an antiquary from Edinburgh, with whom I drove across the *faodhail*—I think they called it—or amphibious stretch of sand that joins the Oronsay to Colonsay at low water. Shortly after passing the strait, the broad stretch of grassy ground close to the sea, which,

I believe, you call in this country *machar*, opened before us: and shortly after that, shooting westward along the bottom of the craggy knolls that looked southward to Islay, our eye greeted with satisfaction the eastern gable of the venerable old pile, of which we were in search.

MAC.—Well, it is always good to have done something; three times I proposed to have seen Oronsay, and three times I have been disappointed. Go on.

CH.—While my antiquarian acquaintance went down to the shore to unearth a treasure of old bones from a tumulus that rose in green prominence close by the waves, I jumped alertly out of the gig, and got over the gate of the churchyard that belongs to the ruin, and is still used for interment: I then marched straight up to the figured cross, which stands erect at the south-west corner of the building, a few yards beyond the south entrance; then I made a hasty brush through the thick nettles that overspread the sacredness of the old chapel floor; but I did not stay long there; for it has been my habit, in visiting strange localities, to take a broad panoramic view of my whereabouts in the first place, and then only to enter into the detailed examination of any object of special interest with which I was concerned.

MAC.—Wise!

CH.—I accordingly proceeded gently to scramble my way up the ivy-grown crags that rise close behind the Priory on the north, vocal with the cawing of rooks, and red-legged choughs.

MAC.—Did you bring down any of the choughs? they are a somewhat rare bird.

CH.—You know I never carry a gun; but without shooting I both saw and handled the poor creature, whom I had known hitherto only from an old English glee, and a well-known passage of Shakespeare.[1] The shepherd's son had

[1] "How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles."—*King Lear*, iv. 6.

made one captive, in the usual brigand style of boys; and it had died from not agreeing with the change of domicile and diet, as many a poor unfeathered biped has done in prison.

MAC.—Well; I beg pardon for having interrupted you; proceed.

CH.—Arrived at the top of the crags above the cawing of the crows, I found myself within easy reach of a cairn of stones, which here, as everywhere in the Highlands, indicates the highest point of view in the immediate neighbourhood. From this point I had a fine look-out all round. Immediately south was a crowded clump of grey building, in which the utilitarian farm and the shrine of mediæval devotion lay huddled together in scarcely distinguishable groups. Beyond these, and a little to the westward, a broad stretch of rich green pasture, the great feeder, no doubt, of the farmer's wealth, washed on all sides by the sea, and fenced round with little green islands or rocky reefs, which act as breakwaters on this exposed coast.

MAC.—One of these is called the Seal Island, is it not? *Eilean Rona?*

CH.—Yes; the one that runs out at the south-west and most exposed corner.

MAC.—I remember my friend Gerald Fitzgerald, who caught a bad fever up on the Blue Nile beyond Khartoum, while exercising himself under the beatings of a tropical sun in shooting crocodiles, told me that on this very island of Rona he had seen thirty seals sitting in a row, and brought down two of them at a single shot.

CH.—Alas, poor phocas! On the sandy shore close to the sea, on the extreme south-east, where, as I told you before, Pennant landed, I clearly distinguished a row of benty hillocks, one of which had been pointed out to me by my archæological fellow-traveller as the scene of his intended excavations. Beyond the island, some fifteen miles or so to the south I should imagine, my look-out was

bounded by the coast of Islay, running in rather a low line along from the Rudha Mhail on the extreme north-west corner to Torr Mor on the extreme north-east. The white tower of a lighthouse was distinctly visible. On my left, to the east, rose the lofty peaks of Jura, most imposing and picturesque, and even more adapted for the purposes of the landscape-painter than your favourite Ben Cruachan. Then, turning to the north, the eye took in the whole range of Mull, from the lofty heights between Loch Buie and Craignure, to Ben More, and the long line of low coast running out westwards, which I believe you call the Ross. Iona itself, from my point of view, appeared only as a continuation of the Ross; and beyond that, far to the north-west, I could clearly distinguish the high ground at the south end of Tiree, famous as you know in monastic history; and further north, right in a line beyond Tobermory, I could distinctly mark the imposing bulk of Rum.

MAC.—Bravo! you might make a decent livelihood by playing the cicerone in those parts.

CH.—I make it a point always to know where I am, when I am travelling. At this moment I see every spot where I have been this summer as clearly in my mind's eye as a chess-player does the chess-men. Besides, Dowie, though he was not with me at the time, preferring to work with the archæologist, spread his Ordnance Survey charts before me in the evening, after our return, and turned all my shrewd suspicions into broad certainties.

MAC.—Well, did he tell you the name of that hill on which the cairn stood?

CH.—Yes; Cairn Oronsay; and the story also that belongs to it; for it was from this point that, according to the tradition, St. Oran, the companion of Columba, after landing on this coast, took a survey of the range of view to the south-west, and returned with the report that he had distinctly descried a speck of Erin.

MAC.—Did you see it?

CH.—No; there was a long streak of white mistiness above the sea in that direction; but I felt sure that the tradition, in that respect at least, was not snapt out of the air; and I took off my hat in fancy to the apostolic self-renouncer, who refused to submit his heart to the seductive influence of his eye in this quarter, and forthwith determined to hoist sail for an island, so far north in the Pictish sea, as to be out of sight of Ireland.

MAC.—Yes; he was a brave fellow: *Cul ri Eirinn.* The only way to look bravely and prosperously forward is never to look back. What did you do next?

CH.—I sauntered down eastward towards the low green sandy bents, and on my way took note of a green flat-topped hillock with a natural steep escarpment all round, which I make no doubt served as a fort to some of the old sea-rovers, who played their piratical tricks before high Heaven. From that I came down with a large swoop, like a hawk, upon the green tumulus, which my archæological fellow-traveller, along with Dowie, and a stout peasant whom they had picked up on the road, was sweatfully unearthing.

MAC.—And what did they unearth?

CH.—Well! no doubt it will appear some day, with grave observation, in the *Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries;* and these things have a trick of always looking better, when printed and photographed; but all I saw was a quantity of cockle-shells, which they had thrown out from the cutting they were making into the centre of the green mound, with a few bits of charcoal, and some very small bones, which our archæologist collected with pious care, and put into a small box, with as much devotion as if they had been precious jewels.

MAC.—What next?

CH.—We all returned to the shepherd's hut beside the house of the big farmer, once the mansion-house of the

Macneills, and feasted greedily on what rudely prepared fragments could be got ready for us.

MAC.—Was there no inn?

CH.—No.

MAC.—And did not the big farmer rejoice to put himself forward to entertain with Highland hospitality such illustrious guests?

CH.—No; the big farmer is a Low-country man, and holds three farms, two in Colonsay, and one in Oronsay; and the Oronsay farm is that on which he does not reside.

MAC.—The big-farm system and non-residence spread even to Oronsay like a leprosy! so will it happen always where men in a commercial country become demoralised by looking rather to the wealth of a few individuals than to the health and wellbeing of the majority. But let me hear more particularly about the Priory.

CH.—Well, there is not much to see or to say there; but ruins always are the most eloquent expounders of the past. It is evident there must have been a large monastic establishment here, not only from the extent of the ruins, but from the number of other places on the island beginning with *Kil*, as *Killoran* and *Kilchattan*, which must have been dependencies. The figured cross which stands prominently at the south-west corner of the building on the left hand, as you enter the south porch, is of the kind familiar to those who have any knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities; there is another little stone cross in the churchyard on the east side of the building, from which the head has been chipped. The material is the common dark schistose stone of the island, destitute of the finer features of masonry, presenting a grim and grey appearance, deriving all its beauty from the tufts of waving wild grass and the white bloom of the sea-campion, which time and the briny atmosphere of the Atlantic have decked it withal. On entering through the south doorway, you find yourself in a small chamber or vestibule, called, I

believe, by our ecclesiologists, a narthex, and from that you march directly into the nave, a single nave without transept, with a Gothic window divided lancetwise into three at the east end, and an altarpiece before it. Planted against the wall here, raised I have no doubt recently from the floor, were a number of sepulchral slabs, some of them bare, some with the usual ornamentation of intertwined leafy scrolls, some with curious animals, and others presenting the imposing aspect of knights, with their hands firmly grasping their swords, dressed in a plaited kilt or tunic, and crowned with a peaked helmet like the Prussian soldiers, with a little guardian angel or praying saint on either side of it. One of them was plainly the monument of one of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the abbey, either a bishop, or a prior exercising episcopal functions, as one might judge from the crosier which he held in his hand. Attached to the south side of the building is a small chapel, into which you enter from the nave, a little below the altar, and there I found the only monument with an inscription which I could decipher. It is the same mentioned by Pennant—

HIC JACET MURCHARDUS MACDUFIE DE *Collonsa*
An. Do. 1539,

who, they told me, was one of the chiefs of the island in the old times, before it came into the hands of its present proprietor.

MAC.—Yes; the MacDuffies or MacFies, for they bear both names, were the original lords of the island; and at the present time one of their name, anxious, as it might seem, to be within eye-shot of the last inheritance of the clan, has purchased two estates from the ubiquitous Campbells, the one at Appin, and the other at Oban.

CH.—MacFie of Airds you mean, I suppose. What became of the MacDuffie dynasty in Colonsay?

MAC.—Their story is very simple. Being a small clan,

and dependent topographically on the neighbouring island of Islay, they naturally attached themselves to the fortunes of the rebellious old Lord of the Isles, and were humiliated accordingly. In the shufflings and shiftings of those times the old heritage of the MacDuffies came into the hands of the politic and prosperous Argylls, and from them, by way of exchange, into the hands of the present family, who, in the year 1700, came across from Knapdale. This is all that I know.

CH.—On the north side of the nave you enter into a group of chambers very difficult to comprehend. In the first and largest of the series there is a row of little stout Roman arches, like what you see sometimes in the hypocausts of old Roman baths, of which I could make nothing.

MAC.—Well, what next? I imagine you went home with a sharp appetite for supper.

CH.—Not yet. My adventurous friend, the archæologist, though sweating all day at his gravedigging work, insisted in the evening—it was so heavenly sweet—on going into a boat and rowing over to the island of Gudhimal (*steal the rent*, they told me, it meant)[1] and exploring its capabilities. We landed, and felt our way over ground, now very slippery and now very rough, round the whole circuit of the little secluded world, and found two things worth mentioning—a flock of eider-ducks, one of which flew up directly beneath my feet, and displayed to my view a downy nest, said to be composed of the down plucked from the bird's own breast, and three large olive-green eggs. Well, as you say, to a novice like me and a perfect greenhorn in such matters it was something to have seen that. Then we came upon a very emphatically pronounced trap-dike, which our excavating friend, who seemed to know everything, declared to be running exactly in the same line as the notable bands of trap which run across the heights of Jura, and which he helped us to recognise

[1] *Goid*, to *steal*, and *mal*, *rent*; unless it be Norse.

plainly with the naked eye. So far, so well; but what had specially induced us to cross that Sound, after such a hard day's work, viz., the desire to make a nearer acquaintance with the seals, who are the proper aristocracy of these islets, remains. No seals appeared. But the sun was not yet set; and as the state of the tide would not allow us to recross the *faodhail* before eight o'clock, we rowed across to a smaller island, a little further out, called *Eilean nan Eun*, or the Birds' Island, which I recognised as an old friend from my familiarity with Pennant; and here our virtue was rewarded. We did see a seal.

MAC.—Only one?

CH.—Only one; as I saw only one crocodile on the Nile, which popped up its head for a space, and then popped down again, before I could seize the glass to make myself familiar with its features. Our seal, however, at Birds' Isle was more leisurely, and kept bobbing round the whole south edge of the island as slowly as a pursy gentleman parading before his country house, with a cigar in his mouth, after a bountiful dinner.

MAC.—Then you could have leisurely sent a bullet into his brain, and carried off a trophy from Isle Oronsay that would have made you a hero in Christ Church, above the praise of the biggest boat-racer in Oxford.

Haud quivis valuit plumbo prosternere phocam!

CH.—Well; but did I not tell you that I had no pleasure in shooting my fellow-creatures; and, whether it be a fly or a phoca, prefer to see the happy creature enjoy to the full extent the lease of its ephemeral existence? Besides, seals are a sacred animal here, and, like the crocodiles in the Arsinoite nome of the Nile, are carefully preserved; besides, I remembered the notice that stared me in the face prominently, when I entered the inn door at Scallasaig.

MAC.—What was that?

CH.—

NOTICE.

IT IS REQUESTED THAT VISITORS WILL NOT DISTURB THE SEALS OR REMOVE FERNS. THE PROPRIETOR HOPES THAT EMPTY BOTTLES AND PAPERS WILL NOT BE LEFT WHERE PARTIES PICNIC.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! a most sensible Macneill, a most æsthetic proprietor, a most reasonable notice. An unscrupulous race are the tourists; and not the tourists only in these times; but the London shopkeepers, of all shapes and sizes, come pouncing down upon the Highlands and islands to reave with ruthless hands whatever may suit the needful or fanciful market where they ply their trade. They will overrun the country like rabbits, unless bounds be set to their power of wholesale appropriation. And now, old fellow, I dismiss you. Accept my best thanks for your interesting recital: take a ramble about the bonnie green machar on the west side of the island; and, *N.B.*, if you have time, don't forget to go to the south end and see the fossilised skiff in which the Hibernian prince-apostle shot across from Derry. You will not see Flora to-night; but we shall meet to-morrow at breakfast, and, after breakfast, take a quiet survey of the cathedral, before the swarm of tourists comes in.

SCENE II.—*As before. Round the breakfast-table. The breakfast just finishing. Present: MacDonald, Church, Flora, Mrs. MacDonald; afterwards Bücherblume.*

FL.—I hope you relish these flounders, Mr. Church.

CH.—Who could do otherwise?—the very flower of flounders; besides, I had sharpened my appetite on Dunii.

FL.—Have you been up there already?

CH.—Yes. I rose at seven, dressed lightly, and was on the top of the hill by eight o'clock. It is nothing to speak of, as a climb: not so high certainly as Arthur's Seat.

FL.—Only about 500 feet, I believe. I hope you were pleased with the view.

CH.—Of course. To the north-west, and not more than twenty miles distant I should imagine, there lay the long low-lying islands, Tiree and Coll.

FL.—If you have time, Mr. Church, it might interest you to shoot over to these islands: the ecclesiastical remains, no doubt, are insignificant compared with what we have here; still there are stones there which speak to the intelligent; and we know—thanks to the erudite researches of Dr. Reeves—that Tiree was the *Ethica terra* which figures largely in the life of Columba. I remember in the first book, which contains the prophetic revelations granted to the great Apostle of the Celts, that on a certain occasion one of his monks, on the eve of his departure to visit the sister settlements in Tiree, on receiving the benediction of the Saint, got with it a warning not to shoot across in a direct line through the open sea, but to take a devious course by the coast of Mull and the Treshnish Isles; otherwise that some great danger might overtake him. The monk took the blessing, but disregarded the warning; and scarcely had he gone half way to Port-na-lung, beside Soroby on Tiree, when a monstrous whale appeared with huge-gaping jaw, and made such a swell, as it passed near the boat, that the monk and the crew narrowly escaped being swamped.[1]

CH.—I should like very much to complete my studies of ecclesiastical archæology here by visiting these islands; but I have already encroached too far both on the limits of my time and the capacity of my purse. Of what sort are the antiquities there?

[1] Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, B. I. ch. xiii.; 8vo, Edinburgh, 1874.

FL.—I have not been there; but my guardian paid a visit to them last autumn, and you will see a good notice of them in Muir's great work.[1]

MAC. (*looking up from the newspaper*).—All I saw was the remains of two old chapels, at Kirkapoll, of small size and rude structure, with the doorways semicircularly arched, and composed of thin slates resting on jambs of great size and solidity. At Soroby, on the south-east corner of the island, I saw the stout old cross mentioned by Dr. Reeves, and sketched by Muir, formed of a light-coloured granite, taken no doubt from the gneiss beds of which both these islands are composed.

FL.—I ought to beg pardon, Mr. Church, for having interrupted you at the very start of your panoramic view from Dunii. Proceed.

CH.—I heartily wish every interruption to business were as profitable. Looking straight northward on the line between Coll and Mull, my view was bounded by lofty Rum and the towering ridges of the Coolins in Skye. Connected with Rum, Muck and Canna and the bluff front of Eigg, like engirding satellites, were distinctly visible; while close beneath me lay Staffa, Treshnish, and the other thickly-sown islets which we passed on the voyage from Oban. On the east the mighty cone of Ben More in Mull rose up capped with a light white mist, while over the lowland of the Ross, I think you call it, down the Sound, the peaks of Jura closed in the view majestically. Direct south lay the long low ridge of Colonsay, which raised kindly recollections in my breast; for there, you of course know well, Columba planted his foot before he finally resolved to settle as an *insulanus miles* in this wave-lashed seclusion. Beyond that I could clearly discern the northernmost headland of Islay, but not a speck of Ireland.

[1] *Characteristics of Old Church Architecture in the Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland.* Edinburgh, 1881.

FL.—I have heard it said that in a remarkably clear day certain points on the north coast of the green isle can be discerned by those who know where to look; but, as the atmosphere normally is in this part of the world, the legend is true to the letter, that, though Ireland may be descried from Oronsay, it certainly is invisible from Dunii.

CH.—I presume you are well acquainted with this island, Miss Flora.

FL.—Pretty well: this is not my first visit.

MAC.—Not exactly. I never met a woman yet who did not keep back more than half the truth. The fact is, my dear Kit, she comes here regularly once a year, and sometimes twice. You ought to thank your stars that you have stumbled on such a cicerone.

FL.—I confess, Mr. Church, that there is no spot in Scotland where I encamp myself for a few weeks with more unmingled pleasure than Iona. There are many places in Scotland which feed the eye more bountifully, but none which furnish such rich materials for thought.

MAC.—The majority of tourists prefer Staffa: Flora nestles herself in Iona.

CH.—Staffa is majestic, we may say also unique in its peculiar majesty; but I have not the least difficulty in sympathising with the strong preference of Miss Flora.

MAC.—The fact is that Staffa is for everybody who has eyes; Iona for the few who have knowledge. Staffa requires only one idea to make it sublime—viz., GOD: Iona, to excite any sensation at all beyond the vague sentiment that hangs round an old ruin, demands in the spectator a hall of memory richly hung with the pictures of early European civilisation.

CH.—You are quite right there. One of our company in Dowie's yacht told me that he had once visited Staffa along with a considerable number of foreigners, especially French, who have an old *liaison* with your country, and

that, when the tourists entered Fingal's Cave, standing on the ledge near the mouth, one of the French company was so overwhelmed with admiration and awe that he fell on his knees before all the spectators, and gave public thanks to the Architect of the Universe for having made such a glorious revelation of his constructive power.

FL.—I cannot help admiring the man who could be at once so rational, so dramatic, and so devout. You will never find a Scotchman or an Englishman giving vent to his devout sentiments in this fashion, the one being girt about with caution, the other with pride.

MAC.—Besides, my dear Flora, I doubt very much whether brother Sandy has any devout sentiments about such a matter to give vent to. Sandy sees God only in the Conscience and in the Bible, not in Nature.

CH.—And you really do make an annual visit to this sacred island, Miss Flora?

FL.—My guardian has told you the truth. I am not a sentimentalist; but I do confess to a strange delight in retiring from the crowded resorts of modern civilisation, and hiding myself for a season in one of the quiet pebbly bays of this cradle of Scottish Christianity.

CH.—Where steamboats and tourists come daily in shoals, you can scarcely say that you are out of the reach of modern civilisation.

FL.—The tourists come like the herrings, only at certain seasons—during a sixth part of the year. When I am snugly seated here in one of the pebbly recesses at the north-west corner of the island, beyond Dunii, looking out on the broad blue Atlantic, I can be as lonely as in Glenoe behind Ben Cruachan; hid in such rocky shelter, the tourists to me are only a passing whiff of bustling humanity, sweeping rapidly over the fringe of the smallest section of the island. My company here is at my own command; and I can enjoy the pleasures of imagination in a fashion of which the poet Campbell, in his youthful

sojourn at Sunipol, in the corner of Mull there, opposite Coll, had doubtless some taste. Prayerful Columba, with his face bright from the communion of angels, teaching his industrious monks to mow the fragrant herbage of the green *machar*, and training adventurous young missionaries to temper wild Europe with the fraternising truths of the gospel of love, stands of course in the foreground of my historic vision. But I cannot sit here thoughtful without seeing much, both before and after that. In my evening musings—for the evening lights are always the best in a Highland landscape—looking out from my pebbly rock parlour, I see, it may be, a Phœnician merchant ship, drifting away north, under the influence of some sudden south-wester blast, far away from its appointed haven at the tin islands. Then from Phœnician lust of gain, the vision shifts to Roman lust of conquest, and I see the Roman fleet, after the survey of the Orcades and uttermost Thule, threading its way cautiously through the swell of the Deucaledonian Ocean, between the Hebridean Islands and the Argyllshire coast.

CH.—Strange fellows, these Romans; they seem to have been born, all of them, with the lordly idea that the whole world existed only for the sake of being conquered and civilised by them; and no doubt they did civilise it. Take away from Europe what it owes to the Roman law and the Roman Church, and what remains?

FL.—Unquestionably; in the wonderful ways of Providence conquest performs a part which our finite understanding can neither comprehend nor contradict. Nevertheless, I must confess, my sympathies in such cases instinctively go with the conquered. If I look forth with wonder on the adventurous admirals of Agricola, drawing with the keels, so to speak, of their long ships a boundary line which should make the limits of the Roman empire to the West identical with the limits of the then known world, my heart is at the same time stirred in sisterly

pity towards the blue barbarians, painted with woad—the Epidians, Selgovians, and Novantes, destined to receive civilisation, not without the "*delinimenta vitiorum*," which, as Tacitus says, the corrupt Romans of those days always brought with them. Generally, I must confess that I have a liking for savages; they may be rude and sometimes cruel, but they are at least natural.

CH.—It is this contrast, no doubt, between the artificial vices of an over-refined civilisation and the natural virtues of unsophisticated semi-savages, which furnishes the key-note to the admirable little tract, *De moribus Germanorum*, with which every schoolboy is familiar. At the same time, I apprehend it is distance at bottom that, in the case of cerulean savages, as of blue mountains, lends enchantment to the view. Catch a dragon-fly, and your close inspection will annihilate all its play of colour. Live with a savage with stone hatchets and bone necklaces for a week or a day, and you will straightway begin to sigh for saloons and sofas, and silver forks at dinner.

MAC.—Yes, sentimental worshippers of pure nature, and æsthetical worshippers of the middle ages, are capable of any kind of self-deceit. They live in an atmosphere of elegant lies, and the stuff which they find in some moonshiny novel to feed their weak digestion, is as far removed from healthy nature as the phosphorescence of putrid herring in the dark is from the light of day.

CH.—But, my dear Mac, while you are enjoying your newspaper, and passing through your ear-chamber the strange echoes of that infinite squabblement and babblement of unreasonable partisans, which we call a parliamentary debate, I will take the advantage of my position—while this excellent lobster is being digested—of putting a few questions to Miss Flora, on a subject of which she, no doubt, knows a great deal, and I absolutely nothing. My knowledge of Scottish history commences, I am ashamed to say, with Malcolm Ceanmore.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! and I guess the reason why.

CH.—What reason?

MAC.—Several reasons; first, and fundamentally, no doubt, because you had the misfortune common to most young Englishmen of the richer classes of being brought up in a classical school whose masters thought nothing worth teaching but the anatomy and osteology of Greek and Latin grammar; but chiefly, I imagine, if you picked up any notion of Scottish history, it would be only in connection with the history of the country besouth the Tweed, and in this connection you could hardly fail to be ignorant of the fact that Ceanmore was one of the toughest customers with whom your large, fat, bald-headed Norman Duke, commonly called William the Conqueror, had to deal; and, again, that this same Ceanmore, while he asserted the independence of Celtic Scotland externally against the imperious Norman, brought the English leaven into Scotland in the most dangerous possible form by marrying a Saxon wife—Margaret, as you all know, sister of Edgar, the Saxon, the ejected heir of the English throne. An evil example!—for it is the marrying of English wives that has done more to demoralise Scotland than any other cause that I know from the Union downwards.

CH.—O Mac, Mac, there you are on your Caledonian hobby again. Sandy might know that the mixture of races produces the perfection of breeds; that some of the best of your Celtic chiefs were half or wholly Scandinavian, and that no better fortune could have happened, or can happen, to a fierce Scottish Celt than to be yoked to such a fine specimen of Eve's fair daughters as the sweet-blooded English lady. But, my dear Miss Flora, leaving Mac to his paper and his post-jentacular pipe, pray do me the favour to fill up the gaps of my knowledge in reference to the early history of your Celtic Scotland.

FL—Really, Mr. Church, I have little appetite for such

a function. A more thorny and thankless business than the clearing up of the early history of the Picts and Scots I scarcely know. It is like the drift epoch in geology, not so much a history as the preparation for a history.

CH.—The Scots, of course, were a Celtic people; in Bede, Ammianus Marcellinus, Gildas, and the old Latin books, *Scoti* always means Celts, and Celts whose original seat was in Ireland; but who were the Picts?

FL.—According to the most recent researches, philological, ethnological, and historical, the Picts also were Celts. At the time of your friend Malcolm Ceanmore, Gaelic, of which the Pictish tongue was only a variety, was the language of the Scottish court. The Saxonisation of our court, I have no doubt, dates from the saintly Margaret, that "Christian Minerva of the Modern Athens," as Montalembert prettily says, against whose insidious influences my guardian was raging so emphatically.

CH.—Is there any record of who was the first king of the Celtic SCOTS?

FL.—Yes; according to Tighearnac and the Irish Annalists, in the year 498 (for I learned all these dates from my excellent teacher at Kenmare), twenty years after the great battle of Ocha, FERGUS Mor, or big Fergus, son of ERC, came across from Ireland, and founded the Scottish kingdom of Dalriad, of which Dunadd, in Knapdale, near the present Crinan Canal, was the principal town. But the Celts had the honour of having an emperor of Belgic blood on the throne of an independent Britain, some two hundred years before the final breaking up of the Roman Empire.[1]

CH.—Who was that?

FL.—Carausius, in the year 287.

CH.—What next?

[1] *Celtic Scotland*, by William F. Skene;—a work of hard reading, which demands iron teeth in some places, and stout digestion, but which must be carefully studied by all who wish to separate the chaff from the wheat in matters pertaining to early British history.

FL.—Well, it was in the way of natural sequence to this Dalriad settlement in the south-west of Scotland that Columba came over from the north coast of Ireland and settled in Iona. For the Scots who came across with Fergus MacErc were Christians, having been converted by St. Patrick; and, as they were sorely pressed by their bold neighbours in the north, the Picts of our early history, who were heathens, nothing was more natural than that they should look to Ireland as their sheet-anchor in those tempestuous times; and nothing more obvious in that age of missionary zeal than that Columba, a man both of high social position and good monastic training—for he was brought up under the famous bishop, St. Finnian, at Lough Strangford—should have been sent to the Irish Celts in Scotland partly as a political agent, partly as a Christian apostle. Of the immediate successors of Fergus Mor the most notable is AIDAN, who owed his election to the influence of St. Columba, and died in the first decade of the seventh century, having received a severe repulse in Liddesdale from Aedilfrid, first king of the Angles.

CH.—Well; Fergus MAC ERC, AIDAN, and St. COLUMBA, these three shall stick together in my memory so long at least as I am in the island of Iona. What next?

FL.—Are you not satisfied? My Gillebride's pipe, you see, is nearly done. He never allows himself more than one as the dessert to his breakfast.

CH.—Let him be tempted to another to-day. I count four hundred years yet before you bring me up to Malcolm Ceanmore. I shall be content with one Celtic event in each century, provided it be distinct and significant.

FL.—I will do what I can to gratify your curiosity; but my all is extremely little. The one fact from all that hot fermentation of the people that remains with me is that, in the year 710, a great council of the Northern Picts was held in the Mote Hill at Scone, where Bonifacius, a Papal missionary, with a large following of

Roman retainers, was present, and there and then obtained from King NECHTAN a recognition of the practice of the Church Catholic with regard to the date of the keeping of Easter, which put an end to an unhappy peculiarity which had separated the churches of St. Columba from the general Church of Christendom.

CH.—Do you think there was any necessity for insisting on uniformity of practice in this matter?

FL.—No necessity, but a great advantage; as in the matter of foreign missions, to your cost, sometimes you have occasion to know. In ecclesiastical, as well as in secular politics, division means weakness. After this happy unification of the Pictish with the Roman, or, as I should rather say, with the general church of Christendom, ANGUS MacFergus, who reigned over the Picts at the middle of the eighth century, by founding St. Andrews, and receiving the bones of our great Scottish saint from Regulus, a Constantinopolitan monk, added another link to the golden chain which bound the Pictish kingdom to Rome; and the genius of the local topography, as if willing to stereotype for all times the historical steps of a great figure, changed the old MUC-ROSS, or swine's promontory, first to *Kill-Righmont*, or Church of King's Muir, and then to St. Andrews.

CH.—All this, I understand, relates to purely Celtic times. There was no English spoken in Scotland in those days.

FL.—None; except, perhaps, in the south-eastern counties, from which the original inhabitants had retreated before the invading Saxon hordes; a district belonging to England at the time rather than to Scotland or Alban, and in the immediate vicinity of which, towards the end of the century,—793, if I recollect rightly,—we have the first epiphany of those terrible sea-rovers the DANES, who, like the Romans, thought robbery legitimate, but not like the Romans knew to combine conquest with civilisa-

tion. The earliest notice of the Danes is in the chronicles of Simeon of Durham, who describes them as coming down upon Lindisfarne, or Holy Isle, on the Northumbrian coast, like a swarm of stinging hornets, and overrunning the country in all directions like fierce wolves, plundering, tearing and killing, not only sheep and oxen, but priests and Levites, and choirs of priests and nuns.[1] These unhallowed "Gentiles," as they swept the coasts of Britain and Ireland, like a bloody rain, had their eye principally fixed upon the sacred places, where many valuable articles of silver and gold, partly belonging to the temple furniture, partly deposited with the priests for the sake of safety, were stored; and so, with the instinct of the vulture for prey, they pounced down on three several occasions on Iona, and, at their last visit, completed their previous havoc by the massacre of sixty-five persons; this was—I remember the date exactly—in the year 806. From that moment the noble "family of Iona" ceased to be, what it had been for more than two hundred years, the centre of Christian culture to Celtic Christendom even as Oxford is now to England, and its influence was transferred partly to Kells in Ireland, one of the original Columban settlements, partly to Dunkeld in Perthshire. This happened in the reign of CONSTANTINE. The next notable name in our early Celtic history is KENNETH MACALPIN. With his name, at the middle of the ninth century, the Picts and Scots, as separate peoples, lose their identity, being merged in the common name of *Scottish*, which has continued up to the present hour. From that time Scone was the capital of the kingdom of Scotland, which, however, was still only a small part of what we now comprehend under that name. In the reign of Kenneth, Harold Harfager, king of Norway, with his thick masses of fair hair streaming down his shoulders, swept like a comet over the whole western isles from

[1] Simeon Dun. *Hist. Reg.*; Skene, vol. i. p. 303.

Orkney to Man, and laid them under subjection to the Scandinavian power, in which state they remained for nearly 400 years, when Alexander III., the last king of our purely Celtic race, assisted by the tempestuous September blasts, drove Haco, king of Norway, in wreck and ruin, back into his Norwegian fiords.

CH.—Whence it had been better that he never had emerged. Distant rule is always slippery. I think I have read in an old ballad that Haco died in Kirkwall, on his way home from the great seat of his overthrow, somewhere in the south of Scotland.

FL.—Yes, at Largs, on the coast of Ayrshire. You remember the island of Kerrera opposite Oban?

CH.—Of course.

FL.—Well, in the middle of August 1263, a person sitting on those green hills, now disfigured by that huddlement of upstart houses called Oban, might have seen a hundred and sixty of the well-known dragon-shaped Norwegian galleys, sailing in all the pomp of anticipated victory down the narrow sound which separates Kerrera from the coast of Lorn; on they swept in their full-sailed pride, along the coast of Cantire, and round by the Mull into the Firth of Clyde. In the first week of October the whole naval strength of Norway lay prostrate, like a pine forest before the blast. But I am going beyond your request. Malcolm Ceanmore, your friend, was in his grave 250 years before the battle of Largs.

CH.—Well; if you have more than kept your promise on one side, you have left a pretty considerable gap on the other. From Kenneth MacAlpin, your last Celtic notable to whom you introduced me, when the fair-haired Harold led you astray, to Malcolm Ceanmore, according to my calculation, there must be at least 200 years. Were there no notable events filling up the interval?

FL.—No doubt there were: brawls and battles, blunders and blood enough in the confused imbroglio of

public affairs which men dish up to us as history. Of the Donalds, and Constantines, and Indulphs, and Dubhs, Cuileans, Kenneths, Malcolms, Duncans, and Macbeths, which fill up the gap you complain of, I retain nothing in my memory, except what Shakespeare has preserved in his great Scotch play. Various irruptions of the Danes on the east coast of Scotland, driven backwards by the Scottish kings, with the crosier of Columba in their hands, from Strathearn to the Lothians, I dimly see; but the only event that stands out prominently in my memorial map of those times is Irish, not Scotch, and yet it has to do with Scotland.

CH.—What could that be?

FL.—The final expulsion of the DANES from Ireland, in the battle of Clontarf, near Dublin, which happened in the year 1014, about fifty years before the accession of Malcolm Ceanmore to the throne. And now I think I may justly claim dismissal. If you want more, you must go to Skene's mine of research, not to my storehouse of scraps.

CH.—Thank you, fair lady, thank you a thousand times. When I look out on that old cathedral tower here, I shall have better cause than most tourists to exclaim, *Thereby hangs a tale!*

MAC.—What's that at the window? Can it really be? Yes! *Beim Himmel!* 'tis BÜCHERBLUME. Come away in, my boy!

(*Enter* BÜCHERBLUME.)

FL.—Welcome, Herr Bücherblume, thrice welcome!

MAC.—I am very glad to see you, Herr Bücherblume.

CH.—You always drop down on us like an angel from heaven, or a happy fancy into a poet's brain, when no one expects you. I am delighted to see you.

MAC.—Well, old boy, welcome back! But where have you been, and whence do you come?

B.—Directly from Tiree, indirectly from Skye.

CH.—Did you say Tiree, the *Ethica terra* of Adamnan?

B.—I did.

CH.—Well, I need not ask if you inspected the ruins of the famous old temples at Kirkapoll.

B.—Temples! as like temples as a dovecot is to a palace—the old door of a small oratory, in which these stupid old monks used to patter their prayers.

FL.—Fie! Mr. Bücherblume. Iona is not a place to speak disrespectfully of monks. Besides, the Germans are a cultivated people, from whom we expect catholic sympathies and cosmopolitan ideas.

B.—I beg your pardon, Miss Flora; I spoke foolishly.

MAC.—But tell me, my dear fellow, how did you like Skye?

B.—*Vortrefflich!* I had lovely weather: not the clear cloudless sky which some tourists pray for; but a sky full of gleam, and gloom, and gust, such as shows to the best advantage all those striking lines of beauty and sublimity in which that singular island is so pre-eminent. I ascended Scuir-nan-Gillean. I shall never forget the sight: sombre black clouds with long trailing skirts floating all above me and around: beneath, a sheer descent of some two or three thousand feet; while the sun was shooting a sharp light through the long rugged ravines. Such ravines! ravines that thousands and thousands of years had scooped out from the grim gritty grain of the hard hypersthene rocks—you know hypersthene—there is a chip of it. I beheld here with wonder the great grinding process, by which the wind and the rain in these stormy regions pound the harsh rock down into a soft green powder, which is carried to the bottom, and then spreads itself richly over the low ground; a Titanic natural machinery for the manufacture of soil: that most significant step in the mysterious process of Nature by which the hard is transmuted into the soft, as the soft is destined through various stages to be transmuted back into the

hard. I never felt so awe-struck in my life. I clung to the rock, happily of a gritty texture, with both arms—feeling that a sudden whiff of wind from the ragged tail of that surly cloud might lift me from my legs, and hurl me into steep annihilation. We have certainly nothing of that grim, jagged, savage sublimity in our Harz. Goethe's witches and Byron's spirits of the mountains would look more native here than on the Brocken or the Alps. Looking with awe on that dark rampart of pinnacled ridges, one cannot help wishing that the author of *Manfred*, whom all Germans admire so much, had been as true to the æsthetical worth of his country as Scott was. The genius of Scott was faithful to Tweedside; the genius of Byron deserted Lochnagar. It is always a misfortune when a poet abandons his native country, and seeks nourishment for his Muse in materials which have no permanent root in the most familiar associations, and the most deeply-seated feelings of the land of his birth. Our great poet, however cosmopolitan in his range of thought, was in his material and his tone thoroughly German. *Faust* and *Hermann and Dorothea*, though in very different styles, are German to the backbone. Had Byron composed his *Manfred* on Blaven or on Scuir-nan-Gillean, instead of on the Jungfrau, he would have been not less admired by foreigners, and much more esteemed by his countrymen. The Highlands are full not only of scenery, but of solemn superstitions and of dark traditions of which his moody genius could have made apt use.

FL.—I always like to hear you Germans on Byron. Goethe set the example; and now you all look upon him as a Cuvier would do on the bones of some huge antediluvian mammoth. But did you see nothing more human in Skye?

B.—Yes; I made acquaintance with a good man, a good landlord, and a colony of well-conditioned crofters.

MAC.—*Rara avis in terris!* Let us hear.

B.—As I was standing amid a mass of ruins, prettily situated on a small islet on the Snizort river, a little above the place where it pours its white foaming waters over the black rocks into the loch, musing on the brave old times of which these grey wrecks were a memorial, a gentleman came up to me, who proved to be the lord of the soil, and entered into conversation with me. I told him, among other things, that being a German, and well acquainted with the habits of peasant proprietors in Westphalia and Hanover, I was anxious to compare their condition with that of the Scottish peasantry in the Highlands, of whose mettle the historic ground of Waterloo and other world-wide names had delivered such glorious testimony. "Alas!" said he, "we have no peasant proprietors here; only a few petty feuars of small farms whom we call crofters. But, if you wish to know about them, come with me." He then took me, with characteristic Highland hospitality, into his mansion, and, after refreshing my physical frame with some excellent oat cakes, Cheddar cheese, and a glass of Rüdesheimer, he walked out with me to the adjacent sea loch, on the banks of which I saw a long line of cottages, manifestly of the poorer class of people. "These," said he, "are my crofters; and, though you may not find their abodes very magnificent or very elegant, yet I assure you they are not at all uncomfortable, and I have great pleasure in managing them." "I am glad," said I, "to see human beings anywhere, especially in the Highlands, of which large districts seem to be given up to desolation." "Yes," he rejoined, "that is the result of the large-farm system, in which I also believed when I bought this estate. It was, indeed, the general idea in which we were educated at that time, and is, I believe, the dominant idea still in the heads of not a few Highland proprietors." "How came you to change your opinion?" said I. "Simply enough," he answered. "Of course I never intended to turn the good

people away, in the rough sort of fashion which some persons practise. I think the peasantry have a fair hold on the land by consuetudinary law. Besides, we have no right to tread on a worm without a plain necessity, much less on a human brother. So I said to the crofters, 'My good friends, you seem to live hardly enough here; the climate is bad, the soil is poor, and the times are not what they were for you. If you choose to go to America, I here engage to give every man of you who will decamp with his family, a sum of money equal to seven years' rent. Think on what I say. I mean your good, and shall expect your answer when next Whitsunday comes round.' Whitsunday came; but not a man on the whole loch-side had made up his mind to accept my offer. I then, seeing that no consideration could induce them to leave the soil on which they had been born and bred—a feeling, I must confess, which I think rather honourable than otherwise—forthwith made up my mind to keep them all on the estate, and make the best of them. And the result is a twofold good to myself. I am happy in doing my duty as a landowner to these honest people, and have every reason to be pleased with my success in helping them on to any small prosperity of which they may be capable; and again, experience and careful consideration of what is going on in the economical world have convinced me that I am better off, in a pecuniary point of view, with these three or four score of small crofters than I would have been with one big farmer from Dumfries or Roxburghshire paying a large rent."[1]

MAC.—Bravo! Bücherblume; that was really a prize to bring from the bleak moors of Skye, more valuable than the most sublime exhibition of poetical misanthropy which the organ-genius of your favourite BYRON could have

[1] See the detailed proof of this in "Large Farms *versus* Crofts," by a proprietor, in *Celtic Magazine*, November 1881. See also "Improvements at Ardross," by the late William MacKenzie, engineer and superintendent, in the *Transactions of the Highland Society* for January 1858.

pealed forth from the top of Blaven or Scuir-nan-Gillean. But, my good fellow, our business here at present is not to eulogise a good landlord, but to commemorate a great apostle. We are going in a body to hold a session in the cathedral church of St. Columba; and Miss Flora is to be our cicerone.

B.—I am delighted to hear it. Have you formed any distinct conception of Columba, Miss Flora?

Fl.—Certainly. I am accustomed to connect him in my imagination with St. Paul or King David. He was a monk, no doubt, but not one of those dull, stupid-looking, unkempt drones, with a rope round their brown smock, who may sometimes be seen in the streets of Rome, Munich, or Münster, and whom you Protestants are ignorant or uncharitable enough to take as models of the great mediæval monks. He was a man of tall, stately, and aristocratic appearance—a point this in which he had the advantage of St. Paul—with powerful piefcing eyes, and grandly resonant voice. In temper he was, like St. Paul, a man of mettle and high spirit, and, like King David, a sacred poet; and, if he had a rope for a belt round his middle, depend upon it there was a sword hanging from it. In those times, indeed, a man could not hold his own in the world without being able personally to repel aggression; and the strict examination of genuine historical records seems to make it clear that the saint had something to do personally with more than one battle, two of which took place after his mission to Iona, which the legend represented as having been perpetual.[1]

B.—I am willing to take that on your authority, Miss Flora. I presume you are quite familiar with Adamnan's life?

Fl.—Of course; or I should not venture to speak on the subject. Truth lies at the bottom of all true art. Of Columba enough, happily, is known to present him as

[1] See *Life*, i. pp. 1, 29, and *Introduction*, chap. ii.

a poetic hero ready-made. I have long thought his Scottish mission would form a capital subject for an epic poem, not, indeed, so rich in material and large in extent as the *Iliad*, but of national significance enough to claim kindred with the *Æneid*, and with dignity enough to keep company with *Paradise Lost*; certainly far superior, both in material and in inspiration, to the epics which the genius of MacPherson constructed from the popular ballads of his day.

B.—Do you say so! May I ask the favour of your just giving me a flying idea of how such an epic might be constructed?

FL.—That is not so easy; but, on the spur of the moment, I can imagine something like the following:—

BOOK I. Arrival of St. Columba, with St. Oran and other companions, at Isle of Oronsay. Reception by Pictish semi-savages, at first hostile, then friendly. They sit down on the shore round a fire; and Columba narrates the dangers of the sea voyage from Derry, and narrow escape from shipwreck at Corryvreckan.

BOOK II. A solemn sacrifice by the Picts. Ceremonies of elemental worship. The Druids; charms and enchantments; Columba, seated at a distance, after the sacrifice, requests leave to address the people. He shows them that all polytheistic gods are mere attributes or functions of the One Great Spirit, whose control gives order and unity to the machine of the Universe. This Great Spirit is the true God of Christians, and Christ is his prophet. In proof of his doctrine, he performs a miracle. Awed by his presence and power, more than convinced by his arguments, the Oronsay Picts are converted, and request him to remain amongst them, for further instruction. He professes his willingness to do so, if only he can remain on the island, and be out of sight of Ireland. Oran is sent up the height called Ben Oronsay, to see if he can descry the green isle. He returns and declares that the coast of

Donegal is distinctly visible. Columba laments that, on account of his vow, he cannot settle in Oronsay. He leaves the islanders with a sad farewell, and a promise to return as soon as he should have attained to a permanent settlement in some island further North. The natives point towards Iona, and give him tokens of recommendation to the Picts there. He sets sail.

Book III. After stormy combat with a stiff north-wester, and narrow escape from shipwreck on the reefs which run out from the Ross of Mull, Columba arrives in Iona. The Picts crowd along the coast, and violently oppose his landing. He stretches his hand and uplifts the cross; the storm ceases. He then flings ashore the tokens of recommendation which he had received from the men of Oronsay, and is allowed to land peaceably. He explains to the people the conversion of their brethren in Oronsay; and swayed by their example and his eloquence, and the utterance of an aged chief, who had learned something of Christianity from a fugitive Dalriad Scot, they declare their acceptance of the religion of the Cross; and assign to Columba a site for his pious settlement. The saint, on being assured by Oran that Ireland is no longer visible from the height, commences his work. He astonishes the rude islanders by the skill which he displays in architecture and agriculture. A solemn service of dedication is performed, and the 127th Psalm chanted. In the midst of the service a fair maiden rushes into the midst of the assembly, followed by a ruffian, whom Columba strikes down with a single blow. This display of physical strength adds in no small degree to the respect with which his intellectual and moral superiority had inspired the natives.

Book IV. Columba determines to undertake a great missionary expedition into the heart of the Pictish country. Description of his journey to Inverness by the lochs which now form the Caledonian Canal. King Brude,

with his counsellors and Druids, appears on the walls of Craig Phadric. The enchantments of the Druids are put to shame by Columba, as Moses confounded the magicians of Egypt. Brude is converted, and Columba acknowledged as religious dictator within the bounds of Drumalban.

Book V. Return of the Saint to Iona. A Mission arrives from the Dalriad, requesting Columba to fix the disputed settlement to the Dalriad crown. Another mission arrives from Ireland, requesting the saint to take part in the proceedings of the Council of Drumceatt, at which, among other things, were to be adjusted the political relations betwixt the Irish kings and the Dalriad Scots. Columba sails to Ireland, and takes a leading part in the business of the Council.

Book VI. Death of Columba.[1] Vision of angels. Prophecy of future spread of the Columban settlements. Requiem in the Church of Iona sung over the dead body of the saint.

Mac.—Not at all bad, Flora; and, if it were as easy to write an epic poem as to sketch the argument for one, you might compete with Browning or Swinburne or Buchanan for the prospective Laureateship to-morrow.

B.—There cannot be the slightest doubt that Columba, as the great founder of the early Church in these isles, is a much more epic character than the dim and shadowy Arthur, who has only recently been made historically visible from out the swelling limbo of myth in which he was floating. Surely, Miss MacDonald, you will not allow such an admirable sketch to remain a mere outline.

Fl.—Surely I know the reach of my wings, and the temper of the age better, than to attempt an epic poem in this nineteenth century, and in this Protestant Britain, on the mission of Columba.

[1] The visitor to Iona, if he can afford no time for further study, should by all means read the beautiful account of the death of the saint in Adamnan's *Life*, Book iii., of which the ballad in my *Lays of the Highlands and Islands* is a poetical version.

MAC.—Sensibly spoken; but we must speak no more here. Our goal is outside on the cathedral ground, where we shall all meet in half an hour.

B.—I am ready.

Redet, Steine, mich an, nun sagt, ehrwürdige Tempel,
Wo der Irische Mönch zähmte den heidnischen Pict,
Zähmte mit Zauber des Worts, und Kraft hochherziger Thaten,
Lenkend das wilde Gemüth liebend und leise zu Gott!

MAC.—Not a bad adaptation, Hermann; and considerably more Christian and spiritual than anything in the Roman elegies of your great master of all rhyme-craft; but I will sound you the true note of preparation, which Iona and all the world understands—

"THAT MAN IS LITTLE TO BE ENVIED WHOSE PATRIOTISM WOULD NOT GAIN FORCE ON THE PLAIN OF MARATHON, OR WHOSE PIETY WOULD NOT GROW WARMER AMONG THE RUINS OF IONA!"

CH.—That is indeed the true trumpet-note of the place. *Exeamus!*

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE III.—*Within the precincts of the Cathedral of St. Mary at Iona. Company as before.*

MAC.—Now sit down here, ladies and gentlemen, at the foot of this dainty little rocky knoll; *Torr Abb*, I believe they call it,—for every rock has a name here—and "orientir" yourselves, as the Germans say. The cathedral is before you, with its front to the west, and you are looking right east. It is a pleasant spot.

MRS. MAC.—Yes, pleasant and green and well sheltered, like the bosom of the Catholic Church, in which it is so sweet for the human nature to repose.

MAC.—Even so; I feel that myself at times, mother, and

specially on this spot; and though I have often told you with what conscientious convictions, and with what wrenching of the heart-strings I separated myself from the communion of the Church in which I was born, yet I never felt that immense gap between myself and the tradition of the early Church which the extreme Protestants of this country are accustomed to feel. But we must not discuss theology and denominational differences here. A common atmosphere of Christian sentiment should possess all who stand upon this Christian ground.

B.—Mrs. MacDonald observed justly how sheltered the situation of this sanctuary is. The west winds, here, as over the whole west of Scotland, are dominant; and the whole segment from south-west to north-west is snugly ramparted round with these craggy knolls culminating in Dunii.

CH.—I observe, also, that there is a fair stretch of arable land in this corner of the island, with a good south-east exposure.

MAC.—Yes; there is very good land for pasture in the middle of the island, sloping toward the west; but then there is no shelter. It would be in vain to plant a tree on the machar. Here of course, they grow, as you see, under the protection of the rocky heights behind us; and from the natural wood that fringed these rocks, I have no doubt that the adventurous saint on his arrival would cut twigs enough for the wattles with which his primitive cloister would be built.

B.—None of these ruins, I presume, reach back to the age of the saint?

MAC.—None: the original temple, even if of stone, would be little better than the bee-hive buildings which Church saw at Garveloch, and could no more suit the dignity of the future establishment than a boy's clothes would fit a man. The oldest architecture here goes no further back than the twelfth or thirteenth century. There is a mixture of the

Norman with the Pointed style which indicates the age of a doubtful and wavering transition to the altogether modern.

B.—What a splendid view we enjoy here!

MAC.—Splendid; and I have no doubt Columba enjoyed it, and mingled it up with his devout meditations into a high harmony; for, like King David, he was a poet.

B.—And, like David, a soldier also, as the term "*insulanus miles*" in Adamnan's *Life* seems to indicate.

MAC.—I am not sure of that; but he had the spirit of a soldier certainly, and the mettle of an Irishman.

CH.—The view is pretty much the same as what I enjoyed last night from the top of Dunii, only not so extensive.

B.—The coast opposite there is the Ross of Mull, I fancy, the high ground to the north-east is Ben More, and far to the south-west tower the lofty peaks of Jura.

MAC.—The narrow channel—not more than a mile broad—between the island and the Ross—connected the monastic settlement with the mainland—for Mull was practically a continent to them—so that they were by no means so divorced from the social commerce of the time, as the recluses of Tiree and Garveloch. There is only one point more worth observing in the situation. On the left hand, right behind the present enclosure, you will hear a brook purling down. This brook flows out of the low swampy ground behind us, between the cathedral and Dunii; and this swamp could easily be so blocked up at one end as to form a permanent little lake. We have thus the mill-dam and the mill-stream, to set the mill in motion to grind the corn—so that with the help of lobsters and salmon, and herring—

CH.—And flounders!

MAC.—There would be no danger of starvation in this desert island, as sentimental people are fond to picture

it. But now I must request Flora, who is a living encyclopædia of the sacred isle, to expound to our visitors the scheme of these ruins.

B.—By all means: but first let me express my admiration of the general style of the building, and specially of the materials of which it is composed.

FL.—Not every visitor, Herr Bücherblume, has the sense to make this remark; but there is no doubt every man of taste will heartily respond to your sentiment.

B.—There is a Doric stability and solidity about the tower that recalls the stout old keep of the MacDougalls at Oban; and this, equally with the rough materials of the masonry, is in perfect keeping with the character of the island, and of the country. A finely fretted, elegantly cut, and quaintly turreted building would have been entirely out of place here; and a building of greater pretensions and larger dimensions would have been equally incongruous.

FL.—Certainly; and it is lamentable to think how often professional architects forget that the situation and its congruities must be taken into account, as part of their design.

MAC.—Did you take particular note of the red stone which forms the principal part of the masonry?

B.—Yes, I did. Red granite.

MAC.—Well; where do you think it came from?

B.—From the Ross, of course, across the channel, where there is a quarry.

MAC.—I doubt that much; the stones have more the look of boulders picked up from the shore on this side. You will find them still here, strewn quite thick, as you force your way through the swampy ground to the north of the cathedral, on our left there. But we must let Flora proceed.

FL.—Well then, gentlemen, since my Jupiter insists on my performing the part of Hermes in this business,

I will say my say with all brevity. Six things you will certainly expect to find in this mass of architecture—a church, cloisters, a sacristy, a chapter-house, a refectory, and a dormitory. Without these six no monastic establishment could exist; and attached to the refectory, of course, there must be kitchen and storehouse, and various other accessory buildings, as you may see on a large scale at York or Lincoln. Very well. Right in front you have the nave of the cathedral, in a state of great demolition, unroofed, and with great part of the wall knocked down. It is crossed, as you observe, by the transept, and there is a choir pretty well preserved behind. That large open space on the left, or north side of the navé, is the cloister, of whose covered archway only two fragments in the corner remain; that long building beyond, in the extreme north side of the buildings, with long, thin windows, is the refectory or dining-hall, and the row of buildings, in the prolongation of the transept towards the same side, contains the dormitory and the chapter-house. This is all the eye can take in from this point of the cathedral proper. The building on our right hand, beyond the present enclosure to the south, is the REILIG ORAIN, or Cemetery of St. Oran, a chapel with attached burying-ground, containing many interesting monuments.

CH.—What is the meaning of the word *Reilig?*

B.—Being an ecclesiastical word, I am inclined to think it must be Latin; and I conjecture *Reliquiæ*—the relics of the saint—and then the *shrine* in which they were kept, then the chapel in which the shrine was kept, and then the churchyard or enclosure in which the chapel was situated.

FL.—I have little doubt Herr Bücherblume is right. There is a Gaelic proverb in which the word *Reilig* evidently means the grave—*Bithidh duil ri fear fairge, ach cha bhi duil ri fear reilge:* "There is hope for a drowning man, but no hope for a man in the grave."[1] But we had better now

[1] See Nicolson, *Gaelic Proverbs*, p. 65.

go in; and wrap your cloaks and plaids well about you, for it is by no means so warm inside those hoar walls as outside. Here you must first look at this handsome cross, which, along with the other and more slender one you passed as you came up from the landing-place, are the only remnants of a grand row of crosses, which led up to the temple, like the avenue of sphinxes in the great temple at Karnac. This cross, with what propriety I cannot say, is called St. Martin's Cross. It is a noble monument, fourteen feet high, firmly planted on one of the huge granite boulders, which, as Gillebride mentioned, are native to this soil; the stone is the blue schistose rock which overlies the granite and underlies the trap in these islands. It is, as you see, a monolith, and ornamented on both sides with figures of men and beasts, scarcely visible now on the west face from the overgrowing moss that has filled up the surface from which the relief-work rose; a frequent ornament also on this and similar stones is interlaced scrolls, a freakish foliage, and a great number of round bosses, like large globular bunches of grapes; there are also serpents, which some think memorise the miracle which St. Columba performed here, following the example of St. Patrick in Ireland, who charmed snakes and toads, adders and newts, and other such offensive reptiles, out of his holy neighbourhood.

B.—If he charmed them out of the country, he seems to have charmed them into the hearts of his countrymen. The Irish, to judge by their recent exhibitions, are the most unreasonable sort of offensive creatures that ever appeared in human shape, and have certainly done all they can in their Parliamentary conduct to delight their enemies and to disgust their friends.

FL.—Let that pass. Bad boys in the school generally mean a bad schoolmaster. Even when England has done her best to right the wrong of centuries towards that unhappy country, she cannot expect sour apples to grow

sweet in a day. Close by the cross there is a well, called Columba's Well; and close by the porch of the nave, on the left hand before you enter, a little chamber with sepulchral slabs, where the saint was originally buried, though his relics were afterwards transported, partly to Kells in Ireland, and partly to Dunkeld, to escape from the profane clutches of the Danes. We now enter the nave, where there is nothing particular to attract, not even ivy, as at Dunolly, or sea-campion, as at Oronsay, to throw a touch of life over the dead hoariness of the place—

CH.—But the red granite.

FL.—Yes, the red granite adds a peculiar richness to the general impression. We now enter the transept under the tower by a little arched opening; for, as you will observe, the great arch at the east end of the nave has been filled up with masonry, no doubt at some period, when the space seemed too large for the diminished needs of the society. Marching right up to the east end of the building where the altar was once seen and admired by Sacheverell, on either side of the choir lies by the wall an abbot in full canonicals; that on the right of the altar, quite legibly, bears the inscription:—

✠ Hic · iacet · Ioannes · Mac · Fingone · Abbas · De · Y · Qui · Obiit · Anno · Dni · Millesimo · Qvingentesimo . . . . . Cvivs · Anime · Propicietvr · Altissimvs · Devs · Amen.

A name quite natural to expect here, as the MacKinnons, next to the Macleans, were men of consequence in Mull, where their seat is still pointed out behind Tobermory. Erect against the wall, on the left side of the altar, or

where the altar was—lifted, I presume, from the pavement—is a long blue slab, with the figure of a knight, of which the scutcheon, a lion rampant, in chief a galley, all within a bordure engrailed, plainly indicates a Maclean.[1] You observe also the SEDILIA on the south wall in the usual form. Abutting the south side of the choir you have a sort of aisle, with short stout pillars, on the ornamentation of whose capitals you see quatrefoil and other rich leaf-work, with various Scripture incidents—Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, dragons wrestling with dragons, and other medleys of the beautiful and the grotesque with which the cathedral architects of the middle ages were wont to relieve the severity of their work. There is a sepulchral slab here also, with the figures of two knights, of which I can give you no account.

MAC.—Thanks, Flora; but I feel quite cool. Let us go into the open air again, and enjoy the sunshine.

FL.—Very well. Turn now with me into the north wing of the transept, where some stout Norman supporters on the east wall indicate the oldest style of the existing building; and forthwith, by an opening in the north-west corner of the transept we enter the CLOISTER, where we are in the full blaze of the sun. The space here is as dilapidated and desolate as the open parallelogram which indicates the base of the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana not far from Smyrna.

B.—But what chamber is this on the east side of the cloister square here, with little stout Norman pillars?

FL.—This is the chapter-house; and the sacristy, which I forgot to point out, is on the north side of the choir, but contains nothing worthy of notice. Let us now go outside, and walk round the east and north sides of the building.

B.—Here is a separate little building on the east side, a little to the north of the Chapter-house.

[1] Ewing, p. 70.

FL.—This is no doubt a chapel; but to whom or by whom dedicated I do not know if any record remains.

B.—I observe the foundations of a larger building lying somewhat aslant in the extreme north-east angle of the precincts.

FL.—This, I presume, must have been a barn or storehouse. To reach it you have to pass the extreme end of the dormitories, and the foundations of a building outside the refectory, I know not what, but the scullery and stables may have been there.

B.—The refectory, I observe, has the windows lanceted in the external or north aspect.

FL.—Yes.

B.—What building, or rather scrap of a building, lies yonder, outside the precincts to the north-east, and beyond the mill-stream which purls so mysteriously through the grass?

FL.—That is what they call the Bishop's House; and no doubt the bishop had a house.

B.—Were there bishops in the Columban church?

FL.—Nobody doubts that except a few extreme Scottish theologians, who seriously believe that our blessed Lord was a Presbyterian.

B.—Ha! ha! ha!—Are they capable of that?

FL.—Not many of them, I charitably imagine, now: but two hundred years ago this belief was general on the north side of the Tweed, and folios of weighty erudition were put forth to prove it.

B.—Then am I to understand that the Episcopal form of church government as it exists now in England, and in Catholic countries generally, existed also in the time of Columba?

FL.—Of course there were always bishops; but, to answer your question properly, we must discriminate the ages. The Catholic truth, which is the soul of the Church, is unchangeable; but, in matters of external

arrangement, convenience, custom, or even mere arbitrary fashion, changes will happen in the church as well as in the world. I do not regard even the Papacy as of directly divine institution; but it grew up as the great speaking symbol of unity in the Church, and has received the Divine blessing, like infant baptism and other church rites and ordinances not expressly commanded.

MAC.—In matters of this kind, Herr Bücherblume, my cousin Flora, though a good Catholic, is far more liberal than the majority of her fellow-Romanists. She lives here in a good atmosphere of contradiction, where weak minds for safety cling more obstinately to their doctrines, but strong minds learn wisely to surrender all untenable points.

FL.—What I say, my dear Gillebride, with regard to forms of church government, is simply this: that in the infant state of the Church, as described in the Acts of the Apostles, when churches were planted here and there sporadically, as circumstance, or, to speak more piously, Providence, might open the door, anything like a regular diocesan episcopacy with definite local jurisdiction, would have been an absurdity, say rather an impossibility. The founders of our church, the blessed Apostles and the holy Fathers, were men of sense; and showed their sense in nothing more than in allowing indifferent matters to shape themselves according to circumstances.

B.—And you consider that the government of the early church was either Presbyterian or Episcopal, as circumstances might dictate?

FL.—Or both together; but the early history authorises us to believe that there were always functional bishops, such as certainly existed in Iona; that is, persons of a superior ecclesiastical grade, to whom the church committed the office of consecration and other high functions. This gradation is founded on Nature and on Scripture authority; for the apostles would not have all men to serve

tables (Acts vi. 2), and St. Paul distinctly asserts the great diversity of gifts and functions which were found in the primitive church.

B.—Then you do not believe in the excellence of that Presbyterian parity, which is the favourite watchword here?

FL.—Neither as a Catholic, nor as a woman of common sense, nor as a student of history, could I have any faith in a system which excludes from the administration of the Church an element which belongs in some shape or other to every well-constituted society—aristocracy.

CH.—Thank you, Miss MacDonald; I shall quote you for that.

B.—Who were the Culdees?

FL.—Simply *Deicolæ* or *Colidæ*—worshippers of God; God-fearing men, who retired from the bustle of the world, and the struggles of secular ambition, to serve their Maker unambitiously in quiet nooks and corners, hermits or anchorites in a fashion, if not quite in the garb of poetical orthodoxy. You will see all about them in Reeves or Skene.[1]

MAC.—Some day; but for the present we shall let Kehtigern, Cuthbert, and Baldred of the Bass alone.

MRS. MAC.—

Cuthbert on the banks of Leader,
Roamed, a godly-minded boy,
Watching fleecy flocks that cropped
The braes of Lammermuir with joy.

B.—What is the rhyme you are crooning?

Mrs. MAC.—An old rhyme about the early life of St. Cuthbert, which my uncle taught me when I was a child.

MAC.—My mother could croon you such saintly old rhymes by the score. I wish our boys, lads, and lasses, with their scraps of physical science, grammar lessons, and

[1] Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. chapter 6; Reeves's *British Culdees*.

other orthodox rubrics of the Code, had their memories half as well stored. But come along.

(*They leave the precincts of the cathedral, and enter the cemetery of Reilig Orain.*)

B.—Where are we now?

Fl.—This is the *Reilig Orain*, or chapel and cemetery of St. Oran, one of the most distinguished companions of St. Columba.

Ch.—The same on whose sacred footsteps I trod at Oronsay?

Fl.—Exactly. He appears constantly as the right hand of the saint; and yet there is a strange legend about him. They say that, when he was buried here, for some cause or other—some say the breaking of his monastic vow—he could not rest in his grave, but coming to light again, revealed to mortals the secrets of the mediæval Hades.

Ch.—A capital subject for a poem!

Fl.—Unquestionably.

Ch.—Try it, Miss Flora.

Fl.—It has been done already.

Ch.—By whom?

Fl.—By a Miss Blind, the sister, I believe, of the celebrated German Radical refugee, Karl Blind. I have read the poem.

Ch.—Is it well done?

Fl.—Yes, cleverly enough, though I could not help thinking something less ambitious in the ballad style would have been more suitable, and have had a better chance of gaining the public ear. But here is the doorway of the chapel. Let us enter.

B.—I observe the arched doorway is of a marked Norman type, which, with the two round windows, indicates considerable antiquity.

Fl.—Yes; the architectural writers in Bishop Ewing's work describe the chapel as of remote antiquity, and the

mouldings of the arch of entrance as worthy of special attention.[1]

B.—Here on the south side is an ogee recess of rich design, and attached to the corbel springer on one side a holy-water stoup.

FL.—From Greece to Madagascar and Jerusalem, from Rome to Iona, water has been the symbol of freshness and purity all over the globe—*ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*, as Pindar has it.

CH.—Here are various monumental slabs against the wall and on the floor.

FL.—This one on the right against the wall, with the galley below, and an inscription of seven lines above, is not a sepulchral slab, but a fragment of Abbot Mac-Kinnon's cross. You see the whole surface of it above is richly adorned with various interlaced flosculosities.

B.—And here, in the north-east corner, is the monumental slab of a bald-headed monk, with folded hands, and the sacramental cup above the moulding on his right shoulder—evidently a dignitary.

FL.—This is a monument well known from the inscription; it bears the name *Prior*.

B.—One might spend a whole day deciphering these inscriptions.

FL.—Yes, if we had time, and German eyes. But we must go; I see the good old lady is getting weary.

MAC.—Come along; the open air is always more agreeable. Here you have a grand array—the tombs of the kings, tradition says, though I must confess I never could make them out. But sit down; here is my plaid. I have brought Dean Monro in my pocket,[2] and I will read to you what he says:—

"Within the ile of Colmkill, there is ane sanctuary also

[1] *The Cathedral of Iona*, by the Bishop of Argyll (London, Day and Son, 1866), p. 75.

[2] *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland called Hubrides*, by Mr. Donald Monro, High Dean of the Isles, in 1549. Edinburgh, 1774, 12mo.

or kirkzaird, callit in Erische Religoran, quhilk is a very fair kirkzaird, and weill biggit about with stane and lyme. Into this sanctuary there is three tombes of stane, formit like little chapels, with ane braid gray marble or quhin stane in the gavill of ilk ane of the tombes. In the stane of the ane tomb there is written in Latin letters, '*Tumulus Regum Scociæ;*' that is, the tombe or grave of the Scotts kinges. Within this tombe, according to our Scotts and Erische cronikels, ther layes fortey-eight crouned Scotts kings, through the quhilk this ile has been richlie dotat be the Scotts kings, as we have said. The tombe on the south side forsaid has this inscription,—'*Tumulus Regum Hyberniæ;*' that is, the tombe of the Irland kinges: for we have in our auld Erische cronickells that ther wes foure Irland kinges erdit in the said tombe. Upon the north syde of our Scotts tombe the inscription beares '*Tumulus Regum Norwegiæ;*' that is, the tombe of the kings of Norway: in the quhilk tombe, as we find in our ancient Erish cronickells, ther lays eight kings of Norroway; and als we find, in our Erishe cronickells, that Coclus, king of Norroway, commandit his nobils to take his bodey and burey it in Colmkill, if it chancit him to die in the iles: bot he was so discomfitit, that ther remained not so maney of his armey as wald burey him ther; therefor he was eirded in Kyle, after he stroke ane field against the Scotts, and was vanquisht be them. Within this sanctuary also lyes the maist pairt of the Lairds of the Iles, with their lineage, twa Clan Lynes with their lynage, M'Kynnon and M'Guare with ther lynages, with sundrie uthers inhabitants of the hail iles, because this sanctuary was wont to be the sepulture of the best men of all the iles, and als of our kings, as we have said: becaus it was the maist honorable and ancient place that was in Scotland in thair days, as we reid."

B.—I suppose this account is gospel.

FL.—There is not the slightest reason to be sceptical.

Reilig Orain was the Westminster Abbey of the middle ages, and could boast a sanctity, not to mention the convenience of its central situation, which Scotland, Ireland, and Norway were equally bound to respect.

CH.—Who are these on the ground, so daintily railed in, with upturned face, sword and shield and ship and tower and dragon, and other emblems of mediæval heraldry?

FL.—These are mostly Macleans, I believe, as you might expect from their dominance in Mull and the adjacent parts, though I confess that I am not curiously versed in the details of that heraldry.

B.—Here is a very curious slab, very different from the others, with an inscription which I can read, and which bears the date 1674.

CH.—And what do you read?

B.—HIC JACET JOANNES BETONUS MACLENORUM FAMILIE MEDICUS.

FL.—Exactly so. The Beatons were a Low-country family of good extraction, originally from Fife, but who settled in Mull in the capacity of family physicians to the Macleans. The Scottish Highlanders had no native medical knowledge beyond a few simples known to the old women; so those who could afford it were glad to import skilled sons of Æsculapius from the South.

B.—I suppose they required surgeons rather than physicians in those days; and the surgical practice would no doubt be quite as simple and quite as effective as the treatment applied to Patroclus by the fair Agameda in Homer.

MAC.—Yes, no doubt; the ladies have fine fingers and a tender solicitude which fit them admirably for the practice of medicine and some of the more common operations in surgery.—But we must go. I perceive my mother is quite worn out. I will conduct her to the inn. The nunnery down towards the harbour you may inspect at

your leisure in the evening. After what you have seen here, you will not have very much to load your stomach with there. Meanwhile, Flora will take you a pleasant walk through the fields, towards the north-east corner of the island. I will follow in ten minutes.

(*Exeunt* MACDONALD *and* MRS. MACDONALD *towards the inn.* MISS MACDONALD, BÜCHERBLUME, *and* CHURCH, *after leaving the enclosure of the Reilig Orain, walk quietly along the road northward.*)

CH.—The more I think on these strange old times from which we are so far removed, much in space of time, and even more in tone of feeling, the more I am delighted with one aspect of the matter, and disgusted and sent into desperation by another.

FL.—'Tis a good thing to be delighted; but the less we have to do with disgust and despair the better. I know some young ladies who are always disgusted with everything. Pray make me a confidant in your delight, Mr. Church; and I will endeavour to cure you of your disgust, if I can.

CH.—You are a wise woman, Miss MacDonald, like Goethe's mother, who kept all disagreeable things as much as possible at a distance.

FL.—One should not go into muddy ways when clean can be found. But what is your delight?

CH.—It is a great delight to me to think that, though good men, when they stoutly oppose the interests of a dominant class, sometimes fare hardly in this world, yet in the main nothing commands permanent respect or grateful memory, not even the most brilliant talents, unless when combined with goodness. It is character, not mere power or talent, that insures lasting esteem. No man can be ranked among truly great men, with a low moral nature. Napoleon was a great soldier, but not a great man—scarcely a man indeed at all, as men normally are, but a tremendous brain-battery, a Titanic volition, with a

happy physical apparatus that sent the electricity evolved from that battery with startling effect through the organism of European society. But in Columba I see a really great man; the man of lofty thought, fervid love, daring adventure, and enduring achievement. 'Tis delightful to contemplate how, after the lapse of so many hundred years, the cowled monk of the lone grey isle comes more and more into public recognition, while your forceful Napoleons, and men of that stamp, stand like a beacon on a rock, to warn rather than to attract.

B.—Yes; genius without conscience is like a fire which blazes, not to warm but to burn.

FL.—Or like a comet that sweeps the sky, not to compose the atmosphere but to disturb. There are men, like Savage Landor, with volcanic souls, whom it is dangerous to approach; unless, indeed, you approach them as lapdogs approach ladies who love them, and then there is no fear. But what was your disgust, Mr. Church?

CH.—Monkery.

FL.—Oh, I see, you are a true Protestant. Like a good Oxford Don, well rounded with the luxury of roast beef and plum-pudding, you have no fancy for meagre men who eat nothing but apples and nuts and green herbs!

CH.—You do not really mean to say, Miss Flora, that there can be any wisdom in serving God by systematically renouncing all the good things which he has prepared for us? Is it not rather monstrous ingratitude and most faulty manners, when a kind host spreads the board with all sorts of dainties for your entertainment, to refuse to taste one of them, and wrap yourself up in the cold garb of general abstinence? It brings me to despair of humanity when I think that the highest Christian authorities for centuries should have set the seal of their approval on such a hateful caricature of the piety of their Master.

FL.—I understand your feeling perfectly, Mr. Church, and respect it no less. You are not to suppose that I, as a good Catholic, am under any obligation to confound the active, intelligent, heroic, and fruitful monasticism of Columba with the systematic stupefaction of manhood in the monkery which came afterwards. Columba was too great a man to be imitated by common men in that which made him greatest, and have his virtues turned into an institution. As a wise old theologian used to say, the RELIGIO CHRISTI is one thing, and the RELIGIO IN CHRISTUM another. The bard who wrote the verse—

> "Amra Coluim—praise of Collum;
> If you will repeat it daily,
> You will save your soul, and enter
> Heaven's gates with Dallan gaily"[1] . . .

was on the borders of a great superstition, which in all ages has made it easy for men to say Lord, Lord, and not do the things which the Lord saith. It is not Christianity only, my dear sir, but every ideal, the creation of great original forces, that suffers in the process of being formally accepted by the masses. Show beads to savages, and they will buy them for pearls; show them pearls, and they will know no better. But there is no reason for despair. All are not savages to whom you show the pearls; and even those who cannot distinguish now will learn by and by. The kind of monkery which disgusts you so much, a thing so tasteless, so stupid, and so unhuman; the monkery of St. Antony of Coma, and other Egyptian eremites, of whom your great poet-preacher, Kingsley, discourses so eloquently in *Hypatia*—these men were, doubtless, caricatures of the Holiest, which the holy Roman Church would repudiate with no less zeal than the most flagrant Protestant; but inactivity is not the character of typical monasticism; and even these extravagant total

[1] Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 125.

abstainers from all human delights are not without their apology.

B.—Unquestionably; the Columban monks at Iona, Kells, and other headquarters of mediæval monasticism, were anything but inactive; they performed various functions; they were not only the priests and clergy of the age; they were the professors and public instructors; they were readers, writers, and publishers of books; the library of Iona was particularly rich; they were also the agricultural improvers of the time; and, better than all, they were the peacemakers. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

FL.—Well said, Herr Bücherblume; some of them were prophetic of your German professors, and did nothing but read. I remember a verse—

> "Threescore psalm-singing seniors
> Were his household, royal the number;
> Without tillage, reaping, or kiln-drying,
> Without work, except READING."[1]

Quite adepts, you will perceive, in political economy, and expert in the division of labour, without help from Adam Smith. The more you inquire into the matter, Mr. Church, shaking yourself loose from Protestant prejudices, the more you will find that the monasticism of the West under papal guidance is not in any wise to be confounded with the Quietism of Oriental Buddhists. Buddhism is Christianity without sense.

B.—Or without energy, you might say. Oriental piety tends rather to sink into meditation than to march into action.

CH.—I am ready to make the distinction. I said in my haste, All monks are drones; but Miss MacDonald, in her usual triumphant style, has made me cry—PECCAVI.

[1] Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 62.

You have also a palliation even for this Oriental form of monastic life, I think you hinted?

FL.—Say, rather, three palliations; First, the general weakness of human nature, which, as we remarked already, runs always into the caricature of ideal types; then, the wickedness of the times; and, thirdly, the misunderstanding of Scripture.

CH.—I presume you mean the times of the decadence, the general putrescence of society under the Roman Emperors, and the disturbance of all quiet social growth, in what we may call the Drift period of early Europe, when the ground was being wildly prepared, which is now being peacefully cultivated.

FL.—Even so. And as Socrates retreated from the political life of Athens, because it was too corrupt for him, so in Hellenised Egypt men of a pure and thoughtful type retired into the desert, because they felt that the moral atmosphere of Alexandria in those days poisoned their blood.

CH.—Likely enough; but a strong man's blood is not so easily poisoned; besides, even in Alexandria, the atmosphere was not everywhere equally poisonous any more than in London or Paris. This palliation, after all, is only an excuse for weakness. We are here to fight the battle of life, not to shirk it. To seek for virtue away from men is like swimming always in a shallow pool, where there is no danger of being drowned. Such swimmers will never breast the Hellespont.

FL.—Granted; but weak natures are wise, when they do not assay the virtues of the strong. There is a race of men, who are as incapable of certain virtues and certain struggles, as a worm is incapable of walking, or a quadruped of flying. The noblest thing of all certainly is to face the world, like Goethe, and learn wisdom even from courts; but we are not all so panoplied; and the weak have their right to abstain in certain cases, where to enjoy would be

to destroy. The man who cannot march must not be dragged on—he must remain behind. There is a moral as well as a physical nervousness amongst men which retreats with a sacred shudder from certain impressions which the normal sense receives without offence. It is good also that there should be certain persons who prefer a retired life. There are good things to be done in a quiet corner without observance, as important to the world as the bustle of action on the broad stage of life, and more apt to be neglected. Did you never observe the beautiful sereneness of expression and lines of pure permanent happiness on the countenances of some of our sisters of charity?

CH.—Yes, with the greatest admiration.

FL.—Well, these are women, in a sense, retired from the world—a sort of nuns. Compare them with the fine ladies of quality who flare and flaunt through the brilliant saloons of London society, and confess that both have their place in the world, and that to renounce, in some cases, is more blessed and more profitable than to enjoy.

CH.—Well, you have smoothed down the ruffled front of my anti-monastic indignation not a little, for which I owe you all thanks; but did you not say that those who retreat from the world in monastic fashion find warrant for their conduct, not only in the general feebleness of human nature and the wickedness of the age, but in the express words of Scripture?

FL.—Certainly; and I need scarcely tell you to what passages I allude. There are texts in the Bible which, taken literally, lead as plainly to monasticism, celibacy, and communism as any proposition in Euclid to its corollary. But there comes Gillebride; let us sit down on the grass here beside the monument, and wait till he joins us.

(*They all sit down; to them* MACDONALD.)

B.—To whom was the monument erected?

FL.—To the late Duchess of Argyll, who, as you will see from the inscription, was particularly fond of this island.

CH.—As she was also, in her gentle, womanly way, of the sweet mountain retirement at Loch Baa, where I read her favourite motto on the lintel above the doorway—PARVA DOMUS MAGNA QUIES. Does the island belong to the Duke?

MAC.—Yes. Originally it was part of the heritage of the Macleans of Dhuart, whose old castle you see on the left hand as you come from Oban in the steamboat to Tobermory. But, my good people, it is getting late, and I have prepared a rhetorical treat for you, with which it is fitting that we conclude the very profitable ecclesiastico-monastic recreations of this day. I have arranged, in the first place, that my friend, Mr. Church, shall read to you the sonnet which he made when at St. Kenneth's Isle.

FL.—By all means, Mr. Church.

CH.—Oh! a trifle.

FL.—We shall judge.

MAC.—In the second place, I will myself recite to you a very beautiful ode, written by Columba, and evidently inspired by the beautiful scenery of this island.

B.—By the saint himself?

MAC.—Yes, in all probability; it is from an Irish MS. in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, translated by the learned Irish author, Dr. O'Curry.

B.—*Du lieber Gott! Das ist ein Fund!*—a hymn by Columba, by a veritable Celt, in the veritable island of Iona. That is the best ἑρμαῖον that a good God has sent in my way since I left Göttingen. And, in the third place, will you allow me to interpolate myself into your rhetorical ἐπίδειξις by reading—

MAC.—What?

B.—A little monastic shaving song which I copied out of Bishop Ewing's book this morning, and happen to have in my pocket.

MAC.—By all means let us have the shaving song. A monk without the tonsure is like a man without a beard or a woman with one—a monster. Proceed, then. Kit, you lead.

CH.—

INCH KENNETH.

Come hither, in this rattling age who live
On spur of change and ever-shifting show,
Who find the big round Earth too small to give
Scope to your lust of wandering to and fro!
Come sit on this sea-cinctured spot a while
With me, and know what wonder-working seed
Of truth was cherished in this lone green isle,
Fruitful in lofty thought and gracious deed.
They err who blame the monks, in turbid time
Who fled from fields of strife to peaceful nook,
And fed their chastened souls with prayer, and chime
Of sacred bell, and text of holy book;
Wisdom loves peace; and thoughts that shape the crude
Untempered world grow strong in solitude.

FL.—Excellent, Mr. Church; the living echo of my own sentiments on this subject, but which I have never heard expressed so well before, and which I certainly never could have expressed so well myself.

CH.—Oh, Miss MacDonald, you flatter me!

MAC.—You two must not be allowed to be always playing at compliments in this fashion. Come along, Bücherblume. *An Dir ist nun die Reihe.*

B. (*reciting*).—

Murdoch, whet thy knife, that we may shave our crowns to the Great King.
Let us sweetly give our vow, and the hair of both our heads, to the Trinity.
I will shave mine to Mary; this is the doing of a true heart:

To Mary shave thou these locks, well-formed, soft-eyed man.
Seldom hast thou had, handsome man, a knife on thy hair to shave it;
Oftener has a sweet, soft queen comb'd her hair beside thee.
Whenever it was that we did bathe, with Brian of the well-curled locks,
And once on a time that I did bathe at the well of the fair-haired Boroimhe,
I strove in swimming with Ua Chais, on the cold waters of the Fergus.
When he came ashore from the stream, Ua Chais and I strove in a race.
These two knives, one to each, were given us by Duncan Cairbreach;
No knives of knives were better: shave gently then, Murdoch.
Whet your sword, Cathal, which wins the fertile Banva;
Ne'er was thy wrath heard without fighting, brave, red-handed Cathal.
Preserve our shaved heads from cold and from heat, gentle daughter of Iodehim,
Preserve us in the land of heat, softest branch of Mary. Murdoch.

FL.—This really is a gem, Herr Bücherblume. The prettiest little odd thing in the field of Celtic song that has come in my way for a long time. It is like one of those strange rare orchids, which you stumble on in the woods once in a lifetime, and are never likely to see again.

B.—*Allerliebst, mein Fräulein. Sie haben gewiss recht. Ganz einzig in seiner Art.* Quite unique.

MAC.—Now hear me. (*He recites.*)

COLUMCILLE FECIT.

Delightful would it be to me to be in Uchd Ailiun
On the pinnacle of a rock,
That I might often see
The face of the ocean;
That I might see its heaving waves
Over the wide ocean,
When they chant music to their Father
Upon the world's course;
That I might see its level, sparkling strand,
It would be no cause of sorrow;
That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,
Source of happiness;
That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves
Upon the rocks;
That I might hear the roar by the side of the church
Of the surrounding sea;
That I might see its noble flocks
Over the watery ocean;
That I might see the sea monsters,
The greatest of all wonders;
That I might see its ebb and flood
In their career;
That my mystical name might be, I say,
Cul ri Erin (Back turned to Ireland);
That contrition might come upon my heart
Upon looking at her;
That I might bewail my evils all,
Though it were difficult to compute them;
That I might bless the Lord
Who conserves all,
Heaven with its countless bright orders,
Land, strand and flood;
That I might search the books all,
That would be good for my soul;

At times kneeling to beloved heaven;
At times psalm-singing;
At times contemplating the King of heaven,
Holy the chief;
At times at work without compulsion;
This would be delightful.
At times plucking duilisc from the rocks;
At times at fishing;
At times giving food to the poor;
At times in a *carcair* (solitary cell).
The best advice in the presence of God
To me has been vouchsafed.
The King whose servant I am will not let
Anything deceive me.[1]

OMNES.—Excellent, excellent!!!

B.—This is more than unique; it is unique and grand: mine was only unique and quaint.

CH.—The truly sublime: the best sort of sublimity, the peaceful pure serene sublime.

FL.—There are very few of the Psalms of David, the saint was so fond of transcribing, that I prefer to it. The hymnology of our modern churches, especially the Protestant churches, is in one respect a very poor affair. There is no natural scenery about it, no local hue, nothing to mark the time and place where the pieces were composed. They are for the most part a mere rhythmical heaping up, layer upon layer, of certain routine phrases of pious sentiment consecrated by time. The best of the Psalms in the Bible bear distinct Palestinian features on their face. The history of the Hebrews is there, the life of the Hebrews is there, the landscape of the Hebrews is there. So with this hymn of Columba. It breathes the soul of the saint, and pictures the scene of his saintship. Would we had more such!

MAC.—Now, Flora, we must decamp. The breeze is somewhat chill. Ἴωμεν, as Plato says. *Andiamo*—let us go!

(*Exeunt all towards the inn.*)

[1] Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 93.

DIALOGUE V.

SCENE.—*Kinnaird, Pitlochrie. After dinner: on the table, strawberries, oatcake, and anchovies; wines—port, claret, and Rüdesheimer: pipes and cigars; the ladies having left the room, the gentlemen adjust themselves comfortably round the fire; then loquitur*

MAC.—Well, good friends, after your fine circular sweep in the western waters, you will be apt to feel a little confined here in this small box.

CH.—Not at all; the tub of Diogenes were as good as a palace in a situation so breezy and bright, and with the music of that burn humming in our ear. I cannot tell which I like best in your mountain land,—the gentle plash of the waves on the white pebbly beach of a lonely loch, or the loud roar of a mountain torrent, softened into a soothing hum as it wanders through the rich wilderness of the birchen wood.

MAC.—Yes, the burn of Kinnaird is bonnie; but Glengloy is magnificent, not only on account of its greater volume of bright foaming waters and the deep brown caldrons through which it scoops its way down to the pebbly beach of Loch Lochy, but also on account of the wonderful skill and the victorious energy with which the enterprising proprietor has cut out a winding way along and across its freakish channel.

CH.—Yes, I do admire the faculty of that man; a road-maker, a Roman; an improver of the right sort.

MAC.—Nevertheless, I am content with Kinnaird burn for many reasons; chiefly because it has been my home now for four pleasant weeks, and because Flora loves it.

CH.—Yes! When I came here first I used to wonder whither she disappeared regularly, once a day, before

lunch, no matter what weather; she seemed to think it a duty to show herself in the face of the storm as much as in the sunshine; like a duck, the water never seemed to touch her. I met her one forenoon, walking alone, following the graceful windings of the burn, till it loses itself in the brown moor, and humming a tune to herself in her own wild way.

MAC.—Just the very girl! Why so many young ladies should be afraid of walking alone in a country where there are no brigands, and only imaginary wild bulls, I never could understand; and, as for fences, she leaps over them as lightly as one of your kilted athletes at Aberfeldy, the other day, threw himself across the six-foot bar, with that "massive majesty of thigh" which in your sonnet you so worthily celebrated.[1] Women like Flora, and men too, who are calculated to adorn society, must prepare themselves for it in the school of solitude; not, of course, by tricking out conversational witticisms, but by drinking in largely those impressions of the grand and beautiful in Nature, which may keep them in an atmosphere and on a platform elevated above the inanities and the superfi-

[1] *N.B.*—The name of the champion, I believe, was DINNIE, a native of Aboyne; and the opening line of my friend's sonnet is manifestly borrowed from the Homeric οἷαν ἐπιγούνιδα φαίνει!

HIGHLAND GYMNASTS AT ABERFELDY.

Ye gods! what massive majesty of thigh
This Celt displays! No squirrel from tree to tree
More nimbly makes its airy bound than he
Shoots o'er the lofty bar. It glads mine eye,
Amid the high-reared vastness of this land
Of roaring flood, and granite-breasted Ben,
To see no puny thewless race, but men
In sinewy strain, and deft achievement grand.
Once we had many such: but now, woe 's me!
The weak are many, and the strong are few;
The nest was harried, and the vex'd bird flew
To worthier homes, far, far beyond the sea;
And one big farmer holds the houseless glen
Well stocked with sheep, but emptied of brave men.

CH. CH.

cialities that too often form the staple of conversation in what is called good society.

B.—As Goethe has it—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Character in dem Strom der Welt.

MAC.—Always wise. The wine that sparkles in the glass must have fermented many weeks in the cellar. But, my dear Kit, I don't think I ever showed you the verses in which Flora has celebrated the praises of this same burn.

CH.—Oh, let me see it then. She had a pencil in her hand when I surprised her, sitting in the shadow of a huge boulder, about the size of a shepherd's bothie, close beside the burn, above the waterfall. I imagined she was sketching, but she must have been rhyming. She shot the pencil into her pocket the moment my shadow crossed the ground where she was sitting, and her portfolio into her breast, as if she were ashamed.

MAC.—Oh, not she! The Muses are always coy. Only an American Muse could be blushless. But here it is. Attend!

THE BURN OF KINNAIRD.

Sweet burn of Kinnaird, from Ben Vrackie's high crown,
Through the scoop of the rock rolling tunefully down,
And winding thy course in bright, humoursome ways
Till thou lose in the Tummel thy name and thy praise,
I owe thee a song, and a song shall be thine,
Though scant be thy guerdon from ditty of mine,
For the place I have known and the joys I have shared
By thy wild-winding banks, bonnie burn of Kinnaird!

Let them praise, if they will, the fair wealth of the flood
That gives life to the Copt, with his tribute of mud,
Where the Titans that were in old days of renown
On the poor shrivelled present look pitiful down,

And the pride of the despot grows fat on the toil
Of the serf and the beggar that starve on the soil;
But give me the land where proud lord never bared
Harsh arm of command o'er the burn of Kinnaird!

Let them praise, if they will, the grand roll of the Tiber,
The stout Sabine thews, and the old Roman fibre,
High-hearted, high-handed, great moulders of men,
Robbers and rulers most wonderful then,
From Tigris to Thames who held nations in awe
By the stroke of the sword and the bond of the law,
Masterful Cæsars who foe never spared,
But who never laid yoke on the burn of Kinnaird!

Let them praise, if they will, the steep banks of the Rhine,
Festooned with the verdure and flush of the vine,
With cathedral and cloister, with palace and tower,
Where the priest and the Kaiser were plotting for power;
There were Kaisers who plucked mighty Popes by the beard,
And Kaisers who knelt when a mitre appeared,
But the Celt lived unnoticed, with rights unimpaired,
By the quiet green banks of the burn of Kinnaird.

Burn of Kinnaird, in the scowl of the weather,
With mist on the mountain and wet on the heather,
And loud roaring torrents that down from the brae
Come leaping and dashing in foamy display,
How oft did I march through the gloom and the gleam
As I track'd the lone course of thy brown-flooded stream,
While my blood mounted high, and my lungs were well aired,
By blasts from Ben Vrackie, brown burn of Kinnaird!

Burn of Kinnaird, in the summer's bright face,
When the fern on thy banks is uncurling her grace,
No song of the Sirens more charmeth my soul
Than the hum of thy brown-swirling floods as they roll;

No throne in the palace may seat me so well
As the grey-lichened stone in thy green-winding dell,
Where the birch and the larch, in spring beauty repaired,
Twine their lithe arms o'er the burn of Kinnaird!

Burn of Kinnaird, from thy green-winding glen
I pass like a shadow that flits o'er the Ben,
But thou shalt endure when the sons and the daughters
Of men shall be none to take note of thy waters;
And for me, when I leave all that gladdens me here,
May the vision be bright and the echo be clear
Of the peace that I knew, and the joys that I shared,
On thy wild winding banks, bonnie burn of Kinnaird!

B.—Good! the breeze of the Ben and the brush of the heather are distinctly felt in these verses. Only the comparison of a little Highland brook, however pretty, with such volumes of historical water as the Rhine, the Tiber, and the Nile, seems to me somewhat to overstep the modesty of a healthy imagination.

MAC.—Agreed; but remember, lyrical poetry always exaggerates, and a man in a passion who speaks soberly is simply not in a passion. A young man in love always calls his sweetheart an angel, and, if he is desperately smitten, she becomes a goddess.

B.—Well, so be it; I hate to be critical, especially when such a high-minded and high-spirited young lady is in the case. But I say, Church, what a splendid run we have had of it! From the day we started from Pitlochrie to our last Sunday on the steep green slopes above Glengloy, it was a continual feast.

CH.—Did you ever see birches like those at Killiecrankie and Bonskeid, and in the outwalks of that huge lumbering water-castle down in the valley there?

MAC.—Certainly, Bonskeid is a triumph of the redundance of leafy nature in Perthshire; a triumph, too, not

flaunting and formal, like the triumphs of our mighty conquerors and Kaisers, but a triumph of luxuriant carelessness. Bonskeid, in this view, though the comparison is scarcely fair, is superior to Taymouth—Taymouth, which unites the sweet richness of an English lawn with an environment of wild Scottish Bens; Taymouth, I say, is grand—I mean the grounds—but you feel that man assisted in making them. A landscape gardener who should give his best advice for the improvement of Bonskeid grounds would merely spoil them. I hope you admired "the Queen's view."

CH.—In every respect worthy of the Queen. Pleasantly gracious, and yet grand; the fine flowing outline of the richly-fringed shores of the loch represents the woman; the majestic repose of the towering peak of Schiehallion, as it slopes down towards Loch Rannoch, represents the Queen. Dignity with sweetness, that is the composition of our Victoria.

MAC.—I agree; but tell me, Bücherblume, how did the Celtic games at Kingussie affect your Teutonic imagination?

B.—Excellent well; only, as at Oban pier, I had occasion to lament the rarity of the national dress, and to mutter a quiet curse against the Hanoverian pedants, who could not enjoy a victory without insulting the vanquished. Alexander the Great knew better, who, after defeating his Oriental foes, paid them a politic compliment by adopting their dress.

MAC.—But, tell me, had you no other Teutonic cogitations on the outfield recreations of the Celt?

B.—I had; that tossing of the pine tree or *cabar*, I think they called it, was to me rather a painful affair—strength without grace, Hercules without Hebe. In the spring of a tiger there is both strength and agility; I could admire that, even though the tiger were at my throat; but I cannot admire an exhibition of mere muscle, where the strongest

athlete cannot succeed without an effort of painful exertion. Æsthetics and humanity unite in condemning such an exhibition.

MAC.—I agree with you pretty much there. Have you any other criticism?

B.—One other—a sin not of commission, but of omission. In Germany, when I was reading up for my Caledonian tour, I heard the Professor descanting largely on the lyrical talent of the Gaels. If this talent exists, is it not strange that at these Kingussie games, where we had so many exhibitions of Highland potency, from "the massive majesty of thigh" which inspired Church to the cunningly woven stockings of clan tartan destined to involve the calves of those grandly developed legs, there was no competition for Gaelic poetry?

CH.—That struck me too. Something like the *ἀγὼν Ὁμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου* would have appeared quite appropriate on a green field so near the domicil of the Ossianised MacPherson or the MacPhersonised Ossian, I really do not know which to say.

MAC.—You are right; that is our weak point; they manage matters better in the Welsh Eisteddfods—all the fault of our heartless lairds and those cursed evictions, which have cleared out the best part of the population, leaving behind a poor downtrodden generation who have nothing but legs to show, and who are forced to nourish their meagre souls with the injected spoon-meat of Saxon civilisation.

CH.—An ill-natured London critic, who went north to Balmoral to see the Braemar games under the patronage of the Farquharsons some years ago, called these gatherings "playing at Highlanders."

MAC.—Not more ill-natured than true; but was not that a brave fellow, the Cluny, whom you saw pacing up and down the stand in grey and red tartan, and with a sprig of white heather in his bonnet?

B.—Yes, of course, I observed him—he looked as if he were somebody,

MAC.—He is everybody; that is to say, everybody in that district of the Spey looks upon him as their natural representation and embodiment, and himself feels that everybody in the MacPherson country is as much a part of him as the trunk or the limbs of the corporeal structure belong to the heart and the head; for Cluny is both heart and head—in the Highlands we acknowledge no true headship without heart. He is the genuine type of the old Scottish chief, the chief who loves his people, and speaks the language of the people, and lives on his property, and delights in old traditions, in old servants and old services, and old kindly usages of all kinds, who sends all his sons into the army, and believes, in the face of all modern sentimentalism, that the army is the profession which is most worthy of a noble gentleman and a good Christian.

MAC.—I wish you had seen Cluny in his own castle.

B.—Why?

MAC.—Because in these piping times of peace hospitality is almost the only virtue which a Celtic chieftain can practise on a great scale. Hospitality is the duty of a bishop, the instinct of a Highlander. Besides, had you gone up there, and it is only eight miles west of Kingussie, you would have seen a notable historical curiosity.

B.—Historical!—what?

MAC.—Nothing less than the very shield worn by Prince Charlie on his parade days in the '45.

B.—Have you seen it?

MAC.—O yes, half-a-dozen times! I make a point of seeing Cluny once a year, if possible.

B.—What like is it?

MAC.—Well, it is a round affair, of the same type, but not of the same magnitude, as the shield of Ajax in Homer.

CH.—*Argolici clypei, aut Phœbæi lampadis instar!*

MAC.—Yes; about the size of the moon, not seen low down in the horizon, through an atmosphere of Glasgow smoke, that is about a foot and a third in diameter, made of wood, and covered with hide, and studded all round with military ornaments in silver,—swords, drums, banners, bow and arrows, targets, Roman fasces, and suchlike.

B.—Would to heaven that I had gone! How that would have told in a course of lectures on Scottish history by *Privat-docent* Hermann Bücherblumè at Berlin!

MAC.—Well you may; at all events, boast that you have seen the old gentleman himself: and that is a boast, I imagine, which, of all the 999 Professors and Privat-docenten in that most professorial country, no man but yourself will be able to make.

B.—It is something, no doubt; but *Herr Je!* what I have lost!

MAC.—Well, you must prepare yourself better next time. You might have found it all in Murray, or Black, or Anderson.

CH.—What a fine dark country that was at Rothiemurchus! Whosoever wants to fetch inspiration from the solemn horror of the Scottish pine, let him go there.

B.—And the golden blaze of the broom on the moor near Aviemore. Italy, with all her ruins, and Egypt, with all her palms, could not produce anything more luxuriant.

MAC.—There is a lake—or loch, I ought to say—among these woods, and in the middle an island, on which an osprey for centuries has built her hereditary nest; the only one of the kind now, I believe, in Scotland.[1] Fill another glass, and drink to the health of the good laird of Conan House.

CH.—With all my heart—*Vivat* Sir Kenneth!

B.—Sir Kenneth *soll leben!* What a noble sweep the river makes behind his mansion!

MAC.—A good landlord is doubly blest: blest in the

[1] See Mr. Jolly's account of this eagle in *Good Words*, April 1880 and May 1881.

happiness which he dispenses, and blest in the rent which he receives. How did you like LOCH MAREE?

CH.—It is more wild, and more characteristically Highland in its aspect than Loch Lomond.

B.—The old pines clambering up the braes on our left hand were magnificent.

CH.—The Ben—what do they call it? on the opposite side of the loch—seen from the inn, towered up in grand style.

MAC.—*Ben Sliabh* or *Sleoch* is the name.

CH.—What is the etymology of *Sliabh?*—Clivus?

MAC.—Possibly; but in etymology, as in law, *vir sapiens qui pauca loquitur, multa dubitat.* Did you observe the Gaelic inscription on the stone opposite the inn?

CH.—No.

B.—I did; and took a copy of it. Here it is.

MAC.—Like a German: always reading and always writing. You choke the world with your books. Did you understand it?

B.—Partly: it was not difficult to understand the word *Ban-righ;* for the first part of it is old Æolic Greek, and the second is plain Latin. It was something about the Queen's visit to Loch Maree in the year 1877.

MAC.—Read it, and I will translate.

B.—

AIR AN DARA LATHA-DEUG DETH
MHIOS MEADHONACH AN FHOCHAIR
1877
THAINAIG
BAN-RIGH BHICTORIA
A DH'FHAICINN LOCH MARUIBHE
AGUS NAN CRIOCHAN MUN CUAIRT
DH'FHAN I SEA 'DIDCHE SAN TIGH-OSDA SO THALL
AGUS 'NA CAOMHDALACHD, DHEONAICH I
CUM BIODH A' CHLACH SO NA CUIMHNEACHAN
AIR AN TLACHD A FHUÀIR I
NA' TEACHD DON CHEARN SO DE ROS.

MAC.—Which, being interpreted, is—

ON THE TWELFTH DAY
OF THE MIDDLE MONTH OF THE AUTUMN
1877
CAME
QUEEN VICTORIA
TO SEE LOCH MAREE
AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD,
AND SHE REMAINED SIX NIGHTS IN THE INN OVER THE WAY,
AND KINDLY CONSENTED
THAT THIS STONE SHOULD BE ERECTED, IN MEMORY
OF THE PLEASURE WHICH SHE FOUND
IN COMING TO THIS QUARTER OF ROSS-SHIRE.

B.—*Ich bin Ihnen sehr verbunden.* This is the sole Gaelic inscription that I have met with in the country of the Gael. I expected to find Gaelic in the churchyards at least, as I found Welsh in Wales, but there was no trace of it.

MAC.—Yes; that is a notable fact. The Highlanders neglect their own language, and then complain that the Sassenach will take no note of it.

CH.—Did you notice that inscription on the little monumental obelisk, on the right hand, as you go down from the Gairloch Hotel to the steamboat?

B.—No.

CH.—I was more fortunate than you: being on my legs, I could turn aside and examine. You, being on the coach, became the slave of the machine that carried you. It is the law of all big machines: they have a tendency to master the man who made them.

B.—Did you read the inscription?

CH.—Yes; but I did not read it with understanding. It was all Gaelic.

MAC.—I can tell you what it was: it was a short memorial vote of thanks to a Gairloch man named Mac-

Kenzie, who employed himself with most pious diligence in collecting the masterpieces of Gaelic poetry in a well-known work called *Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach*.

CH.—What a magnificent range of view is that which the eye takes in from the hotel at Gairloch!

MAC.—Yes, truly it is Gairloch no longer: *gearrloch* means the short or little dumpy loch; but now Sir Kenneth has marched the tourists out from their old snug little nook into the broad bay to the west, where the view extends across the bright waves to the grand hills of Skye.

CH.—The situation is good, though I cannot say so much for the architecture: somewhat in the barrack or poor-house style; built without grandeur and without grace.

MAC.—Exactly so; for here, as in the case of railway bridges, railway cuts, and not a few railway stations also, the great goddess UTILITARIA dominates, whom all Scotland and the world worshippeth.

B.—Ha! ha! ha!—"a nation of shopkeepers"! Small outlay and swift return, that is not the way to make a beautiful building.

MAC.—If you want to see a Highland inn in good taste and in harmony with the surroundings, you must go to Kenmore. The Earl would not tolerate a huge rhinoceros of a hotel directly in front of his gate.

B.—Let him study to keep the railway at a distance, or there is no saying what may happen. The men who will make a tunnel under the sea to provide for the continental foe an easier route to attack London are capable of any enormity. Commerce knows nothing of patriotism, and engineering laughs at boundaries.

CH.—You can say nothing against the architecture of the Free Church recently erected on the little projecting piece of land to the east of the hotel.

MAC.—No; we must give all credit to them in respect of churches: they have put up many handsome erections

throughout the country, finding it no doubt more easy to improve their taste than to expand their creed.

B.—What I admire most in them is the magic with which they conjure up the money to do these things. Is it all got by begging?

MAC.—Yes! by evangelical begging and a sort of voluntary taxation; partly also by evangelical free gift, often on a gigantic scale. A friend of mine used to say, *All things are possible to God, to Free Churchmen, and to engineers.*

B.—Well; even without the moral majesty of the Free Church, as displayed in this quarter, I shall ever look back on Gairloch with the greatest pleasure; the mild green yellow and orange tints of the sunset, flowing into one another as softly and sweetly as the gentlest of Bellini's chords, with a reflection on the striking outline of Ben Alligin[1] such as your Egyptian tourist will sail months before he can see equalled amid the grim funereal mountains of the Upper Nile.

CH.—Yes; that Ben Alligin stands on his own legs, and shows his front manfully among the Bens.

MAC.—If you had gone a few miles further north, to a point beyond Poolewe, called Aultbea, looking eastward, you would have taken in with your eye an amphitheatre of Bens, for extent and grandeur and variety unequalled in these islands, and surpassed only in Switzerland and some conterminous districts of the Alps.

B.—I presume there is something peculiar in the geological structure of those Bens which imparts to them that massive and rampart-like form?

MAC.—Of course; they have no connection with the granite or mica slate of the Grampians, or with the hypersthene of the Coolins in Skye; they are brethren of the Welsh mountains, hence called Cambrian. In Assynt, a little further north, they often assume a striking originality of outline too singular and almost grotesque to serve

[1] *Ailleagan*, a jewel; because precious stones are found there (?).

the purposes of the artist. One of them, Suilven, looks for all the world like the tiara of the Roman Pope—three-thirds of an egg, as you know, all banded and striated in horizontal layers. But we shall reserve that for next year —and Skye too; for, Church, you must see it; Bücherblume, by his sudden start while you were at Oronsay, has verily got his reward.

CH.—We shot across to Portree under bright auspices; but a bright morning in our country is too often a false prophet; that bright morning issued in a misty day, and ended in a rainy night; and for the whole three days we were at Portree the island persistently went on proving the justness of its familiar appellation—*Eilean a' Cheo: meâ me nebulâ involvo.* We wrapt ourselves in the native mist, and found compensation only by the outburst of the sun, and dispersion of the mist, which accompanied us all the way, shortly after we left Portree, to Oban.

MAC.—I don't think, in the whole breadth of Europe, you will find 120 miles of sailing, for grandeur, richness, and variety, equal to that stretch which you accomplished so happily from Gairloch to Oban.

CH.—My foot burnt to ascend one of these glorious Bens.

B.—What a striking thing that Scuir of Eigg is!

MAC.—You may say so; the boast of geologists; second only to Staffa, and of a similar geological structure; only not basalt: a sort of glassy porphyritic stone; denudation evidently has been largely at work there, and left that long protruded neck and spine, as it were, exposed.

B.—To whom does it belong?

MAC.—Professor MacPherson of Edinburgh University is king of Eigg, monarch of all he surveys.

B.—Of a barren rock?

MAC.—Not at all: the rental of the island is at least £1000 a year.

B.—Prodigious! Volcanic soil is no doubt sometimes remarkably productive.

MAC.—Not only that: but you have no notion of the human capabilities of those rocky islands generally, till you have walked through them, and round them. What a passing voyager pities as their barren rocks is often only the shield of their cosy corners.

B.—I regret we could not have stayed a day in Oban, if only to shake hands with the good landlady of the Craigard. My memory is yet redolent of the bountiful banquet which she prepared for our *gaudeamus* at Kerrera.

CH.—To me the bustle of that restless pivot of tourists is rather annoying, at least in my sentimental moments. I was glad when we found ourselves next morning, cutting our way northward to the Highland solitude of Glengloy. That was a king of men whom we found there—the Roman, the road-maker, as I called him.

MAC.—Yes: the laird of Glengloy is a landlord of the right stamp. His function in the Scottish Highlands has been so well touched off by Flora, that I, cannot refrain from reading it to you. (*Rings the bell; then enter* MARY.) Mary, my dear girl, go up-stairs, and ask Miss Flora to be so good as send me down a copy of her sonnet to the Land-improver; she will know what I mean.

[*Exit* MARY.

CH.—I suppose Flora is like yourself,—she knows a man when she sees him.

MAC.—Yes, she has an eye for strength, vigour, and effectiveness in the male sex, as that sex in which such qualities most naturally and most normally reside: for merely handsome men with pleasant manners she cares little; for fine gentlemen who tread softly, and lisp Oxford English, or affect a ha! ha! indifference, and dress nicely according to the fashion—for this type of character, however highly esteemed in certain West-end saloons—she has a supreme contempt, or, to speak more properly, a high womanly disregard.

CH.—Your friend the road-maker is certainly not a man

to recline upon a softly-cushioned double chair, and draw out innocent small-talk to green girls just newly out.

B.—He is neither an Apollo nor an Antinous.

CH.—But might perhaps have furnished Mrs. Hill or Hutchison with a hint for a Hercules.

B.—A rough Scottish Hercules!

MAC.—He does Herculean things; but here comes Mary. (*Enter* MARY.) Well, Mary, have you got the paper?

MARY.—Here it is! but mistress said she would rather that it should not be read.

MAC.—Then she should not have sent it. [*Exit* MARY.

B.—These women are always the same; they will, and they will not; their Yes so often merely a cowardly sort of a No; and their No, a coy sort of a Yes. One should be a diplomatist to understand them.

MAC.—Perhaps; but with Flora I have no difficulty: when I command, she has generally the sense to obey. But here is the sonnet.

THE LAND-IMPROVER.

What man is he that walks the mountain side
With lordly front and arm of brawny sway,
Who ploughs his way in glory and in pride
Through tangled woods, rough dell, and shaggy brae?
I know him well: oft hath he crossed my path,
On the green slope of some high-shouldered Ben,
Where with swift eye he scanned the fruitful strath,
And mapped the brae for homes of happy men.
As when a great commander lifts his mace
And signs the way through danger to a crown,
And mows down giant foes at every pace,
And from the brow of fortune plucks the frown,
So he, most like a god, with conquering skill
Subdues the glens, and moulds them to his will.

CH.—Bravo! bravo! Miss Flora; it is easy to see where your faculty lies: none of your weeping willows, or

weeping birches either (though they are passing graceful things), but all for action; a sword in hand; a prophetess and a soldier; one of those women whom we must admire, but might think it rather dangerous to marry.

MAC.—Oh, she has soft moments too, believe me; very motherly at heart, and would make a good wife: but she will not show the soft side of her nature to the world, and looks down with a sort of Aristotelian high-heartedness on her own tears; a Spartan element in her character, a little too much for our British ideal of female excellence, but which in a man we esteem perfection.

CH.—A touch of the masculine, just a little over the just mark, raises a woman; a similar slight excess of the feminine degrades a man.

MAC.—Well, we shall not discuss these matters at present; but as for the sonnet, I most thoroughly agree with the sentiment expressed. I would sooner be that man with a moderate estate on the green slopes of Loch Lochy, than the Duke of Buccleuch or his Grace of Sutherland, good men though they be.

B.—Why?

MAC.—You need not ask. You know what Lessing said about knowledge.

B.—Of course. "If an angel from heaven offered me knowledge in the one hand, and the search after knowledge in the other, I should prefer the search."

CH.—It sounds very well; but most people would grasp greedily at the knowledge.

MAC.—Because most people are fools.

B.—Say rather, most people are lazy.

MAC.—Well, so be it: but what I mean is, that whereas his Grace of Buccleuch got what he holds without any trouble, and has nothing to do but to keep it, our land-improver gained what he holds by the sweat of his brain, and moulds it by the craft of his thought and by the strength of his arm. He is a god in a fashion, as Flora

says, a creator; a maker, according to Plato's estimate at least, on the ladder of divine similitude planted one step nearer to Jove than the poet. Anyhow, he was the best of guides we could possibly have had up Loch Arkaig.

B.—He, and the Ross-shire clergyman who seemed to know every knoll, glen, and farm-house by name, as if he had been born there.

MAC.—He was not a Cameron, but his grandmother was; and Highlanders have long memories.

B.—I am astonished at the sharp indignation with which he flung his fulminations against the lords of the soil in those parts. I never thought your Presbyterian was so democratic an animal.

MAC.—You should have been better informed. A Presbyterian is naturally a democrat.

B.—A republican I should rather say.

MAC.—Well, it is only a stronger shade of the same colour; and whatever the old Moderate party in the Scottish Church might have wished and tried to make of it, our existing Presbyterian Churches, both established and dissenting, are much nearer to the type of a pure democracy than to any of those semi-aristocratic republics which are sketched out so curiously by Aristotle; besides, our clergy, and specially the clergy of the Free Church, who are mighty in "the rough boundaries," have very special reasons for not regarding the lords of the soil with peculiar complacency.

B.—How?

MAC.—Why, they have robbed them of their people, preferring deer to men, and big absentee Dumfries farmers to modest Highland cottars. They have deserted the national schools and colleges, and sent their sons to Eton and Oxford, to be trained up in Anglified puppyism, and would-be scholarly conceit, and in total ignorance of Bruce and Wallace, Patrick Hamilton, Wishart, John Knox and Andrew Melville, Guthrie, Cameron, M'Kail, Renwick, and

the whole noble army of Scottish patriots and martyrs; and being educated thus, not as Highland lairds, but as young Englishmen, they naturally make London their home, using their Highland estates—except for a few months in the year, when grouse and deer attract them—only as banks on which they may draw to cover the expenses of a life of idleness and dissipation, and vain, fashionable frivolities in the metropolis; and, worse than all this, they fall in love with handsome English ladies and marry them, and openly apostatise from the religion of their fathers, not because they are conscientiously convinced that Episcopacy is the more Scriptural religion of the two—which would be an honourable apostasy—but because they have been brought up with English feelings and prejudices, and because "Episcopacy is the only religion for a gentleman," and because my lady will have it so, and her husband must follow her, as her flunkeys do, to the chapel.

CH.—This is an extremely Caledonian way of looking at these matters. It seems to me only natural that a gentleman of taste and culture, who has had the happiness to enjoy such highly refined and intellectual society as the English Universities can boast, should prefer the graceful service and the classical liturgy of the English Church to the cold baldness and the coarse bray of your Presbyterian democrats.

MAC.—I will not argue that question just now, but there are two sides to it, you may depend on it; and I have my own notions of the duties of landed proprietors in reference to ecclesiastical matters, founded on reasons that might be strong enough even to influence the opinions of a Bishop predestined of the Anglo-Catholic Church. But in the meantime I am only helping you to understand how our clerical friends in this part of the world are not always on as sweet terms with the lords of the soil as the old fox-hunting English clergyman was with the old English squire; and in doing so, no doubt, have imported into my own soul

somewhat of the violence that distinguished our friend's indignation. And truly it is a sorry sight for a respectable preacher of the gospel, perhaps with twice the intelligence, and certainly with twice the eloquence, of the smooth creature that reads prayers in the chapel, to see before him the laird's seat in the front gallery, looking as blank as the socket of a skull where an eye once was.

B.—Well, well, well! Church matters always tend in Scotland, I see, to mingle drops of bitterness with the social draught. Let me thank you, MacDonald, for the great treat you gave me in sending me up the shores of the loch, quite out of the way of the vulgar troop of tourists, and certainly as characteristically Highland as any loch whose praises were sung by Walter Scott.

MAC.—Yes, and more deserving, unquestionably, of poetic celebration than "Sweet St. Mary's silver loch." Happy water! sunning itself at once in the special favour of the secular Scott and the philosophic Wordsworth.

CH.—I would not compare for a moment Loch Arkaig with the fairy-like charms of Loch Katrine, or the green grandeur of Loch Awe; but you will observe that both these lochs are beautiful only at one end; Loch Arkaig is beautiful all round.

MAC.—So is Loch Tummel; so Loch Auchalty behind Strathpeffer.

CH.—Both Loch Tummel and Loch Arkaig have a rich fringe of wandering wood all along on both sides; and Loch Arkaig specially has its strand varied with occasional stretches of white granitic pebbles, which harmonise well with the general sweetness and gentleness of its expression.

B.—No doubt; but at the same time the peaks that rise up at the west end, and separate it from Loch Morar and Loch Nevis, close the scene with a distinct indication of the sublime. Sweetness and gentleness alone may describe St. Mary's Loch, but no Highland loch of the genuine type.

MAC.—Very æsthetically remarked!

B.—And the solitude added a certain solemnity to the scene. Had it not been for Lochiel's steamer, which was sending forth its smoke from the little bay near the upper end of the loch, I could have imagined myself a thousand miles away from any of the obtrusive, unlovely machinery of our modern civilisation.

CH.—Yes, the solitude did indeed steal into my soul in a wonderful way; a Quaker's meeting could not be more quiet; the occasional plash of the innocent wavelets, like the prayer of a child muttered gently through its sleep. I was just commencing a sonnet on Highland solitude, when—

MAC.—Our Ross-shire black-coat interrupted you, I remember—

B.—With a thundering denunciation of the policy which had rendered your sonnet possible. He said his grandmother had told him, and it was recorded in history, that out of this silent lake-solitude, Lochiel had raised eight hundred men to take rank under the banner of Charlie at Glenfinnan.

MAC.—And now we should not be able to raise eighteen, I fancy, out of the whole sixteen miles on both sides of the loch.

B.—It does not say much for the British Government that, having such a good nursery of soldiers in the country, they took no care to keep them. Stein and Bismarck, if they had been alive then, might have taught them a more far-sighted policy.

MAC.—Don't talk of Government; we have no Government—in your German sense of the word. Government with us merely means the stronger party in the State; and the stronger party at the time when these things were done—in fact, the only party before the Reform Bill of 1832—was the aristocracy; and the aristocracy of Scotland, from causes that I may explain to you by and by, when you replenish your pipe, had for the time fallen

under the evil influence of the commercial principle, which means MONEY, NOT MEN.

B.—Good heavens! what a blunderer John Bull always is! he has no organisation, no prevision. One should think the first care of an empire so widely extended as Queen Victoria's, and so open to attack from various quarters, should be to keep a rich nursery of soldiers.

MAC.—Unquestionably; but the love of money, as St. Paul teaches, is the root of all evil; and so our real peasantry and our possible soldiers were sacrificed for sheep, which in the meantime brought more money.—Did you take a clear account of the green solitude of Glen Dessary?

B.—At the head of the loch? I did.

MAC.—I am glad of it. That Glen Dessary was the scene of one of the earliest and most lamentable of the infamous HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.

B.—Oh! I know something about them. Professor Roscher, at Leipzig, used to enlarge upon them most eloquently in his lectures on the *National-Oeconomik des Ackerbaues*; and I remember well how his lecture ended sarcastically with the words, *Solche Dummheiten begehen die einseitigen Insulaner!*[1] When and by whom was that clearance made?

MAC.—By one of Lochiel's family, I believe, to whom the glen belonged. Principal Campbell Shairp, of St. Andrews, who has a warm heart for the Highlands, and a fine eye for Highland scenery, wrote a poem on the subject. You will find it in the *Celtic Magazine*,[2] a publication to which we owe the preservation of much valuable material which would otherwise have been hopelessly lost.

CH.—Poetry is all very well; and it is very cheap to deal in tears for an expatriated peasantry, and in indigna-

[1] The *Oeconomik des Ackerbaues*, by Professor Roscher, Stuttgart, 1878 (English, New York, 1880), is a complete repertory of all that had been written on the important subject of rural economy and land-laws up to that time.

[2] *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, for November 1876, and following Numbers.

tion against cruel landlords; but I should like to know the plain sober truth. All landlords are not tyrants; and there are not a few parts of the Highlands, from which I should think expatriation would rather look like a blessing. All expatriation is for the present not joyous but grievous, as St. Paul says of affliction generally; but in the end—

B.—The expatriated make money in Canada.

CH.—Or found a new Dunedin in New Zealand.

MAC.—I am sorry I cannot furnish you with any guaranteed historical account of the clearance of Glen Dessary, nor do I think it likely that a complete statement of the case, *pro* and *con*., as the lawyers say, is to be found in any record;[1] but there is one instance of an eviction on a large scale, the facts of which were brought before the public in a court of justice, and, besides, have been largely commented on in published documents, which are perfectly reliable, and may be easily commanded.

B.—What case was that?

MAC.—The case of the famous clearances in the county of Sutherland, which took place early in the present century, under the auspices of the then Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, whose successors now bear the honourable title of Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

B.—Exactly so: Professor Roscher made one of his most brilliant lectures out of the blaze of those poor people's cottages, when the Marquis's agents set their rafters on fire.

MAC.—Well, Kit, if you really wish to get at the bottom of these clearances, not only as a travelling sonnetteer, which, as you say, is a very cheap affair, but as a man of accurate knowledge and cool judgment, I will read you

[1] Since this was written a short *Historical Sketch* of the most important of the *Clearances* has been published by Alexander MacKenzie (Inverness, 1881), a gentleman to whose zealous and learned labours in the conduct of the *Celtic Magazine* all Highlanders and lovers of Scottish history are so largely indebted.

some passages from the published works of both parties to this sad business. Ring the bell, Kit! (*Enter* MARY.) Mary, my dear girl, go up-stairs to Miss Flora, and tell her to look among my books for the octavo volume on the Improvements of the Marquis of Stafford, by Commissioner Loch. She will have no difficulty in finding it. It is the third volume on the third shelf on the right hand, as you go into my little room, that looks out on Ben Vrackie.

[*Exit* MARY, *and in a minute returns with the book.*

CH.—She is really a very fine girl, that.

MAC.—No doubt of it. You are a good girl, Mary. (*Gives her a tap on shoulder. Exit* MARY.) She is indeed a jewel of a girl; as superior to common servants as a nice chronometer is to an ill-made watch. That's the virtue of our cousinship and clanship. You can't get that sort of service on the cash-payment principle. But here's the book; I will read the title—

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE ESTATES

OF THE

Marquess of Stafford,

IN THE COUNTIES OF

STAFFORD AND SALOP,

AND ON THE ESTATE OF

SUTHERLAND.

WITH REMARKS.

BY JAMES LOCH, ESQUIRE.

LONDON: LONGMAN, 1820.

B.—That's business-like.

MAC.—Well, I want you to peruse the whole volume at your leisure; meantime attend to this passage:—

"There was every reason for concluding that the mountainous parts of the estate, and indeed of the county of Sutherland, were as much calculated for the maintenance of stock as they were unfit for the habitation of man; there could be no doubt as to the propriety of converting them into sheep-walks, *provided* the people could be at the same time settled in situations, where, by the exercise of their honest industry, they could obtain a decent livelihood, and add to the general mass of national wealth, and where they should not be exposed to the recurrence of those privations, which so frequently and so terribly afflicted them, when situated among the mountains. It was a matter of important consideration to determine how this was to be accomplished. The local peculiarities of the county presented none of those advantages in disposing of and absorbing the surplus population which the borders of the two kingdoms and the southern and eastern Highlands had enjoyed. Besides, it had made no approximation to the state in which the rest of Scotland was placed when those changes were carried into effect. It had stood still in the midst of that career of improvement which had so remarkably and so splendidly distinguished the rest of the kingdom, and remained separated by its habits, prejudices, and language from all around.

"It had long been known that the coast of Sutherland abounded with many different kinds of fish, not only sufficient for the consumption of the country, but affording also, a supply *to any extent*, for more distant markets or for exportation when cured and salted. Besides the regular and continual supply of white fish with which the shores thus abound, the coast of Sutherland is annually visited by one of those vast shoals of herrings which frequent the coast of Scotland. It seemed as if it had been pointed out

by Nature that the system for this remote district, in order that it might bear its suitable importance in contributing its share to the general stock of the country, was to convert the mountainous districts into sheep-walks, and to remove the inhabitants to the coast or to the valleys near the sea.

"It will be seen that the object to be obtained by this arrangement was twofold: it was, in the first place, to render this mountainous district contributory, as far as it was possible, to the general wealth and industry of the country, and in the manner most suitable to its situation and peculiar circumstances. This was to be effected by making it produce a large supply of wool for the staple manufactory of England, while, at the same time, it should support as numerous and a far more laborious and useful population than it hitherto had done at home; and, in the second place, to convert the inhabitants of those districts to the habits of regular and continued industry, and to enable them to bring to market a very considerable surplus quantity of provisions for the supply of the large towns in the southern parts of the island, or for the purpose of exportation."

CH.—This appears to me to be a very fair, candid, and reasonable statement. You mentioned also, I think, that a criminal prosecution was brought against the factor of the Marquis of Stafford for his share in this business. What was the result of that trial?

MAC.—The accused was acquitted.

CH.—Very well; these two things taken together—the testimony of so respectable a man as Commissioner Loch, and of so impartial a body as a Scottish jury, should, I think, have been sufficient to satisfy the public mind that no harshness had been committed in this case beyond what was unavoidable in the circumstances. A Highlander clings to his cot as a limpet to a rock; and, if the law were to yield in every case to the pertinacity of his purpose and

the tenacity of his hold, the real lord of the soil would become the lessee, and not the proprietor.

MAC.—Kit, you are not a lawyer. I am. Besides, how stands it written?—"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."[1]

CH.—Well, let us hear the other side; who is the spokesman?

MAC.—One of the sufferers, and who was an eye-witness of the sufferings. Ring the bell, Kit.

(*Enter* MARY.)

MAC.—Mary, run up-stairs, and tell Miss Flora to look me out a little volume, in blood-red binding, entitled HIGHLAND CLEARANCES—she will easily find it—it is the fourth volume on the second shelf, on the right hand as you go into my little room. [*Exit* MARY.

B.—What an extraordinary memory you have, Mac-Donald! You would do for a Florentine librarian—a Mezzofanti.

MAC.—I cannot tell how it is; my memory is not equally good for all things, but about books I keep a nice account; besides, when young, my memory was admirably exercised in the genealogy of our clans; the Highlanders generally had excellent memories: they did not trust to paper like your modern men, your slavish readers in the Episcopal pulpit and elsewhere; and so the living function being better exercised became more vigorous.

B.—*Vide Platonis Phædrum circa finem!*

(*Re-enter* MARY.)

MARY.—Here, sir (*gives the book*).

MAC.—You are a good girl, Mary! [*Exit* MARY.

MAC.—I will read the title of one of the pamphlets in this sanguineous volume:—

[1] Proverbs xviii. 17.

THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES
By DONALD M'LEOD.

CELTIC TENURE OF LAND:
By M. DE SISMONDI.

GREENOCK: 1856.

B.—That sounds very Highland.

MAC.—Yes, the title is significant; and the name of Sismondi, you will admit, makes it respectable.

CH.—Highly respectable.

B.—The continental economists are not so given to mammon-worship as the English. They do not fall into the error, to which commercial men are so prone of confounding wealth with wellbeing.

MAC.—And the motto on the title-page from the same Sismondi may be prophetic.

B.—Read.

M.—"*Let the great Lords of Scotland beware! if once they believe that they have no need of the people, the people may in their turn think that they have no need of them.*"

CH.—That sounds very Radical.

MAC.—Very philosophical, in my opinion.

B.—And the man who sounds this note the loudest will, in the end, be found to have been the best friend of the aristocracy.

CH.—But who is Donald M'Leod?

MAC.—He was a mason who exercised his vocation in those parts.

CH.—That is a testimony which will hardly outweigh the witness of Commissioner Loch.

MAC.—Don't be a slave of respectability, Kit! A local mason is as good a witness for what he saw in a Highland glen as an English commissioner newly imported from Staffordshire.

B.—I should imagine rather better.

MAC.—No doubt; I admit he is in a sense a party pleader; but so is Loch a pleader in rose-colour for the Marquis, and the mason a pleader in blood-colour for the people. We shall endeavour to judge between them with perfect impartiality. First, the *corpus delicti*—the facts stated by Macleod,—of course under excited feelings, caused by the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen.[1] Attend. (*Reads.*)

"The houses had been all built, not by the landlord, as in the low country, but by the tenants, or by their ancestors, and, consequently, were their property by right, if not by law. They were timbered chiefly with bog fir, which makes excellent roofing, but is very inflammable: by immemorial usage this species of timber was considered the property of the tenant on whose lands it was found. To the upland timber, for which the laird or the factor had to be asked, the laird might lay some claim; but not so to the other sort, and in every house there was generally a part of both.

"In former removals the tenants had been allowed to carry away this timber to erect houses on their new allotments, but now a more summary mode was adopted by setting fire to the houses! The able-bodied men were by this time away after their cattle, or otherwise engaged at a distance, so that the immediate sufferers by the general house-burning that now commenced were the aged and infirm, and the women and children. As the lands were now in the hands of the factor himself, and were to be occupied as sheep-farms, and as the people made no resistance, they expected at least some indulgence, in the way of permission to occupy their houses and other buildings till they could gradually remove, and meanwhile look after their growing crops. Their consternation was therefore the greater when, immediately after the May term-day,

[1] The evidence adduced by me from Macleod's pamphlet is in no wise intended as an inculpation of any person in particular, as having been engaged in the execution of the Sutherland Clearances.

and about two months after they had received summonses of removal, a commencement was made to pull down and set fire to the houses over their heads! The old people, women, and others then began to try to preserve the timber which they were entitled to consider as their own. But the devastators proceeded with the greatest celerity, demolishing all before them, and when they had overthrown the houses in a large tract of country, they ultimately set fire to the wreck; so that timber, furniture, and every other article that could not be instantly removed, was consumed by fire, or otherwise utterly destroyed.

"These proceedings were carried on with the greatest rapidity as well as with most reckless cruelty. The cries of the victims, the confusion, the despair and horror painted on the countenances of the one party, and the exulting ferocity of the other, beggar all description. Many deaths ensued from alarm, from fatigue, and cold, the people being instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercy of the elements. Some old men took to the woods and precipices, wandering about in a state approaching to, or of absolute insanity, and several of them, in this situation, lived only a few days. Pregnant women were taken with premature labour, and several children did not long survive their sufferings. To these scenes I was an eye-witness, and am ready to substantiate the truth of my statements, not only by my testimony, but by that of many others who were present at the time.

"In such a scene of general devastation it is almost useless to particularise the case of individuals—the suffering was great and universal. I shall, however, just notice a very few of the extreme cases which occur to my recollection, to most of which I was an eye-witness. John M'Kay's wife, Ravigill, in attempting to pull down her house, in the absence of her husband, to preserve the timber, fell through the roof. She was in consequence taken with premature labour, and in that state was exposed to the open air and the view of the bystanders. Donald

Munro, Garvott, lying in a fever, was turned out of his house and exposed to the elements. Donald Macbeath, an infirm and bedridden old man, had the house unroofed over him, and was, in that state, exposed to wind and rain, till death put a period to his sufferings. I was present at the pulling down and burning of the house of William Chisholm, Badinloskin, in which was lying his wife's mother, an old bedridden woman of near 100 years of age, none of the family being present. Fire was immediately set to the house, and the blankets in which she was carried were in flames before she could be got out. She was placed in a little shed, and it was with great difficulty they were prevented from firing it also. The old woman's daughter arrived while the house was on fire, and assisted the neighbours in removing her mother out of the flames and smoke, presenting a picture of horror which I shall never forget, but cannot attempt to describe. She died within five days.

"I could multiply instances to a great extent, but must leave to the reader to conceive the state of the inhabitants during this scene of general devastation, to which few parallels occur in the history of this or any other civilised country. Many a life was lost or shortened, and many a strong constitution ruined; the comfort and social happiness of all destroyed; and their prospects in life, then of the most dismal kind, have, generally speaking, been unhappily realised."

B.—That is really a sad business.

MAC.—So sad that I would give all my Gaelic and all my Highland blood for a reasonable assurance that it was wholly untrue.

CH.—But did not all this come out in the trial?—and the accused, you say, was acquitted.

MAC.—Yes. Some of it came out; but the evidence did not sustain any point in the indictment. The accused was acquitted—honourably acquitted.

CH.—How was that?

MAC.—Well, I can say nothing of that. The person charged with the crime was acquitted, and of course I make no charge against him; but the fact of the Clearances remains, and in my opinion they were a social crime and a blunder, for which the English Land Laws are principally to blame. Hear another extract:—

"I now proceed to describe the 'allotments' on which the expelled and burnt-out inhabitants were allowed to locate during the pleasure of the factors. These allotments were generally situated on the sea-coast, the intention being to force those who could not or would not leave the country, to draw their subsistence from the sea by fishing; and in order to deprive them of any other means, the lots were not only made small (varying from one to three acres), but their nature and situation rendered them unfit for any useful purpose. If the reader will take the trouble to examine the map of Sutherlandshire, by Mr. Loch, he will perceive that the county is bounded on the north by the Northern Ocean, on the south by the county of Ross, on the west by the Minch, on the north-east by Caithness, and on the south-east by the Moray Firth. To the sea-coasts, then, which surround the greatest part of the county, were the whole mass of the inhabitants, to the amount of several thousand families, driven by their unrelenting tyrants, in the manner I have described, to subsist as they could on the sea or the air; for the spots allowed them could not be called land, being composed of narrow stripes, promontories, cliffs, and precipices, rocks, and deep crevices, interspersed with bogs and morasses,—the whole quite useless to the superiors, and evidently never designed by nature for the habitation of man or beast. This was, with a few exceptions, the character of these allotments. The patches of soil, where anything could be grown, were so few and scanty that when any dispute arose about the property of them, the owner could easily carry them away in a creel

on his back and deposit them in another place. In many places, the spots the poor people endeavoured to cultivate were so steep that while one was delving, another had to hold up the soil with his hands, lest it should roll into the sea; and, from its constant tendency to slide downwards, they had frequently to carry it up again every spring and spread it upon the higher parts. These patches were so small that few of them would afford room for more than a few handfuls of seed, and in harvest, if there happened to be any crop, it was in continual danger of being blown into the sea, in that bleak inclement region, where neither tree nor shrub could exist to arrest its progress. In most years, indeed, when any mentionable crop was realised, it was generally destroyed before it could come to maturity, by sea-blasts and mildew. In some places, on the north coast, the sea is forced up through crevices, rising in columns to a prodigious height and scattering its spray upon the adjoining spots of land, to the utter destruction of anything that may be growing on them. These were the circumstances to which this devoted people were reduced, and to which none but a hardy, patient, and moral race, with an ardent attachment to their country, would have quietly submitted; here they, with their cattle, had to remain for the present, expecting the southern dealers to come at the usual time (the months of June and July) to purchase their stocks; but the time came and passed, and no dealers made their appearance; none would venture into the country! The poor animals, in a starving state, were continually running to and fro, and frequently could not be prevented from straying towards their former pasture grounds, especially in the night, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it. When this occurred, they were immediately seized by the shepherds and impounded without food or water till trespass was paid! this was repeated till a great many of the cattle were rendered useless. It was nothing

strange to see the pinfolds, of twenty to thirty yards square, filled to the entrance with horses, cows, sheep, and goats, promiscuously, for nights and days together, in that starving state, trampling on and goring each other. The lamentable neighing, lowing, and bleating of these creatures, and the pitiful looks they cast on their owners when they could recognise them, were distressing to witness; and formed an addition to the mass of suffering then prevailing. But this was not all that beset the poor beasts. In some instances, when they had been trespassing, they were hurried back by the pursuing shepherds or by their owners, and in running near the precipices many of them had their bones broken or dislocated, and a great number fell over the rocks into the sea, and were never seen more. Vast numbers of sheep and many horses and other cattle which escaped their keepers and strayed to a distance to their former pastures, were baited by men and dogs till they were either partially or totally destroyed, or became meat for their hunters. I have myself seen many instances of the kind, where the animals were lying partly consumed by dogs, though still alive, and their eyes picked out by birds of prey. When the cattle were detained by the shepherds in the folds before mentioned, for trespass, to any amount the latter thought proper to exact, those of their owners who had not money—and they were the majority—were obliged to relieve them by depositing the bed and body clothes, watches, rings, pins, brooches, etc.; many of these latter were the relics of dear and valued relatives, now no more, not a few of whom had shed their blood in defence of that country from which their friends were now ignominiously driven, or treated as useless lumber, to be got rid of at any price. The situation of the people, with their families and cattle, driven to these inhospitable coasts, and harassed and oppressed in every possible way, presented a lamentable contrast to their former way of life. While they were grudged those

barren and useless spots—and at high rents too—new tenants were accommodated with leases of as much land as they chose to occupy, and *at reduced rents;* many of them holding farms containing many thousand acres. One farm, held by Messrs. Aitkinson and Marshall, two gentlemen from Northumberland, contained an hundred thousand acres of good pasture-land! Another gentleman held three large farms, one of which was twenty-five miles long, and, in some places, nine or ten miles broad, situated in the barony of Strathnaver. This gentleman was said to have lost annually large quantities of sheep; and others of the new tenants were frequently making complaints of the same kind; all these depredations, as well as every other, were laid to the charge of the *small tenants.* An association was formed for the suppression of sheep-stealing in Sutherlandshire, and large rewards were held out—Lord Stafford himself offering £30 for the conviction of any of the offenders. But though every effort was used to bring the crime home to the natives (one gentleman, whom, for obvious reasons, I will not name, said, in my hearing, he would rather than £1000 get one conviction from among them): yet, I am proud to say, all these endeavours were ineffectual. Not one public conviction could they obtain! In time, however, the saddle came to be laid on the right horse; the shepherds could rob their masters' flocks in safety, while the natives got the blame of all, and they were evidently no way sparing; but at last they were found out; and I have reason to know that several of them were dismissed, and some had their own private stocks confiscated to their masters to make good the damage of their depredations. This was, however, all done privately, so that the odium might still attach to the natives. In concluding this part of the subject I may observe that such of the cattle as strayed on the ministers' grounds fared no better than others; only that, as far as I know, these gentlemen did not follow the practice of the

shepherds in working the horses all day and returning them to the pinfold at night: and I am very happy in being able to give this testimony in favour of these reverend gentlemen.

"I must not omit to mention here an anecdote illustrative of the state of things prevailing at that time. One of the shepherds, on returning home one Sabbath evening, after partaking of the Lord's Supper in the church of Farr, observed a number of the poor people's sheep and goats trespassing on the outskirts of his master's hill-pasturage, and with the assistance of his dogs, which had also been at the kirk, drove them home and impounded them. On Monday morning he took as many of the lambs and kids as he thought proper, and had them killed for the use of his own family. The owners complained to his master, who was a magistrate; but the answer was, that they should keep them off his property, or eat them themselves, and then his servants could not do it for them, or words to that effect. One way or other, by starvation, accidents, and the depredations of the shepherds and their dogs, the people's cattle, to the amount of many hundred head, were utterly lost and destroyed."

B.—This is awful!

MAC.—I am not yet finished.

"People accustomed to witness only the quiet firths and petty heavings of the waves, from the lowland shores, can form little conception of the gigantic workings of the Northern Sea, which, from a comparatively placid state, often rises suddenly without apparent cause into mountainous billows; and, when north winds prevail, its appearance becomes terrific beyond description. To this raging element, however, the poor people were now compelled to look for their subsistence or starve, which was the only other alternative. It is hard to extinguish the love of life; and it was almost as hard to extinguish the love of country in a Highlandman in past times; so that,

though many of the vigorous and enterprising pursued their fortunes in other climes, and in various parts of Scotland and England, yet many remained, and struggled to accommodate themselves to their new and appalling circumstances. The regular fishermen, who had hitherto pursued the finny race in the Northern Sea, were, from the extreme hazard of the trade, extremely few, and nothing could exceed the contempt and derision—mingled sometimes with pity in their rugged breasts—with which they viewed the awkward attempts, and sad disasters of their new landward competitors. Nothing, indeed, could seem more helpless than the attempt to draw subsistence from such a boisterous sea with such means as they possessed, and in the most complete ignorance of all seafaring matters; but the attempt had to be made; and the success was as might be expected in such circumstances; while many—very many—lost their lives, some became in time expert fishermen. Numerous as were the casualties, and of almost daily occurrence, yet the escapes, many of them extraordinary, were happily still more frequent; their disasters, on the whole, arose to a frightful aggregate of human misery. I shall proceed to notice a very few cases to which I was a witness, or which occur to my recollection.

"William M'Kay, a respectable man, shortly after settling in his allotment on the coast, went one day to explore his new possession, and in venturing to examine more nearly the ware growing within the flood-mark was suddenly swept away by a splash of the sea from one of the adjoining creeks, and lost his life before the eyes of his miserable wife, in the last month of her pregnancy, and three helpless children, who were left to deplore his fate. James Campbell, a man also with a family, on attempting to catch a peculiar kind of small fish among the rocks, was carried away by the sea, and never seen afterwards. Bell M'Kay, a married woman, and mother of a family, while

in the act of taking up salt water to make salt of, was carried away in a similar manner, and nothing more seen of her. Robert M'Kay, who, with his family, were suffering extreme want, in endeavouring to procure some sea-fowls' eggs among the rocks, lost his hold, and falling from a prodigious height was dashed to pieces, leaving a wife and five destitute children behind him. John M'Donald, while fishing, was swept off the rocks and never seen more.

"It is not my intention to swell my narrative by reciting the 'moving accidents' that befell individuals and boats' crews in their new and hazardous occupation; suffice it to say they were many and deplorable. Most of the boats were such as the regular fishermen had cast off as unserviceable or unsafe, but which these poor creatures were obliged to purchase and go to sea with, at the hourly peril of their lives; yet they often not only escaped the death to which others became a prey, but were very successful. One instance of this kind, in which I bore a part myself, I will here relate:—Five venturous young men, of whom I was one, having bought an old crazy boat, that had long been laid up as useless, and having procured lines of an inferior description, for haddock fishing, put to sea, without sail, helm, or compass, with three patched oars; only one of the party ever having been on sea before. This apparently insane attempt gathered a crowd of spectators, some in derision cheering us on, and our friends imploring us to come back. However, Neptune being then in one of his placid moods, we boldly ventured on, human life having become reduced in value, and, after a night spent on the sea, in which we freshmen suffered severely from sea-sickness, to the great astonishment of the people on shore, the 'Heather-boat,' as she was called, reached the land in the morning, all hands safe, with a very good take of fishes. In these and similar ways did the young men serve a dangerous and painful apprenticeship to the sea, 'urged on by fearless want,' and in time

became good fishermen, and were thereby enabled in some measure to support their families and those dependent on them; but, owing to peculiar circumstances, their utmost efforts were in a great degree abortive. The coast was, as I have said, extremely boisterous and destructive to their boats, tackle, etc. They had no harbours where they could land and secure their boats in safety, and little or no capital to procure sound boats, or to replace those which were lost. In one year, on the coast between Portskerra and Rabbit Island (about 30 miles), upwards of one hundred boats had been either totally destroyed or materially injured, so as to render them unserviceable; and many of their crews had met a watery grave. It is lamentable to think, that while £210,000 were expended on the so-called improvements, besides £500 subscribed by the proprietors for making a harbour, the most needful of all, not a shilling of the vast sum was ever expended for behoof of the small tenantry, nor the least pains taken to mitigate their lot! Roads, bridges, inns, and manses, to be sure, were provided for the accommodation of the new gentlemen tenantry and clergy; but those who spoke the Gaelic tongue were a proscribed race, and everything was done to get rid of them, by driving them into the forlorn hope of deriving subsistence from the sea, while squatting on their miserable allotments, where, in their wretched hovels, they lingered out an almost hopeless existence, and where none but such hardy 'sons of the mountains and the flood' could have existed at all. Add to this, though at some seasons they procured abundance of fish, they had no market for the surplus; the few shepherds were soon supplied, and they had no means of conveying them to distant towns; so that very little money could be realised to pay rent, or procure other necessaries, fishing tackle, etc.; and when the finny race thought proper to desert their shores (as, in their caprice, they often do), their misery was complete! Besides those

located on the sea-shore, there was a portion of the people sent to the moors, and these were no better off. Here they could neither get fish nor fowl, and the scraps of land given them were good for nothing—white or reddish gravel, covered with a thin layer of moss, and for this they were to pay rent, and raise food from it to maintain their families! By immense labour they did improve some spots in these moors, and raise a little very inferior produce; but not unfrequently, after all their toil, if they displeased the factors or the shepherds in the least, even by a word, or failed in paying the rent, they were unceremoniously turned out; hence their state of bondage may be understood,—they durst not even complain!"

B.—If all this is true, the power of a factor, under one of your gigantic landowners in Scotland, and wielding laws, made for the most part by landlords in their own favour, and manipulated by lawyers and judges, who were themselves mostly landowners, must have been tremendous; not a whit less galling than the domination of the police in Prussia, under the government of the old unqualified bureaucracy.

MAC.—Tremendous indeed. Even now the factor of an absentee landlord, or of a resident landlord, who may be feeble, or careless, or asleep, is the most absolute of despots. In many matters of vital importance to the poor peasant there is neither law nor public opinion to lay a check on his high-handedness. I give one extract more, which will bring this state of matters vividly before you:—

"In the year 1827 I was summoned for £5, 8s., which I had previously paid (in this case the factor was both pursuer and judge!). I defended, and produced receipts, and other vouchers of payment having been made; all went for nothing! The factor, pursuer and judge, commenced the following dialogue:—

"JUDGE.—Well, Donald, do you owe this money?

"DONALD.—I would like to see the pursuer before I would enter into any defence.

"JUDGE.—I'll pursue you.

"DONALD.—I thought you were my judge, sir.

"JUDGE.—I'll both pursue and judge you. Did you not promise me on a former occasion that you would pay this debt?

"DONALD.—No, sir.

"JUDGE.—John MacKay (constable), seize the defender.

"I was accordingly collared like a criminal, and kept a prisoner in an adjoining room for some hours, and afterwards placed again at the bar, when the conversation continued.

"JUDGE.—Well, Donald, what have you got to say now? Will you pay the money?

"DONALD.—Just the same, sir, as before you imprisoned me; I deny the debt.

"JUDGE.—Well, Donald, you are one of the damn'dest rascals in existence; but, if you have the sum pursued for between heaven and hell, I'll make you pay it, *whatever receipts you may hold*, and I'll get you removed from the estate.

"DONALD.—Mind, sir, you are in a magisterial capacity.

"JUDGE.—I'll let you know that—(with another volley of execrations).

"DONALD.—Sir, your conduct disqualifies you for your office; and, under the protection of the law of the land, and in presence of this Court, I put you to defiance.

"I was then ordered from the bar, and the case continued undecided. Steps were, however, immediately taken to put the latter threat—my removal—my banishment!—into execution."

B.—Good heavens! And this is British liberty in the year 1827! Our Teutonic Michel must learn to admire the glorious British Constitution less from a moral point of view.

MAC.—Very wise! There are rats sometimes in the biggest palaces as well as in the lowest hovels.

CH.—Well, Mac, I am sure we are both very much obliged to you for the light you have thrown on both sides in this matter, which has always been very mysterious to me. You must now crown your deservings by summing up, and passing sentence.

MAC.—Of course: but first ring the bell. (*Enter* MARY.) Mary, bring up a bottle of that Marsala which I brought with me last spring from Sicily. (*Re-enter* MARY *with a bottle.*) All right, Mary, you are a good girl. (*Exit* MARY.) Now fill your glasses, gentlemen, and I will deliver my verdict. *Εὐφημεῖτε ὦ παῖδες.*

I. I hold it to be quite certain, as a consequence of the altered relation of the Highlands to the Government, occasioned by the rebellion of '45, and the gradual opening up of "the rough boundaries" to Lowland influences thereupon following, that some very considerable changes would require to take place in the management of Highland properties.

II. Among these changes, I consider it proven that the introduction of sheep-farming was one of the most obvious, and has proved one of the most beneficial.

III. I lay it down as an axiom of social science, that all changes affecting the welfare and comfort of large classes of men ought to be made not hastily, and in the way of a sharp revolution, but gradually, moderately, and with great tenderness: and this especially when the sufferers by any such social changes are not to be the few rich and prosperous, but the many poor and industrious of the land.

IV. As a deduction from this axiom, it is plain that the introduction of sheep-farming in the wholesale manner practised by the managers of the Sutherland estates at the commencement of the present century was harsh, cruel, and tyrannical, and in the circumstances altogether unjustifiable.

V. I hold it proven, that by the use and wont of clan law, and the practice of their recognised chiefs, the Highland peasantry had a right to expect, that, unless convicted of gross misconduct, they were not to be ejected from their holdings: certainly not in favour of strangers, who had no interest in the country, but to extrude the native population, and make money by the wholesale substitution of sheep for men.

VI. I hold it not proven, that for the introduction of sheep-farming into the Sutherland estates, it was necessary to hand over whole glens to the tender mercies of Lowland adventurers, and men of business eager to make money: and that it would have been more politic and more wise, not to say more human, to have gradually enlarged the holdings, as the holders might die out, or, at all events, to have attached to each new sheep-farm of more moderate dimensions, a certain number of small crofts for the supply of labour, or finally to have kept the peasantry on the property by the introduction of club-farms,[1] or otherwise, according to circumstances; not proven also that sheep-farming cannot be carried on beneficially in conjunction with other forms of rural economy; but generally rather proven, that eagerness to make money, combined with a fashionable *doctrinaire* mania for large farms, and a natural desire in the factors to get clear returns with as little trouble as possible, was the real cause of the atrocious proceedings commonly known as the Sutherland Clearances.

VII. I hold it proven that in Sutherland, as in other parts of the Highlands, there existed a large population,

[1] See an interesting account of the prosperity of a club-farm, from Smith's *Agricultural Survey of Argyllshire*, in Dr. Garnett's *Tour in the Highlands*, London, 1811,—ten years before Commissioner Loch, in the volume above quoted, was deluding himself and the British public with the imagination that sheep-farming could succeed in the Highlands only by introducing a host of Lowland settlers, and driving the native possessors of the soil wholesale to the barren rocks on the shore, to save themselves from starvation by feeding on whelks and mussels.

beyond what the district could profitably support, who dragged on their tenure from father to son without any capacity of progress; but, as this population had been allowed to grow up under the eye and even with the encouragement of the proprietor and the Government, it was not the people who ought to have been made to suffer from the neglect and the misconduct of their natural heads; and this state of the case furnished an additional reason why any changes that took place should have been made with peculiar tenderness and delicacy.

VIII. I hold it proven that the government of large Highland estates by absentee landlords, English Commissioners, and Lowland factors, utterly ignorant of the language, the feelings, and the consuetudinary rights of the people from whom they draw their rents, is the form of economical administration naturally the best calculated to produce those harsh, inhuman, and impolitic agrarian changes commonly called the Sutherland Clearances.

—Are you satisfied?

B.—I am; so far, at least, as one may be, who has not, like you, carefully read all the documents. I must say, however, that my own convictions on the general question are so strongly on your side, arising partly from my practical knowledge of the conditions of rural economy in Westphalia and other parts of my fatherland, partly from the recollections I have of the admirable prelections on this subject delivered by Professor Roscher in Leipzig, that no evidence, that I am likely to get from the detailed consideration of the documents from which you have quoted so copiously, would have any power to rebut the moral and political presumptions, which from the beginning have led me to condemn the whole ugly process by which your selfish, anti-social, or ignorant and short-sighted oligarchs have turned the green glens of Alba, smoking with rows of bonnie white cottages, into banks of investment for Dumfriesshire farmers, and braes of browsing ground for wild

'beasts. My German opinion on this big British blunder is expressed in one short classical sentence—

"LATIFUNDIA PERDIDERE CALEDONIAM!"

MAC.—Well, gentlemen, *πύκασον τὰ ποτήρια*, as we used to say at Balliol—trim your glasses! Now, drink to my sentiment: If there be any person who maintains that money, rather than men, constitutes the wealth of a healthy and well-ordered State, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If there be any person who maintains that it is better to make one big Lowland farmer rich, than a hundred Highlanders happy and prosperous in a Highland glen, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man maintain that landlords have no duties but to gather rents, and that they may, without sin before God, and without injury to society, neglect the condition and the distribution of the people, from whom they draw their rents, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man say that cash payment is and ought to be the only bond of cement between the different classes of society, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any one maintain that it is better for the land of a country to be held by a few large proprietors, than to be distributed into many properties, of various sizes and qualities, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man maintain that a lord of the soil is justified in extruding an old and faithful tenantry, and making a deer forest of their cultivable lots, merely because he can make more money by it, or indulge himself in a wild pleasure, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man maintain that the distinctive glory, of a landed proprietor in Scotland consists in the number of grouse which he can shoot, the number of deer which he can stalk, and the number of salmon which he can hook during the season, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man maintain that Scotland is only a northern province of England, and the sooner all local distinctions between the two peoples are merged in the universal dominance of purely English manners, customs, and institutions, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—If any man maintain that the Highlands of Scotland are fit for nothing but being hired out as hunting ground to the English aristocracy and plutocracy, let him be anathema-maranatha!

B.—AMEN!

MAC.—And now, gentlemen, drain your glasses! (*They drink, accompanying the draught with extemporised verses, to the tune of the well-known Burschen song, "Gaudeamus igitur."*

B.— *Vivat Caledonia!*
Vivant bonæ gentes!
Vivant non braccata crura,
Nervi fortes, ossa dura,
Et acutæ mentes!

MAC.— *Vivant et monticolæ,*
In vallibus securi!
Vivant domini benigni,
Villicorum haud indigni,
Cordibus non duri!

B.— *Pereat Diabolus!*
Pereant osores!
Qui extrudunt omnes bonos
Fide probatos colonos,
Pravi possessores!

MAC.—AMEN!
B.—AMEN!
MAC.—Christopher is dumb.
CH.—I am confounded.
MAC.—Let us join the ladies!

(*Exeunt.*)[1]

[1] The limits within which this little book is necessarily confined have made it impossible for me to do more than give a distinct prominence to one or two of the most important documents which belong to the subject of Highland depopulation. But it would be unpardonable to omit special mention of the able papers on *Sutherland as it was and is*, by HUGH MILLER, in his *Leading Articles*. Edinburgh, Nimmo, 1870. As a man of the people and a native of the North Highlands, Miller had means of appreciating the amount of evil done by this inhuman and impolitic extinction of a noble peasantry which could not possibly come within the vision of absentee English Lords, English-bred Commissioners, manipulators of bloodless figures in Blue-books, and *doctrinaire* theorists, who confound the wealth of a few individuals with the general wellbeing of the community. Compare his account of the Island of Rum in the *Cruise of the Betsey* (Black, Edinburgh, 1861), p. 135. Also the *Essays, Historical and Critical*, of the same writer (Black, Edinburgh, 1862), pp. 149 and 210; and the paper entitled, "A Highland Clearing," p. 136 of the volume first quoted. I feel bound also not to omit the special testimony of an intelligent English traveller who saw the same selfish policy commencing in the South, before it was launched forth with such rampant recklessness in the North. "A humour fatal to the commonwealth," says Pennant, "prevails over many parts of the North of England, of flinging numbers of small tenements into a large one, in order to save the expense of building, or, perhaps, to avoid the multiplicity of receipts, laying a whole country into a sheep-walk. These wholesale innovators devour poor men's houses, and expel the ancient inhabitants from their firesides, to seek their bread in a strange land. The inhabitants of districts subject to this treatment are dispersed, forced to exchange the wholesome, vigorous, innocent lives of rural economists for the sickly, short-lived employ of manufacturers in the great towns, where disease and often corrupted morals cause double the consumption of people that would happen, were they permitted to enjoy their ancient seats."—*Tour in Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 251.

DIALOGUE VI.

SCENE.—*The inn at Gairloch.*
PERSONS.—*MacDonald—Church—Bücherblume.*

MAC.—Well, it was an odd fancy that brought my German friend and Church a second time to this remote corner of the Highlands within six weeks; but Hermann would not be satisfied, without fixing his eyes bodily on those *bizarre* Bens up in Assynt, and Church is all nose at present for Presbyterian Calvinism, as it asserts itself somewhat grimly north of Inverness. I have had my profit too out of their whim; for otherwise I should have failed to have surprised in its cradle the deer-stalking Hercules coming to light there near Ullapool, where a colony of independent crofters has, after the usual fashion of our commercial land-improvers, been metamorphosed into a lodgment of gillies, gamekeepers, and dependent menials. But there they are, coming up the brae quite slowly and gravely, as beseems worshippers on the Sabbath-day in the Highlands. (*Enter* CHURCH *and* BÜCHERBLUME.) You have been at church, I presume?

CH.—Yes.

MAC.—Both of you?

B.—Yes.

MAC.—I am glad to hear it. The Germans are no great church-goers. I don't remember ever to have seen a well-filled church in Germany.

B.—I cannot altogether contradict you there. In

Germany only pious people go to church, and these not regularly—in Scotland everybody. In Germany church-going is a devout exercise: in Scotland a social habit. In the Highlands here they stream to the church like a shoal of herrings in a salt-water loch—the whole flood ripples with them. I never saw such a sight in my life.

MAC.—A very pleasant sight, you will allow.

B.—Certainly; religion is the philosophy of the people; I would go to church myself more frequently, if the preachers could give me the spiritual nourishment which I require. But I see no reason why I should sit down to a banquet, where the dish placed before me provokes my bile and promotes indigestion.

MAC.—Then why did you go to church to-day? I can't imagine our high Calvinistic theology here in Ross-shire could be particularly agreeable to your Teutonic palate. It would require a great deal of Hegelian logic to juggle our Shorter Catechism into a shape that would make a good spiritual dinner for men who believe in Goethe, and the Gospel according to Wilhelm Meister.

B.—I did not go to church to-day as a worshipper, so much as an observer. *Der Reisende soll alles mitmachen.* When I am in Scotland, I must endeavour, as much as possible, to see with Scotch eyes, and feel with a Scotch heart.

MAC.—Only thinking always, of course, with a German head. But what say you, Church, to this?

CH.—I went to church to worship.

MAC.—Without a liturgy?

CH.—Don't be chaffing. A liturgy is good; but thinking man was not born to be the slave of printed paper.

MAC.—What church did you attend—the Established or the Free?

CH.—The Established; I always do, especially as in Scotland it requires the use of quite peculiar idiopathic microscopes to discern the difference between the two Churches.

The itch of splitting the Catholic Church into ever-new sects seems to be an inherited disease, from which the Scottish constitution cannot shake itself free. St. Paul certainly, as we see from his first Epistle to the Corinthians, would have emphatically denounced this lust of sect-making, which seems to consist more in a blind worship of doctors than in an intelligent appreciation of doctrine.

MAC.—The difference, my good friend, is more political than religious, and as such by no means unimportant. An Established Church in its nature is always and everywhere conservative; Dissent liberal, or rather democratic. The Established Church is built, so to speak, into the wall of the social edifice; the Dissenting Churches grow out of the notions and the feelings of individuals.

CH.—Say also the whims, the fancies, the caprices, and the crotchets.

MAC.—So be it; but how did you fare in the State church? You had a very large congregation?

CH.—Quite the contrary. I never was so astonished in my life. Such an empty church, and such a thin sprinkling of a congregation I never saw before.

MAC.—Not even in an English cathedral?

CH.—Yes, on the week-days; but this was Sunday. The church is visible enough, standing on a rising ground, and with a belfry at the east, with a bell and a rope attached to it. Of course this must be a church; but, had it not been for the belfry, I should have mistaken it for an old barn, not only from the grey vulgarity of its architecture—which is common enough in Scotland—but from the circumstance that no human beings appeared lingering about its precincts, as is commonly found in country churches half an hour before the service begins. I took a stroll for ten minutes, hoping to see the people creeping out of their huts. The bell sounded; but no people. I went up to the door, and entered and looked round. At first I saw

nobody, and thought there actually was nobody; but by-and-by, in some remote seats below the gallery, and in the back row of the gallery, my eye at last caught a few stray, grey, weather-beaten, hard Scotch faces, to the amount of seven, which, with myself and the minister, who shortly afterwards appeared with the bell-man at his back, made altogether a congregation of nine, as sparse as leaves on a gooseberry bush, on which caterpillars have been banqueting.

B.—Or oysters in oyster soup made by an economical housewife!

MAC.—"*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

CH.—This was the congregation for the Gaelic. In the afternoon, the minister's wife with her family and maid attendants—who seemed all to be Low-country people—came into the minister's seat, for the English service, making the whole congregation sixteen; for the seven Galicians remained through the English service.

B.—No doubt because they thought the double dose was necessary for their salvation.

MAC.—Not at all. If they remain—which they sometimes do—for the English service, it is from a laudable desire to train their ears to the sound of the English language, which they are all taught in the school.

B.—If they understand English, why should Gaelic be preached at all?

MAC.—Just for the same reason, that, if you were in love with one of your fair countrywomen, you would not write to her in English, but in German. German is the language of the German heart, and Gaelic is the language of the Highland heart. A genuine Highlander is apt to feel towards English, as your Oxonian does to Latin; however well he knows it, it is not his mother tongue. A man may learn many languages, but he can have only one mother tongue. You attended both services, then, I perceive?

CH.—Yes.

MAC.—Did you understand anything of the Gaelic?

CH.—Not a word.

MAC.—Did any word particularly strike your ear?

CH.—Yes; one word repeated a score of times in the hour. *Agus.* What does it mean?

MAC.—*And!*

B.—In Latin, *ac;* in German, *auch.*

MAC.—And in Scottish law, *eke;* the root, no doubt, to be found in the Latin *augeo.* But how did you like the manner?

CH.—Hard to say. It was certainly very different from ours.

B.—I am glad to hear you say so. You could scarcely pay a higher compliment to the eloquence of the Gaelic pulpit than by saying it is altogether unlike the English.

CH.—How so?

B.—Do you not know? Can you pretend to deny that you Englishmen practise a systematic tameness in your pulpits, which is the very reverse of your tone and manner on every other platform? You are an energetic people; men of action pre-eminently. You have many faults; but of these feebleness is certainly not one. You are not feeble on the hustings, nor on the floor of St. Stephen's, nor after-dinner *inter pocula;* but in the pulpit you are feeble. I mean, of course, the clergy of the Episcopal Church. Among Dissenters, men like Spurgeon and Parker are found, who are not afraid to open their mouths and to use their arms. But your regular Anglican Churchman becomes palsied, the moment he puts on the surplice.

MAC.—Bravo, Bücherblume, have at them! I told them so a hundred times at Christ Church, but they would never listen to me. The τὸ πρέπον was the only virtue which they would recognise in rhetoric. Demosthenes was set by the masters of philologic drill in the colleges; but the δεινότης, which gave him a name above every

name in the roll of Attic orators was proscribed. I never heard an Oxford pulpit orator to whom the epithet δεινός could with any propriety be applied.

CH.—I have often felt that the University atmosphere is unfavourable to eloquence.

MAC.—So much the worse for Universities. Plato and Aristotle certainly did not teach philosophy, in order that their disciples might learn to be dumb. Propriety, the τὸ πρέπον—certainly has its rights in all places, specially in courts, in parlours, and in drawing-rooms; but in the pulpit, becoming canonical, it is the mother of tameness; and tameness is the death of eloquence.

CH.—Really I scarcely know what to say. Unquestionably in pulpit eloquence we seem to have taken Isocrates for our model, not Demosthenes.

MAC.—Rather say you took no model at all, but, neglecting the noble art of living speech, and popular address altogether, became dry and grey, over the old parchments, which you construe so curiously. You know what I used to say, Kit, coming out of St. Mary's, of a Sunday, after some of your extremely proper young preachers had measured out his proportion of well-balanced sentences in the recognised cold and tame fashion of academical orthodoxy: I said in my wrath that the English Universities seemed to me magnificent institutions in which Episcopacy, Greek, Aristocracy, and Plutocracy had succeeded in forming a grand conspiracy to smother nature and to banish eloquence.

CH.—Oh yes, often enough in that vein: and we always said that, as your people had with such a just instinct chosen the thistle as their badge from the vegetable world, so from the animal kingdom they should have chosen the bear, rather than the lion, to parade upon their scutcheon.

MAC.—Well, suppose it be a bear; a bear with teeth, or even a little Skye terrier that can both bark and bite, is

better than a toothless lion, or an eagle without claws. I do not claim cultivated eloquence for our preachers; but I denounce studied tameness in yours. Though you did not understand one word of the Gaelic sermon, yet you felt the preacher was in earnest; if there was no light for you, there was heat; and, as it is heat that melts hard iron in the furnace, so it is only a fervid discourse that can soften a hard heart. Did you ever hear of MacDonald of Ferintosh, the great Apostle of the North?

CH.—No.

MAC.—*Is dall duine ann an cùil fir eile*, as the Gaelic proverb has it—a man is blind in another man's corner; and of Scotland, for the most part, you Oxford men care to know nothing but that it is a good place for spending the long vacation in, with trout-fishing, and grouse-shooting, and a chance of drinking champagne with my Lord this, or his Grace that, amid a chorus of brawny-legged bagpipers on occasion.

CH.—You are in a most ferocious humour to-day, Mac. If you had gone to church with us decently, you might have learned a little more Christian charity, and a little more gracious utterance, when talking of your Alma Mater. But let us hear of your Apostle of the North. I think I have heard of Ferintosh whisky, but not of Ferintosh gospel.

MAC.—The one is no less famous than the other.

B.—Where is Ferintosh?

MAC.—It is a district in the parish of Urquhart, a little to the east of Dingwall.

B.—My reason for asking was, that in the lectures on English history, delivered by Professor Pauli in Göttingen, the lecturer directed our attention to a curious privilege conferred by King William's Government on Forbes of Culloden, for the good services he had done in behalf of the civil and religious liberties of his country. The privilege, I think, was that the excise duties charged on the

extensive distilleries of the district of Ferintosh, of which he was lord, should go into his private pocket instead of into the fiscal box.

MAC.—Exactly so: in terms of the Act of Parliament 1690. You see, Church, what wonderful fellows these Germans are. They know everything. The most curiously informed tutorial drill-sergeant within your hoary-crusted walls, for the historical tripos, though they sometimes wind themselves into strange corners, would not be found setting a question about the Ferintosh privilege. But we were talking of a different sort of privilege,—the privilege which the parish of Urquhart so long enjoyed of possessing that noble apostolic man for its bishop.

CH.—Bishop?

MAC.—Yes; but, of course, not in your English sense of the word, but in the Scriptural sense—ἐπίσκοπος, *overseer, superintendent, inspector, director*—anything you please. In this original and only true Christian sense, black John of Ferintosh, for so he was familiarly called, was both bishop of Urquhart and apostle of the Highlands. We were talking about fervour in preaching; and, in contrast with the tame and lame style of cold propriety, the ideal of your English pulpit discourse, there came into my mind a well-known and authentic anecdote and visible witness of MacDonald's fervour, which I will now tell you. The Established minister at Dornoch was one of the class of unimpassioned and unimaginative clergymen, in Scotland known under the name of "Moderates." The great reputation of the minister of Ferintosh had naturally excited a desire in the minds of the good people of Dornoch to hear an address from so eloquent an evangelist; but to this desire the cold formalist of Dornoch cathedral would in nowise accede; "the wild man of Ferintosh should not set fire to the heather which his sheep cropped." But the sheep were not so passive as their shepherd imagined. They were more afraid of the Dornoch east wind than of

the Ferintosh fire. So Black John went and erected his pulpit on the Creich side of the boundary line between the parish of Dornoch and the adjoining parish of Creich, while the congregation took their seats on the green grass on the Dornoch side. The wretched attempt made by the cold pedant to gag the mouth of his fellow-servant when delivering his Master's message to the people of Dornoch served only to add fuel to the flame of his eloquence; and so faithfully did every limb of his muscular body—for he was a strong-built Doric man—answer to the emphasis of his soul, that, when he left the pulpit, which had no floor but the green grass, the spot where he stood was so beaten down by the action of his feet into a sort of pit, that the form of it could many years afterwards be pointed out to visitors.[1]

B.—Like the Ross-trappe in the Harz!

MAC.—Yes, with the important exception that the Ross-trappe is a fiction, the print of Black John's foot a fact.

CH.—That sounds very emphatic and very dramatic, no doubt; but really I could no more imagine Pericles or St. Paul stamping his eloquence into the mud in that style, than I could imagine Jupiter shaking himself out of his throne when he launches a thunderbolt. Such preternatural vehemence in the pulpit, as elsewhere, is the sign of weakness rather than of strength. True fervour of speech, as of action, is always the outside of a great inward store of calmness. The prayers of your Gaelic minister whom I heard to-day, came on my ear like the fitful sobs and sighs of a wind imprisoned in the crannies of some sea-hollowed rock, while the intonation of the sermon was like a sequence of low moans and shrill blasts, such as are wont to accompany the fall of the leaf in the latter days of September. Stretching of arms, and clapping of palms,

[1] *The Apostle of the North*, by Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall (London: Nelson, 1866), p. 97.

and sawing the air in all directions, with occasional scratching of the temples to assist in the delivering of a struggling thought, no doubt there was, in notable fashion; but what good purpose can be served by all that portentous display of lungs and legs and arms, if the apostle, as generally happens with your extempore preachers, delivers his thought without any serious preparation, and keeps blasting on through his whole life, buffeting the ears of his crude hearers with a few pet phrases of the popular theology, such as election, sovereignty, salvation by faith, assurance of faith, and so forth?

MAC.—Stop! You are altogether on the wrong scent. Black John of Ferintosh was not an *extempore* preacher; he prepared his sermons as carefully as Dr. Chalmers, or Dr. Guthrie, or any of our great pulpit orators. Preaching without paper is one thing, and the right thing; preaching without preparation is another thing, and an altogether wrong thing. You Englishmen—and give me leave to say that in most matters that affect Scotland you are almost the most ignorant class of people that I meet with—believe, or affect to believe, that, while you carefully prepare your sermons in the fashion that such a serious business demands, our popular preachers pour out floods of ill-fermented matter, with which they overwhelm rather than nourish the souls of their hearers. Even in cases where, on a sudden call, an old and well-exercised evangelist may have delivered a pulpit discourse, without any leisure for formal preparation, it would be wrong to confound the sudden burst of the blossom with the slow growth which preceded the burst. I have no doubt our great Celtic apostle, who during the last thirty-six years of his life preached some 10,000 sermons, delivered an altogether extempore discourse on urgent occasions; and I have as little doubt also that these extemporised addresses were among his best. But he could extemporise well on exceptional occasions, just because his regular practice was serious pre-

paration. His sermons were not soap-bubbles; they were solid masonry and carpentry well compacted. On one occasion, when Black John, in the course of his frequent preaching excursions amongst the glens, was entertained by one of those pious ladies who are always ready to minister to the mighty men of the pulpit, shortly after dinner he requested leave to retire to his chamber, to prepare his sermon for next morning. The fair hostess, disappointed at the curtailment of the edifying converse which she was enjoying with her illustrious guest, exclaimed, "Tut! sit a little longer, you can shake a sermon out of your sleeve any time you please." "True, my lady," said the evangelist, with that ready wit which never failed him, "*true, when I have it in my sleeve; but before I can shake it* OUT, *I must shake it* IN!" So much for the alleged want of preparation. As to what you said about Pericles and Jupiter and the connection of strength with calmness, I am willing to admit it; but every simile limps; and neither in eloquence nor in anything else will Nature be tied down to a type. St. Paul could be as cool as Pericles, when he pleased; but, when he pleased also on fitting occasions, he could blow like tempest, and glow like furnace. Anyhow, tameness cannot be the style, nor propriety the law, of any sort of effective address. In your English pulpit, by systematically cramping Nature and damping fervour, you have murdered eloquence. That is clear.

B.—*Bravo! Ich stimme überein.*

MAC.—Dignity is a fine word; but, as the so-called dignity of history, which Carlyle put an end to, made the annals of great nations stupid, so the dignity of the pulpit, as it has been interpreted in England, makes preaching ineffective. It was by fire and fervour, believe me, mainly, though not without its own dignity, that the Apostle of the North, with a single sermon in Glenlyon, converted fifty persons from a state of spiritual lethargy to a sacred concern for their moral culture. At these sermons

conscience-struck sinners used to cry out with anguish, and sensitive souls were melted into tears. That was a feat a little beyond the craft of the best bishop that ever sat on the Episcopal bench.

CH.—Well, I must admit that our pulpit tameness is a fault which, in my own practice, I must endeavour to amend, so far as my English training and our tyrannical Anglican conventions may allow. We come out of our Universities with an artificial repression of passion, and a respect for outward observances which, as you observe, are not favourable to eloquence. But, if our Saxon blood is not so hot as your Celtic, our bones are perhaps as big, and our flesh as firm.—Dropping the manner, I should like to hear what you have to say about the matter of your Celtic sermons. Do you altogether approve of that?

B.—That is exactly what I also wish to understand. But tell me first how it happened that, while the place of worship your friend frequented was so scantily peopled, the temple where I worshipped was as alive with pious people as an ant-hill with ants. Do all the Highlanders belong to the Free Church?

MAC.—In the most characteristically Highland parishes, that is, in those furthest removed from Saxonising influences, in Sutherland, Ross-shire, and Inverness, the great majority—nineteen-twentieths—generally do; in towns such as Oban, Inverness, and Stornoway, where mixed influences operate, the minority shows more strong; something also depends on the character of the minister; if he was a zealous and pious man, of good talents and popular manners, and chose to remain in the Establishment, as the Macleods did at Morvern, the people might remain with him; but, as a rule, the Highlanders of the genuine Celtic stamp are Free Churchmen.

B.—Then am I to understand that the great mass of the Highland clergy left the Established Church at the Disruption, and the people followed?

MAC.—Certainly.

B.—But how came it to pass that the Highland clergy presented a more unanimous front in favour of disruption than their Presbyterian brethren of the Low country?

MAC.—That is not difficult to explain. In a remote district like the Highlands, not directly open to the movements of the time, all inherited feelings and traditional ideas have an immense power. The inherited sentiment of monarchy enlisted the Highlanders in favour of the Stewarts; the traditional doctrine of Church independence, the backbone of Presbyterianism, disposed them to revolt *en masse* against secular patronage.

B.—In the former case representing a monarchical, in the other a democratic principle?

MAC.—Yes; but in both cases conservative of the oldest tradition. Whatsoever of democratic character asserted itself in the Highlands could assert itself only in the Church. In secular matters the laird and the factor were omnipotent.

B.—Am I to understand, then, that while, as a Highlander, you, in your sober judgment, disown what I think I have heard you call the brilliant blunder of the '45, you consider the great secession from the Established Church in 1843 a step in the right direction?

MAC.—That requires explanation. The rebellion of '45 was cradled in sentiment, bred in ignorance, and ended in ruin. The Highlanders, trained in habits of loyal obedience to their chiefs, who generally exercised their power with moderation and kindness, were utterly ignorant of the abuse of that power practised by Continental Sovereigns with success, and ambitiously imitated by the Stewarts in this country,—an abuse which consisted in the uprooting of all those popular rights, in the enjoyment of which Britons had been bred. In these circumstances the rebellion of 1745 was an act which had no part either in the present or in the future of the British nation at that

period. Not so the Disruption, which arose merely out of a consistent assertion of what had always been a vital principle of the National Church—a principle, at the same time, in perfect harmony with the present conditions and the living expectancy of the people of Scotland. The men who protested against lay patronage in 1843 acted with all the force that a noble memory of the past, a firm grasp of the present, and a hopeful prophecy of the future could inspire. Hence its success as a social movement; to which, when we add the moral dignity implied in the renunciation of the secular honour and social position of an Establishment, we shall not hesitate to blazon the names of the leaders of that movement in the roll of those who from Bruce, and Knox, and Renwick downwards, have made little Scotland great as one of the battle-fields of civil and ecclesiastical liberty in Europe.

B.—I agree; but was there not a large leaven of sacerdotal pride, fretful impatience, and clerical self-importance mixed up with the dash of heroism which you recognise so liberally in the Disruption?

MAC.—Be it so; mixed motives in human conduct generally are the rule; but, when clerical independence, or what you call sacerdotal pride—for we have no *priests*, properly so called, in Scotland—asserts itself in the maintenance of popular rights, and the defiance of oligarchic insolence, I pass it over as a human accident.

B.—Are you then prepared to go along with those who wish to put the capital on the pillar of Free-Churchism, by pulling down the Established Church in Scotland?

MAC.—That is an entirely different question. In theory an Establishment implies the negation of all dissent; and the moment that any considerable body of dissent is strong enough to assert itself, the Establishment has lost part of that representative character which entitled it to be called the National Church. Practically, however, an Establishment is entitled to exist, so long as it works well;

and it works always well, when, as in Scotland since the Disruption, it is limited by a strong dissent. An Establishment is dangerous, only when it is so strong as to lord it insolently over a feeble element of dissent, and so rich as to present wide openings for the intrusion of hirelings. The Establishment in Scotland, since the Disruption, is neither too strong, so as to be able to oppress, nor too rich, so as to act as a bribe for worldlings. Therefore, as a practical man, I say let it stand. Nature loves variety; and however much to an Episcopal eye the Free Church and the Establishment may appear identical, there is a certain difference in the tone, not easily defined, but which those living in the country can readily appreciate. The two Churches have nothing now to do, as evangelical bodies, in my opinion, but to go on, as the best men amongst them are doing, provoking one another to love and to good works.

B.—So said St. Paul; and so says the impartial spectator, that is, my German self. But the majority of your Free-Kirkmen are of a different opinion, I imagine.

MAC.—I cannot say: it is a political rather than a religious motive that impels many persons to declare in favour of the Voluntary principle; and an agitation once set agoing by a violent party in the political world has a tendency to draw the more moderate into its current. Besides, the Free Church, now that Patronage is abolished in the Establishment, stands in need of a new reason for its separate existence, and of a new spur to keep up the hot pace of its adherents. The present anti-Establishment movement is a movement altogether destitute of that moral nobility which characterised the Disruption. In this new movement democratic ambition, sectarian jealousy, and pure Scotch greed have combined to enact a part which only the political partisan and the religious crotchet-monger can look on with satisfaction. Such squabblement and babblement about petty financial and political matters, magnified into an artificial importance by the name of God

and the "mind of Christ" stamped upon them, and conscience, a hireling pleader, protesting loudly in favour of piety and pence, I cannot away with;

Non parliamo di loro; ma guarda e passa!

CH.—How you do fume, Mac, when you get a favourite text to preach on! I always think you would make more progress with your audience, if you would be a trifle more moderate.

MAC.—Well, well, well; no doubt you are right; but, when you take the lid off a boiling kettle, the steam will come out.

B.—But, looking at the matter from a financial point of view, it certainly does seem to me a gross waste of public money to pay a clergyman for preaching to people, nine-tenths of whom refuse to accept his ministrations, and insist on paying a minister for themselves.

MAC.—It is certainly not as it should be; and, for that matter, I profess myself willing to agree to a partial disestablishment of the Church; that is, in all parishes, such as Ross and Sutherland, where the adherents of the Church amount only to a small portion of the population; with this proviso, however, that the national funds thus let loose in those districts shall be applied to the endowment of well-equipped secondary schools—the great want of Scotland—in Inverness, Dingwall, Wick, Thurso, and Ullapool.

B.—A most reasonable compromise!

MAC.—And for that very reason, I fear, not at all likely to be acceptable to persons who do not wish for reason and compromise, but for victory and plunder.

CH.—Do your Highland friends stand forward as prominently in the anti-Establishment, as they did in the anti-Patronage movement?

MAC.—Not at all; and for two good reasons. First, because, by the abolition of Patronage in the Established Church, their great practical grievance has been redressed.

Second, because they cannot, so easily as the fretful population of the Lowland burghs, throw off the teachings of the great doctors of the Church with regard to the benefits of Establishments. Besides, they are miserably poor—not self-supporting, I fear, for the most part; and, with their large parishes, extending often more than twenty miles from one end to the other, they have sagacity enough to perceive that a little State subsidy, and division of labour, is not to be regarded readily as an abominable thing. But it is high time now, my dear Kit, that I should face your question. You wished to hear something of the matter of our Highland sermons. Well, that I can answer very shortly. The theology of the Highland pulpit is merely the theology of the Lowland pulpit expressed in the most emphatic language, and painted in the strongest colours.

CH.—Strictly orthodox, I presume.

MAC.—Of course. Britain is a corner of the world; Scotland is a corner of Britain; and the Highlands is a corner of Scotland. Heterodoxy always takes a considerable time, even in these railway days, to travel into remote corners. Your Highlander is the most orthodox, most narrow-minded, and the most one-sided of all theologians.

CH.—How does this agree with the profound admiration which you expressed for your apostolic clansman of Ferintosh?

MAC.—It is quite common to be narrow-minded in doctrine, but fervid in moral power, noble in sentiment, and efficient in action. I will even go further, and admit that MacDonald was not only narrow in doctrine, but even intolerant sometimes, and dictatorial, and what we would call unmannerly in matters of practice. He showed himself a bigot in doctrine when he said that "the Established Church, as now constituted, is a Christ-denying, God-dishonouring, and soul-destroying Church." And of his lordly imperiousness in practice, I remember the following instance from Dr. Kennedy's biography:—One evening when

he was dining at Auchnacarry with Lochiel, after the gentlemen came to the drawing-room, a whist party was proposed. On this MacDonald at once rose, and going up to Lochiel, asked him whether he was to hold family worship that evening. "No," said the Cameron, "not to-night." "And I am not then to engage in worship with you?" "No, not to-night; it would give offence to my guests." "Well," said the minister, "if so, I must retire; I cannot remain, where my Master is denied;" and with that he left the house and slept elsewhere.[1] This may appear sublime to some, but to sensible men it is only impertinent. MacDonald showed here the besetting sin of the Calvinistic theologian, combined with the hereditary sin of the Celtic chief; and the name of the sin in both cases is imperiousness. But these "idols of the tribe," as Bacon calls them, are perfectly pardonable in a man of a noble spirit and a fruitful life. The apostle Peter and king David and king Solomon had their faults, and poet Goethe too, though the wisest of modern men; and why not John MacDonald of Ferintosh?

CH.—Of course the triple-mailed orthodoxy of the Highland clergy would not allow them to have any toleration for the Broad-Church heresies of your accomplished Hebraist, Professor Robertson Smith?

MAC.—Of course not. It was by the vote of what, in allusion to a famous incident in the Covenanting wars, was called "the Highland host," that that distinguished scholar was cast out from the body of the Free Church; cast out, I must say, by an act of arbitrary and high-handed imperiousness, of which the history of our Churches presents very few examples.

B.—Was the ejection of Smith contrary to the law of the Church?

MAC.—Unquestionably. He ought to have been libelled, and the charge proved, before dismission was legally pos-

[1] Kennedy, p. 194.

sible. They dismissed him, not because any legal crime against him was proven, but because they felt they had no charge to bring. They made a law for the occasion, and that law was the will of the majority. They could justify their summary procedure only by the old Roman maxim, *Salus Respublicæ suprema lex.* It was, as in the case of ill-assorted marriages, where the two parties—Professor and Church—could not live harmoniously together; they must just separate. A queasy stomach rejects what it cannot digest. The ejection of Smith was an act of absolute authority, not of judicial conviction.

B.—Are such things possible in England?

MAC.—Certainly. Not only a Prussian bureaucracy, but a Scottish democracy can do arbitrary things. In a democracy the majority must always rule; and, if the majority are fools, a current of folly must bear down the whole assembly. In the present case, a majority of a great Church Assembly, pharisaically proud of a rigidly transmitted orthodoxy, and innocently ignorant of the great results of recent Biblical hermeneutics, banded themselves into a conspiracy, of which "the Highland host" was the soul, to cast out from their fellowship the only great Oriental scholar whom Scotland has produced since the days of the Westminster Confession.—But of this enough. You have bigotry and narrow-mindedness of your own aristocratic type, Kit, in Oxford, I imagine, quite sufficient to teach you a little toleration for our Scottish exhibitions of this kind in a less exalted atmosphere.

CH.—No doubt, quite enough. Your apostles of the North, in all likelihood, will have become Broad-Churchmen under the tutorage of some more fortunate Robertson Smith, long before our Episcopal ceremonialists shall have ceased to believe in genuflexions and genealogies.—But tell me now, more distinctly, what are the points of doctrine which stand forth most prominently in the preaching of your Highland evangelists?

MAC.—You know the five articles of the Synod of Dort?

CH.—I scarcely think I do.

MAC.—Nor I, quite exactly; but I know four of them.

CH.—What are these?

MAC.—The total corruption of human nature, irresistible grace, election, and perseverance to the end. These doctrines, prominently brought forward, urgently pressed, and effectively applied, contain the soul and substance of Highland theology.

B.—Plain Calvinism.

MAC.—Nothing more.

B.—And do you believe these things?

MAC.—That was not what Kit wanted to know; but I have no objection to tell you. I believe in the three last, but in the first not at all, or only with a very liberal change of phraseology. I believe in the general weakness of human nature, not in its total corruption.

B.—Not in original sin?

MAC.—Original sin is nonsense—a hideous nightmare. Original weakness, or liability to swerve from the right line of duty, is a fact. The word SIN has no meaning, till the ethical consciousness of a moral being has been thoroughly awakened, and the conflict between reason and passion, of which St. Paul discourses so eloquently in the Romans, becomes a noticeable fact in the life of a moral being. I believe man to be a weak, a timid, an erring, and, if you will, a stupid creature, but not a bad creature.

B.—

Aber die Götter lieben der Menschen
Weitverbreitete gute Geschlechter.

MAC.—Yes, my favourite chorus in the *Iphigenia;* at the same time practically the Calvinists may not be so very far wrong. Their dogma of total corruption may be interpreted to mean that, as in respect of knowledge all men are born completely ignorant, so in respect of a

moral ideal all men are born utterly devoid of such an ideal.[1]

B.—But this view would not by any means content Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall, or his great apostle, the bishop of Ferintosh?

MAC.—That I do not assert. The Calvinists, like other theological dogmatists, hold their doctrines, some more loosely, some more strictly; but strictness of interpretation, and rigid consistency in the concatenation of dogma, is the characteristic feature of the Highland theology.

B.—You believe in irresistible grace?

MAC.—Yes; Flora removed all my objections on this head.

CH.—How so?

MAC.—She said one day, when I was chaffing her for writing verses, and urging her to the cultivation of prose, that she could not help writing verses; that, when a significant idea seized her, even when she flung it aside, it still haunted her, and would give her no peace, till it found vent in some form of rhythmical expression. If this is true in reference to poetical inspiration, there is no reason why it should not hold good also in the case of moral inspiration. The grace that turned such sinners as John Bunyan and Dugald Buchanan from the error of their ways was irresistible, in the same way that the beauty and

[1] "As to religion, I contented myself with that general profession which is so common and so worthless, and that form of godliness which completely denies its power. I endeavoured to be decent, and what is called moral, but was ignorant of my *lost state by nature, as well as of the strictness, purity, and extent of the Divine law.*"—*Life of Robert Haldane* (London, 1852), p. 92. It is evident from this passage, which may be considered as expressing one of the characteristic sentiments of religious people in Scotland, that they consider the doctrine of the entire corruption of human nature, or man's lost state by nature, as manifested by the existence of a low moral ideal. The undeniable fact of a low moral ideal is doctrinally connected with a theory of an inherited corruption and curse, which is an altogether different thing. So far, however, as the belief in the theory, however false, produces a good result, and is practically efficacious in producing such a result, no practical man need seriously quarrel with it.

personal charms which inspired the love-poetry of a Goethe and a Burns was irresistible.

CH.—That seems a quite rational doctrine.

MAC.—Why should you suspect it to be irrational? You Episcopalians, who glory in Arminianism, and paint the Scot as a hateful monster, because he is a Calvinist, ought to bear in mind that the Stoics were Predestinarians, and that a consistent belief in the Divine Sovereignty and a Divine Providence necessarily implies some sort of predestination; and this brings me to the third point—Election—in which I most potently believe.

CH.—What! do you make God an arbitrary despot, saving whom he will save, and damning whom he will damn, for the mere delight of exercising his good pleasure?

MAC.—My dear fellow, you should be ashamed of such a way of talking. Elected we certainly all are, high and low, rich and poor, wise and foolish, to live subject to divinely established conditions, and recipient of divinely conferred benefits. All men are elected to be what they are, and where they are, and cannot be otherwise. Were not you elected to be an Englishman? and was not I to be a Scot and a MacDonald? Who maketh thee to differ? in the most important matters, not your own free-will certainly, but Divine sovereignty, Divine election.

CH.—But there is free-will.

MAC.—Yes, within certain bounds; as a passenger in a ship has a power to walk up and down on the deck, but no power to jump out of the ship, unless he wishes to be drowned. He must go where the ship goes, and where the ship goes not, he goes not.

CH.—But he need not have entered into the ship at all.

MAC.—On the sea of life we must all sail, and are not free to choose either the ship in which we make our voyage, or the voyage which we are to make.—But we are drifting into metaphysics; that is a region which a wise man generally avoids when talking of practical matters; and religion

is of all matters the most practical; but, if you do wish to prove your mettle in a stiff theological argument, depend upon it, my dear Kit, with all your Oxford Greek, and all your Aristotelian logic, you will find some Ferintosh evangelist, even though not a D.D., an antagonist worthy of your steel.

CH.—I need scarcely ask you now about the fourth point; from predestination and election perseverance to the end is the natural corollary.

MAC.—Of course. I have occasion every day to test the truth of this doctrine. I see a young man pass from the nursery to the school, from the school to the University, and from the University to his particular stage of civic activity, and always going on, step after step, as he commenced, with a certainty that any one could predict, who had an accurate knowledge of his genius, character, and habits. "Whatever is a man's darling object, he pursues with perseverance." So preached good old Lachlan MacKenzie of Loch Carron, who converted people both by sermons and songs[1] grandly in his day;[2] and without doubt a human being once fairly started with a definite character in a definite career will go on as he commenced, just as a tree once fairly rooted grows up into its natural complement of branch and leafage.

CH.—Really the nation of Macs is under great obligations to you for having given this bristling array of damnatory dogmas such a philosophical significance and such a human aspect. But tell me honestly, is it not a fact that, however you may explain them, these doctrines, which your Celtic gospeller launches with such peals of pulpit thunder, not only usurp the place of sound practical teaching, but generally give to Christian piety, as it shows itself amongst the Bens, a certain grimness of feature, and

[1] See *Ceit Mhor* (Inverness, 1865), Tait.

[2] *Sermons and Poems;* by the late Rev. Lachlan MacKenzie of Loch Carron (Dingwall, 1879), p. 36, and again p. 85.

gloom of aspect, which can in no wise tend to recommend religion to the unbeliever?

MAC.—As to the alleged want of practicality in the Highland pulpit discourses, I do not believe that such a charge applies to them more justly than to the general run of sermons, with which pious ears are washed in this country, Sunday after Sunday, with such faithfulness of pious routine. I will say nothing about the vulgar notion, ventilated by superficial persons, that Calvinistic preaching, because it protests against the Popish doctrine of salvation by hieratically-prescribed works, and insists strongly on the Pauline doctrine of salvation by faith, is therefore to be held as favourable to an orthodoxy of the head rather than a living faith of the heart, issuing in the good deeds of a fruitful life. The faith preached by our Highland evangelists is essentially a faith of the emotions and of the will, educed no doubt from a firm basis of thoughtful doctrine, but neither cold in its character, nor unfruitful in its results. Antinomianism is a doctrine practically unknown in Scottish pulpits; and the direct effect of the prominence given to the doctrine of Election in Highland theology is to create in the soul a feeling of consecration to the service of that God, to whose sovereign grace and free election the elect person feels himself indebted for the blessings of salvation. As is the God, so is the worshipper; and the unalterable nature of the Divine decrees, which are only the Platonic ideas clothed with action, is reflected in the firmness of will, decision, and persistency, so prominent in our national character. Not doctrinal preaching, so far as I can see—that is, sermons addressed to the head, rather than to the heart of the hearers—is the dominant fault of our Scottish pulpits; but the fact of the matter is, we have too much preaching everywhere; and this leads the preacher to indulge in a general vagueness, not so much of doctrine as of religious and moral commonplace, for want of having a special practical lesson to

enforce. So far as there is a fault here, it affects the Lowland pulpit as much as the Highland. As to what you say about the gloomy aspect and sour Pharisaism of the trans-Grampian religion, it is certainly true, but true at the same time to a considerable extent of Scotland generally. The religion of the so-called Evangelical clergy in the Lowlands is strongly tinged, if not with gloom, certainly with a tone of habitual antagonism to all innocent enjoyment and playful recreation. With these men playing at cards is a deadly sin, and dancing a sort of quick march to hell. For a minister of the gospel to talk on any other subject than God, and hell, and eternity, is to slide into worldly conversation. Living persons should, if possible, always be talking about death. If you read the biographies of some of their most popular spokesmen, you will find that their religious life commences with a profound conviction that the world lies under a curse, that all men are naturally hell-deserving sinners, and that original sin, or moral contamination inherited from our primal progenitor, so far from being a palliation, as it logically must be, is rather to be viewed as an exaggeration of the guilt of any actual sins that a man may commit. In a world so abandoned of God, the only thing a wise man can do is to keep at a distance from it, to look upon all natural pleasures as sinful, and to devote the mind altogether to emotional preparation for a future and higher life, of which the present is only the thorny entrance. Such a religion, like Oriental Buddhism, is in fact a renunciation of humanity and a declaration of war against all temporal and visible enjoyments. It is a temper the very reverse of that which was praised and practised by Socrates and the other wise Greeks. To them religion was rather the art of enjoying the present life according to reason. Hence the notable antipathy which our so-called Evangelical religionists feel to all classical culture. M'Cheyne of Dundee wrote to one of his early friends to "beware of the atmosphere of

the classics; it is pernicious, and must be known only as chemists know poisons."[1] If the great pulpit heroes of Glasgow and Dundee present this unhuman and unsocial type, we must not be surprised to find it recognised by the less favoured evangelists of the remote North. But not all Celtic apostles, any more than all Lowland gospellers, belong to this school of other-worldly protest against the common rights of flesh and blood. The Bishop of Ferintosh, for instance, was a most jolly fellow, fond of a glass of whisky (for which he was much the better, I make no doubt, in his many long journeys), and a merry blast on the bagpipes, and a trip of the light heel in the dance. On one occasion, when young MacDonald was bundling up his belongings for the University session, his father, who was a grave man, a catechist, and a weaver, observed that he had packed up a set of bagpipes with his clothes and books. "John, John," said the old man, "this won't do for a lad that is studying for the ministry." The son was ready with the reply, "We read in Scripture, father, that there will be music in heaven; but who ever read or heard that there will be any use for weavers, or weavers' looms there?"[2] The weaver was silenced.

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! very good; but in this conjunction of piping with piety, young Ferintosh, I guess, was rather an exceptional phenomenon in those days. I heard a story from the captain of the steamboat the other day.

B.—A story! Let us hear it by all means.

CH.—The minister of a certain Highland parish had a strong conviction that all sorts of music except psalm-singing were sinful, and ought to be put down; and, as he was a man of a strong will—and such ministers are accustomed to have things their own way in the Highlands,—he determined to strike a decided blow, and free the parish

[1] *Memoirs of R. Murray M'Cheyne* (Edinburgh, 1875), pp. 22, 29, 39, and 54.

[2] *The Life of David Ross of Ferintosh*, by John Sinclair (Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart, 1867), p. 23.

from the grievance of an ungodly instrument. There was a man in the parish who had a fiddle; but the fiddler in this case happened to be a person of as strong a will as the minister; and, though several times spoken to on the subject privately, with occasional allusions to profane music in the pulpit, not difficult of application, the fiddler would not yield. The minister took a strong course. He went to the factor. "There are sins of various kinds in the parish: some which the policeman can put down, some which the minister can put down, and some which nobody but the factor can put down, and in reference to one of these I have to speak with you to-day." "Well, my dear sir, what is the offence? So far as my influence goes I am always willing to help the minister in the moral government of the parish." "Well, the fact is, there is a man here who keeps a fiddle, and disturbs the neighbourhood with profane music. I have in vain endeavoured to stop this nuisance, and now I appeal to you." "Oh, this is no doubt a serious business," said the man of all power, "send the musician to me." So said, so done. Next day the man came. "Well, John—I believe your name is John MacDougall,—the minister has been here, complaining of you. It is rather hard that the person, who is your natural guide in spiritual matters should have to come to me to enforce his commands. What have you been doing?" "I have a fiddle, sir; he wishes to stop it." "A fiddle! that is a serious business. Go home immediately and bring it with you." John trembled in his shoes, and saw already in prospect his favourite instrument in the factor's hands, and handed over to the minister for summary disintegration. He went home, and in half an hour returned with the instrument. "Now, John, let us hear a tune—sad or merry, as you please,—'Tullochgorum,' or 'MacIntosh's Lament,' if the fiddle can achieve anything that savours so sweetly of the bagpipe." So John played the Lament, feeling all the time that it was the death-march of

the fiddle that he was playing, incapable of a merry stave. "Well done!" cried the factor, "I never knew you were so accomplished an artist; there's half-a-crown for you. Go home, and keep your fiddle; only don't play too loud in the minister's ear, especially on Saturday, when he is putting into shape the fag-end of his sermon!" John went home victorious.

B.—And the fiddle was saved from shipwreck. I am glad to hear that!

CH.—But you have not heard all. The story of the half-crown and the rescued fiddle of course could not be concealed from the Pope of the parish. He felt himself betrayed by the highest power in the district, and came to complain. "Well, Mr. ——, is this the way you second the servant of Christ in the moral government of the parish? John MacDougall has kept his fiddle, with half-a-crown to boot." "Tell me, my dear sir, did you ever read the 150th Psalm?" "Of course—a hundred times. I know all the Psalms by heart." "Then I am informed by a learned Oriental scholar, who was here the other day, that the Hebrew word which in the third verse of that Psalm is, in our version, translated *psaltery*, was in fact a sort of *fiddle*.[1] Now if king David, in a psalm which has been sung in all Christian churches for nearly two thousand years, could without sin use a Jewish fiddle, how should not John MacDougall play on a Scotch fiddle with like impunity?" The minister made no reply, and retired not a little humbled in his own estimation.

B.—A very good thing for him, though I have no doubt he would exercise the Calvinistic virtue of "perseverance to the end" in his Pharisaical sourness.

[1] My good friend the factor is slightly wrong in his scholarship, though not the less conclusive in his argument. Neither the *cinnor* nor the *nabla*, both of which occur in the last Psalm, was played with the bow, but the one with a plectrum, the other with the fingers (Joseph. *Antiq.* vii. 12. 3), but both were stringed instruments, and come virtually under the bann of our Celtic fiddle-denouncers, as part of the ceremonial law, which the Gospel dispensation has abolished!

MAC.—That is a capital story, Kit, and I am happy to inform you that it possesses a virtue which not all good stories can boast; it is literally true. I knew the factor who played the principal part in it; and, as one good turn deserves another, I will tell you a story to the same tune, equally well attested. On one occasion, when the genial and eloquent Dr. Guthrie, the orator of the Ragged Schools, had been assisting at one of those sacramental occasions which bring the Highlanders together in such a characteristic fashion, the reverend Doctor, who as a genuine Scot had a soul brimming over with humour, after four days' exercise of enforced gravity, on the Monday after the Sacramental Sunday, at a public meeting, felt himself irresistibly moved to give his lungs a little ventilation in his native element of fun. As principal speaker on the platform he stood conspicuously tall; and commenced with a grand extension of his arms, and a broad expectancy of fun in his face, not at all in harmony with the severe gravity of the elders, who had just come from the serious ministrations of the Communion. At the very first sentence the Doctor indicated the humorous vein in which it was his intention to harangue; at the very first sentence also he saw from the severe lines on the faces of his auditors that their secret thought was—"This man is a light lad, to comport himself so sportively immediately after so serious a religious service of four days." Was all the weight of serious gospel discourse to fly off in soap-bubbles? But the Doctor knew human nature. Jokes are never so pleasant as after a prolonged continuity of seriousness; so he went off, looking his critics broadly in the face, with story after story, and joke at the tail of joke, till the mouths of the most severe section of his auditory opened with a broad grin from ear to ear, and the whole human assembly swelled up in bright billows of explosive mirth. The Doctor felt his power, and played them off for a whole hour obedient to his touch, as an

expert angler plays a salmon. When the meeting was over the grave elders appeared in the committee-room, along with the leading occupants of the platform; and one of them, who had the longest resisted the risible appeals of the humorous orator, coming up to him with an air of kindly and reverential confidence, expressed himself thus —"*O Doctor Guthrie, Doctor Guthrie, you have indeed great reason to be thankful, for had it not been for the grace of God you might have been* A GREAT COMIC ACTOR!"

B.—Ha! ha! ha! and, if he had been a great comic actor, there is little doubt what must have been his fate.

MAC.—Yes, according to the views of these good people. There is nothing more foreign to the imagination of a religious Scotsman than any sort of community between the pulpit and the stage. Nay more; I have been credibly informed that a minister in the Isle of Skye lost his influence among the people for life by appearing once at the Highland games, which take place annually in autumn; and that a young man of excellent character was dismissed from his place as assistant to a parish minister in Sutherland because he had sung a song—the "Cork Leg," I believe—at a private concert, given in aid of some charitable object. There is, in fact, nothing more difficult for the Highland mind to reconcile than gaiety and piety, amusement and religion. A blast of the pipes on Sunday would, to the Highland imagination, be enough to bring down a curse on the whole land; and yet, in the very psalms which they are so very fond of singing king David tells us to praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet, with the psaltery and harp, with the timbrel and dance, with stringed instruments and organs.[1]

B.—How different from Goethe, to whose comprehensive sympathies the separation of stage and pulpit would have sounded as strange as the divorce of a man from his wife, or of a tree from the flowers! Both belong to

[1] Psalm cl.

the garden. But tell me this: To what cause do you attribute this sombreness, sternness, or, as you seem to allow, occasional Pharisaic sourness of the Celtic piety? Is it the climate, the landscape, the cloudy sky, the stormy sea, or the frowning cliffs of Glencoe, that seem to breathe murder?

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! Cockney philosophy and Thomas Buckle; a German should know better. In the climate, no doubt, a certain infection of gravity may lie. The trans-Grampian Celt, and we may add the Scot generally, moves in an atmosphere the very reverse of that which favoured the light blood of the merry Greek—*ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες ἁβρᾶς αἰθέρος*, as you remember Euripides has it in the *Medea;* nevertheless the Celtic temperament is naturally gay, as you see, in France and Ireland; and, if it is grave now in Scotland, it is the fault, I admit, partly of Calvinism, which, like Stoicism, if not stern, is nothing: specially in the Highlands it is the natural result of that abnormal state of society of which Titanic lairds, omnipotent factors, a prostrate peasantry, and an evanishing middle class are the symbols. Only a numerous resident middle class, such as the tacksmen before Culloden were, can form the proper counterpoise to the social influence of the clergy in country districts. A Calvinistic clergy is naturally grave; and, where there is no society it is apt to become grim.

CH.—I have heard a great deal about the strict Sabbatarianism of the Highlanders; that they will not be seen beyond the walls of their kailyard on a Sunday except in the way of a necessary walk to church; that they think it sin to utter a single word on any human subject from sunrise to sunset of the Lord's day; and that playing on the piano or the organ on that day any piece of music, however sacred, is looked on as an unpardonable sin. I knew a gentleman who was dismissed from his lodgings in a Highland village, because he had a habit of

whistling, though he took God to witness that he never whistled anything but psalm-tunes on that day; and I was told only yesterday, as a matter of boast, that when, on the occasion of a general election, the usual proclamation had been brought by a law-officer to be made from the pulpit on the conclusion of divine service, the minister positively refused to perform his duty, and, preaching out of doors, allowed the legal proclamation to be made to the bare walls![1] Such a sanctimonious punctiliousness about a mere point of external convenience seems as far removed from evangelical spirituality as from common sense.

B.—Yes; in regard to the Sabbath the Scotch are really a most absurd people.

MAC.—Not so absurd as you think, my dear Teut; the masses of men never can hope to escape from the domination of extremes; and a German or French Sunday, passed in fiddling and frivolity, will not produce a peasantry distinguished by finer qualities and firmer fibre than the serious thoughtfulness and the intelligent sobriety in which the severe observance of the Sabbath in our country has issued.

CH.—Nevertheless, the Pharisaic formalism, with which your countrymen inculcate Sabbath observance is, beyond doubt, Jewish rather than Christian in its character, and gives to the letter of a statutable enactment a value which belongs only to the laws of eternal and immutable morality; and, what as respects the outside world is most fatal, discredits the features of a fair portrait by the exhibition of an unlovely caricature. A young man, I am told, was walking to church one Sunday, in the island of Skye, in company with an old gentleman. It was a bright day, and they had a long way to walk together, some ten miles or more, as is not at all uncommon in the Highlands. The young man had been taught, of course, that

[1] True. See the life of the Rev. ALEXANDER GUNN, Minister of Watten, in Caithness, in Auld's *Ministers and Men of the Far North*. 1868.

conversation on secular subjects was not allowable on the Lord's day; besides, for a young man to commence conversation in company with a grave old elder might savour of forwardness; so he refrained; and refrained once and again, when the word was already on his lips. At length, when more than half the way was left behind, and not a word uttered by his grave companion, unable longer to contain himself, he ventured timidly forth with the brief utterance: "*A beautiful day this!*" "*Yes, indeed, young man, it is a very beautiful day;* BUT IS THIS A DAY TO BE TALKING ABOUT DAYS?" What do you say to this style of Sunday observance?

MAC.—I say it is ridiculous; but I care as much for it, as I do for a wart on a strong boy's finger. Absurdities of this kind are apt to cure themselves, and are by no means either so obstinate or so pernicious as the fripperies and mummeries in which your High Church ritualists besouth the Tweed so luxuriantly indulge. It is the nature of human beings, especially in religion, where they deal with the incalculable, always to be enacting what, from a higher point of view, must appear in some form or other as caricatures of the Holies, varying in an infinite variety according as overgrowth or misgrowth may have been favoured by circumstances. Have you anything more to object to, in our Celtic religion?

CH.—I do not wish so much to object as to inquire. But there are two matters with most distinctively Highland features in your practice of piety, on which I should feel grateful, if you could give me accurate information.

MAC.—By all means. What are they?

CH.—The strange practice of your pious people in refraining from the Holy Communion; and the usurpation of clerical rights by a set of self-constituted officials styled "the Men!"

MAC.—I am happy to be able to answer your inquiries on both these points, which indeed hang very closely to-

gether, if not directly from my own observation—for I never had the honour of any personal acquaintance with "the Men"—at least as a very careful and cautious induction from the testimony of eye-witnesses.

CH.—If what I have heard of them be true, you have reason to congratulate yourself in having been saved from intercourse with a class of persons, whom to know could bring neither honour nor pleasure nor profit to any reasonable man.

MAC.—I beg your pardon; I am a lawyer, and never accept indirect evidence, when I have the means of looking the fact directly in the face.

CH.—Of course; but one does not care to wade through a puddle, in order to pluck a wild rasp.

MAC.—Similes are like clothes: unless they fit, they are useless. Give us your notions.

CH.—They were described to me as very grave and sour persons, parading themselves on solemn occasions in a camlet cloak, with a spotted handkerchief over their head, and walking slowly with half-closed eyes, and face bent towards the ground, the very Celtic counterpart of the old Hebrew Pharisees, whom our Lord made the special mark of his sacred indignation. By airs of superior sanctity and unblushing self-sufficiency they had acquired an extraordinary influence over the minds of the semi-savage peasantry of the north, who preferred the fantastic declamation with which they accompanied their sanctimonious observances to the discourses of intelligent and well-educated clergymen. They had in fact raised themselves, from the inferior position of local catechists, to the dignity of lay preachers for large districts, and censors-general of morals in a whole circle of parishes. Their pride and vanity could not rest content, till it had usurped the legitimate authority of the parish ministers, and not only drew away the congregation from their proper pastor, but overwhelmed every minister who would

not succumb to them with obloquy and slander,—in fact, instituted a regular persecution against all ministers who were too high-minded to consent to lie prostrate at their feet, and act as the servile tools of these sanctimonious usurpers. Worse than all this, they were great liars, and persons of a loose and licentious life; to such an extent that it was not easy for an observer of any discernment, amid the grave functionaries of the most sacred services of our religion, to avoid fixing his eye on some countenance on which sensuality and fanaticism had imprinted their broadest marks.[1]

MAC.—That is really a hideous portrait. Who was the painter of it?

CH.—A gentleman who travelled with me in the railway between Oban and Dalmally: he seemed well acquainted with the Highlands, and specially with Caithness.

MAC.—Was he a clergyman?

CH.—Yes, but much more polished and affable, even gay and sprightly, than your Presbytery black-coats generally are.

MAC.—Of the Established Church, I presume?

CH.—Yes; at least I concluded so from the general tone of his remarks.

MAC.—I make no doubt he was: and, if so, the portrait which he drew was as like the truth as the portrait which a Popish Church historian would draw of Martin Luther.

CH.—Are the Men functionaries peculiar to the Free Church?

MAC.—Not exactly so: the Men played a prominent part in the Established Church before the Disruption: but, after that notable event, not one of them was found inside the gate of the National Church: and, so far as they exist now—for they are on the wane—they are to be

[1] *The Church and her Accusers in the Far North.* By Investigator. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1850.

found exclusively among the office-bearers of the Free Church. You see, therefore, that the portrait your friend drew was testimony given, as we say at the bar, under the influence of a strong *animus*, and can be accepted for truth only as the portrait of Socrates in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes contains a certain aspect of truth, or as the caricatures of political characters in our British Aristophanes, *Punch*, can be accepted as honest likenesses. A caricature is a likeness, in which all the bad points are purposely magnified, and all the good points purposely suppressed, till the whole becomes a ludicrous distortion, fit for being laughed at, not for being believed.

CH.—Then do you mean to say that I am to throw overboard all that I learned about the Men from that most estimable gentleman?

MAC.—I have told you already that you may reasonably believe as much of it as you believe of the portrait of Socrates drawn by Aristophanes. But, even supposing every word of your reverend friend's oration was literally true, it is a truth concluded by reasoning from the individual to the class, the most common and the most worthless of all paralogisms. The biographies of the most notable of the Men have been written by persons well acquainted with every detail of their life and character, and as worthy of credit, in all respects, as honest old Plutarch in his parallel Lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans. There lies a book on my desk, in which you may see about them what is to be seen.

CH.—"MINISTERS AND MEN IN THE FAR NORTH, BY THE REVEREND ALEXANDER AULD. WICK, 1868." Well, I must look into this at my leisure. Meanwhile, give me the gist of it.

MAC.—The gist of this book, and of all that you will hear about the Men from a hundred honest voices in the North Highlands, is simply this, that they were thoughtful and serious Highland peasants, deeply impressed with the

importance of religious and moral truth, and who, in an age and in a district where preaching was lax and preachers rare, exerted themselves zealously in stirring up the people to a living consciousness and a consistent practice of the Christian faith, which they professed. Being without regular education, and spending their lives in districts remote from the general intellectual current of the age, they would naturally be contracted in their notions, unchastened in their sentiments, and sometimes grotesque in attitude and expression; but, as a compensation for this, they had extraordinary earnestness, great power of will, remarkable sagacity, and not rarely an amount of apt wit and ready eloquence that, under more favourable circumstances, would have enabled them to play as prominent a part in the field of Scottish Christianity as Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, or Dr. Norman Macleod. It is indeed ridiculous to suppose that these men could have acquired the influence, which they unquestionably did possess over the minds of their fellows, unless they had been endowed with talents capable of commanding the attention, and moulding the minds of an intelligent peasantry.[1]

[1] As the question about "the Men" and the "fellowship meetings," in which they were the chief actors, is one which is apt even now to stir the bitter animosities that divided the Establishment from the Free Kirk, I have great pleasure in being able to set down here the witness of a well-known clergyman of the Established Church, who was twenty-five years minister in Tain, and fifty-four years altogether minister in the north of Scotland—the late *Rev. Lewis Rose.* The MS. from which I copy bears date Tain, 6th May 1857, and came into my hands, with permission to publish extracts, through the kindness of Miss Rose, one of the author's daughters:—"From my own personal experience I can say, unhesitatingly, that the fellowship meetings were highly beneficial to ministers and people. Much, however, depends on the taste, mind and character of the presiding minister. By attending these meetings when a young man, I acquired a freedom and ease in addressing public assemblies that in no other way open to me could have been gained so effectively. In the second place, by attending these meetings I learned from the speakers the best notes and sayings of the most noted divines in the country: and it was always the sayings of most pith and significance that obtained currency among the people. Further, in these meetings I got cases of conscience, marks of believers and hypocrites, which I might never have thought of, had I not

CH.—Not "semi-savage?"[1]

MAC.—Certainly not. Alexander Gair, a joiner, and a native of Tain, perhaps the most talented of the Men, in addition to extraordinary eloquence, possessed powers of irony and scathing sarcasm, which might have made him a rival of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons, or an

heard them there. *Indeed, I may say that I got much more real divinity from the Men than ever I got from the Divinity Hall.*

"The people likewise were benefited by the fellowship meetings. They had something to think of. They heard the experience and sayings of one another. The speakers acquired a name and influence, each in his own neighbourhood. The people learned to stand in awe of them as men of God; vice was checked or repressed by their presence; and a respect for godliness was diffused through the country.

"Of course there have been evils connected with and resulting from fellowship meetings. Spiritual pride and a desire for human applause, envy and jealousy, may be mentioned among those evils. But are not those evils quite as common amongst the *clergy* as amongst the *Men*?

"I have often heard of very foolish and reprehensible sayings and doings at fellowship meetings, but never personally witnessed anything of the kind. But in such cases, I am persuaded the fault lay at the door of the presiding minister. A proper moderator, in fact, would never call on any one to speak who would abuse his privilege. But alas! not a few of the clergy of the north depended for popularity on the liberty and indulgence they gave to men of this description. They were afraid of the Men, who were really their masters. They praised the Men, and the Men praised them in return.

"I have been more or less acquainted with almost all the ministers and Men of Nairnshire, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness, who have lived within the last fifty years, and I have admired some of both classes very much. In *not a few cases the Men were far superior to the ministers; and it is noticeable that the ablest and most noted* MEN have been generally *found in those parishes which had the worst ministers.* The principle of compensation acted here as manifestly as in the physical world: even as the Northern lights in Arctic regions make up in some degree for the absence of the sun.

"Some of the ministers were very unwise in their treatment of and dealings with the more notable of the Men. Instead of making use of them for good, they disgusted and scared them away. This sort of persecution fell heavily on the head of ALEXANDER GAIR. But better luck attended the ministrations of Mr. MacIntosh or MacCombie in Strathspey. He was caressed by all the clergy of the country; and they encouraged him to lecture to the people in every parish. They themselves had no aptitude for popular teaching: but they had sense enough to make use of the talents and popularity of MacCombie. He was, in fact, for many years almost the sole instrument for keeping alive anything like Christianity in that district, where the clergy seemed particularly careless."

[1] When we hear people call the Highlanders "semi-savage" we must distinguish epochs. What happened in the year 1730 could not possibly have

effective writer in the *Saturday Review*. When the Disruption took place, he used to say to the Free Church ministers that the only difference between him and them was, that he had walked out of a corrupt Church voluntarily by prescience some years ago, while they had waited to be kicked out by the lawyers. There are many stories current in the Highlands about his smart sayings, which, if they were collected, would make a volume of *Ana*, which might go to posterity in the good fellowship of Selden and Martin Luther. Intimately versed in the Scriptures —which is a first-rate education in itself—he was always ready to apply some fact in sacred history, or some significant text, to the events of the hour. On one occasion, being asked by one of his followers—for, like other great men, he carried with him a sort of a train—whether there was anything in the history of the believer or of the Church now answering to the occurrence spoken of in the Book of Samuel, when the Philistines sent back the ark of the testimony in a new cart, drawn by two milch kine, which went up the way to the land of Israel, but lowed as they went, their calves being left behind,—"Oh yes," said he, "the new cart is the Free Kirk, that contains the testimony for the Church's spiritual independence: the

happened in the year 1830, or forty years earlier. The following strange story from Mr. Rose's MS. I have heard, with slight variations, in various parts of the Highlands; and the date assigned to it was about the year 1730:—"At that time there was a certain house, in the parish of Farr, in the north of Sutherland, in which religious meetings were held. The moderator there was one whom they did not see, but whose presence might be gathered from his influence. The principal MAN at these meetings at length rose to such a pitch of pious delusion that he imagined himself to be GOD THE FATHER; and another MAN gave himself out for GOD THE SON; and a *woman* took the honour of being the HOLY GHOST. A third Man, who had an only son, a child, was dubbed Abraham, the Father of the Faithful. This man was commanded to sacrifice his Isaac, and he was ready to do so at once. The mother of the child, however, as was natural, felt her bowels yearn over her Isaac, and went in haste to gather people to rescue him; but when they came they found the door barred. Forthwith they unroofed the house, in order to save the life of the child; and at this unlooked-for interruption to the inhuman orgies, the whole delusion evaporated, and the meeting dissolved."

kine are the ministers that are leading the Kirk and its testimony up from among the Erastians and Moderates to freedom from State-control, and duty constrains them to do so; but, like the kine that lowed for their two calves, they are very sorry to leave two things, their stipend and glebe, behind them."

CH.—Ha! ha! ha! An apt conceit; and not only stipend and glebe, but a whole lifetime to many of pleasant associations and deeply-rooted memories.

MAC.—Unquestionably; right or wrong, they deserve credit for that. Another quaint application of Scripture he made in reference to the passage 2 Kings iv. 40, where mention is made of a dearth that once took place in Gilgal, when the people sat down to make pottage, and some one, to increase the scanty meal, had unwittingly added some poisonous herbs to it, which Elisha rendered innocuous by the addition of a handful of consecrated meal. Gair, writing to a young friend at College, allegorising this passage after the fashion of St. Paul, told him to beware of the great pot, out of which the sons of the prophets got their pottage, for there was death in the pot. The great pot is the University, and the death in it is learning without grace, or, as we would say, intellectual without moral culture, and the meal is the good food ground on Calvary between the millstones of law and justice, which can be gotten only by the hand of faith.

CH.—Good again! I know no more dangerous error than the cultivation of Academical learning without reverence, knowledge without love, and intelligence without zeal. I always bethink me of what my uncle Christopher used to say, when I came down sharply sometimes on the doings of the Methodists and other fussy religionists, who disturbed the peace of the parish: "You philosophers and professors," said he, "sit in the seat of Aristotle, and measure out truth by the yard; but in the world of action it is the bores and the bigots who do all the good."

MAC.—So be it. God uses foolish tools to further wise purposes. Now, let me tell you how my man settled the claims of the Pope to St. Peter's chair: "No doubt he did sit on that chair *once*," said Gair. "Peter sat on that chair when he denied his Master; and the Pope has continued to sit upon that chair ever since."

CH.—That was smart; but showed no knowledge of Church history.

MAC.—Of course not. Church history is a mine, into which the Scottish intellect seldom sinks a shaft. The history of the Bible, the Reformation, and the Covenanters, is all they know, or care for. Of course, a Ross-shire joiner could not be expected to know anything of the rise and growth of the Popish power. One other story, and I close. Gair, like many an independent man, under the triple thumb of landlord, factor, and minister, in the far North, had been evicted from his dwelling, and was wandering for some time from house to house in a very unsettled condition. The factor, who, like not a few of that class, was an insolent man, and given to make game of his inferiors, wishing to puzzle Gair, called him to an audience one day, and, after complimenting him on his profound Scripture knowledge, requested to hear his notions on the significancy of that passage of the Gospel which says that the dogs licked the sores of Lazarus. "I am Lazarus," said he, "suffering sorely under the persecution of the carnal minister here. The laird is Providence, and the factors are the dogs. Go you and say a good word for me to the laird, and you will be the dog that licks my sores, and have done a kind Christian deed to a poor fellow-sinner for once in your life."

CH.—Certainly, that man had both brain and tongue, and could have answered for himself before high-priest or Roman governor as manfully as St. Paul, when necessary. But you don't mean to say that Gair was a fair specimen of the general run of the Men?

MAC.—Who ever imagined that all the trees of the forest should be as big as the biggest? But the fact is, my dear fellow, that the Men were prophets, lay-preachers in opposition to the constituted priesthood, some small, some big, and some middle size, as the nature of things is, but performing an important and, at certain periods, most necessary and useful function in the Church—that of lay-prophesying. Elisha and Elijah were their prototypes in the Old Testament, Agabus (Acts xi. 28) and his congeners at Corinth in the New.

CH.—In one sense I may allow this. The presidency of an Episcopal aristocracy is in no sense inconsistent with the exercise of private judgment on the part of the laity. Prophets also may arise and denounce both priest and people in extraordinary emergencies.

MAC.—Exactly so. Such extraordinary emergencies did occur in the Scottish Church during the last century, and prophets were sent to meet them. In the Highlands these prophets were the Men.

CH.—Well, if they were prophets, what were the emergencies that called them forth, and against whom did they lift up their testimony?

MAC.—You have heard of the Moderates?

CH.—Ha, ha, ha!

MAC.—*Τί γελᾷς*; why do you laugh?

CH.—Because the same gentleman, that told me about the Men, was no less eloquent about the Free Kirk ministers, whom he represented as an extremely narrow-minded, bigoted, and intemperate class of men, whose great delight was to denounce from the pulpit every class of Christians, and specially the Moderates of the Established Church. Only a few years ago, he said, a north Highland divine of the Free Church, in addressing his congregation, made reference to the Moderates in these words: "*Ah, my friends, there be three kinds of men that are like each other, the* PAWGUNS, *the* MOADERATES, *and the* HOTTENTOTS; and

what do you think now, my friends, of the Moaderates?—what do you think of *them?*"[1]

MAC.—Likely enough; but, to be serious, what is your Episcopalian notion of the Moderates?

CH.—To speak the truth, I know very little about them beyond what I picked up from my bright-faced and glib-tongued friend in the railway; but my general notion is that the Moderates were the solid, sensible, well-educated, intelligent, and reasonable party in the Church, while the other party consisted of a strange conglomeration of all the flighty and fiery, ill-educated, unreasonable, and ungentlemanly ministers in the Church.

MAC.—There must be something wrong there; for men of the highest intellectual acquirements have at all times belonged to the Evangelical party. While in the last century no Scottish theologian could boast of a European reputation for scholarly achievement like Principal Campbell of Aberdeen, who was a Moderate, in the present century Dr. Chalmers, who achieved a similar reputation, was the acknowledged head of the Evangelicals, and walked out with the grand procession of the Five Hundred on the memorable day of May 1843.

CH.—What am I to think then?

MAC.—If you say that the Moderates, as a class, were men of a cool temperament, in whom reason predominated over passion, and judgment over imagination, you will not be far wrong. If they had been Greeks, they would have acknowledged Aristotle, not Plato, as their master. You understand?

CH.—Of course; what we used to call *high and dry.*

MAC.—Yes, but with a notable difference; for the men corresponding to your Low Church party are our high-flyers. This party, who appropriated to themselves, and willingly received from the religious public, the name of Evangelical, were, as contrasted with the Moderates, com-

[1] *Chronicles of Strathelden* (Blackwood, 1881), p. 43.

posed mostly of men in whose constitution passion prevailed over reason, imagination over judgment, and moral fervour over accurate knowledge.

CH.—These two classes exist in all Churches by the very nature of things, and belong, in fact, to a well-compounded Church, just as naturally as Whig and Tory belong to a healthy political society. But in this I see no special reason for self-constituted prophets to arise, and perform the part attributed to "the Men" in the Highlands.

MAC.—My dear Kit, you must not forget that we are talking of the eighteenth century, and what immediately grew out of that. That was a flat century all over Europe; and the Moderates, who grew on that soil and breathed that atmosphere, were not only by temperament such as I have described, but by contagion and bad habit something considerably worse. They were not only cool sometimes, but cold; not only deficient in zeal, but positively indifferent to some of their most obvious duties; not only void of what I may call the poetry of their profession, but hard and dry, and even coarse sometimes; even at their best repressive rather than attractive in their manner, wise without warmth, giving light without heat. Others of a more genial temperament displayed their geniality more at the festive board, than, like Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Norman Macleod, on the missionary platform. They were excellent bottle companions, often well skilled in farm management and secular affairs, had a great amount of sagacity and shrewdness, might even be, in rare instances, Calvinistic doctrinaires, and strict disciplinarians in formal and external matters. It was a capital offence with them, if any man, lay or clerical, dared to preach the Gospel outside of the legal bounds of his parish, or inside the legal bounds of another minister's parish. But they were always notably deficient in what may be called the apostolic aroma and missionary spirit, and not at all made of the kind of stuff that in the first century converted the Greco-

Roman world from the worship of the flesh to the worship of the spirit. If they were not exactly always what we call worldly-minded, they were seldom pre-eminently spiritual. They were flowers without fragrance, hair without gloss, and wheels without oil. If they gave their hearers solid pudding, which they certainly did not always, it was altogether wanting in Evangelical seasoning. If you passed from one of their discourses to Marcus Antoninus, or good old Plutarch, you could not help feeling sometimes that there was more of the genuine Christian element at bottom in the heathen philosopher than in the Christian preacher. They might look very grave and dignified, like a high priest with a long beard; but the beard which they showed was not like Aaron's beard, down which we read the precious ointment ran even to the skirts of his garments. They had no "unction." In short, though they might be respectable enough men, as the world goes, they were out of place in a Christian church, and were often as inefficient in their place as a steam-engine where the steam is either feebly supplied or altogether fails.

CH.—Now I understand. The "Men" appeared in the Highlands precisely as the Methodists did in England; an irregular burst of spiritual zeal naturally called forth by the formalism and secularity of the Established clergy.

MAC.—Exactly so. It is almost impossible to believe now-a-days the state of complacent apathy into which the Moderate party had sunk towards the end of the last century. In the year 1796, in a celebrated debate the Assembly voted that no attempts ought to be made to convert the heathen, on the sophistical ground that only well-educated people were capable of receiving evangelical instruction. Nothing excited the damnatory eloquence (and they could use good round oaths on occasion) of the Moderates so much as Missions, Sabbath-schools, and Revivals. Bring me down that book there from the shelf.

CH.—This one?

MAC.—No; that big, brown octavo, with second edition marked in gold letters at the bottom.

CH.—"The LIVES OF ROBERT AND JAMES HALDANE. London, 1852."

MAC.—Let me see it. I have a reference in the fly-leaf to p. 131, where you will find an account of the Moderates from the Autobiography of the Reverend Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane. Read from the beginning of the small print there.

CH.—(*Reads.*)

"Principal Hill and Dr. Finlayson ruled the Assemblies, and the parishes were occupied by the pupils of such divines as Simpson, Leechman, Baillie, and Wight. Many of them were genuine Socinians. Many of them were ignorant of theology as a system, and utterly careless about the merits of any creed or confession. They seemed miserable in the discharge of every ministerial duty. They eagerly seized on the services of any stray preacher who came within their reach. When they preached, their sermons generally turned on honesty, good-neighbourhood, and kindness. To deliver a Gospel sermon, or preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners, was as completely beyond their power as to speak in the language of angels. And, while their discourses were destitute of everything which a dying sinner needs, they were at the same time the most feeble, empty, and insipid things that ever disgraced the venerated name of sermons. The coldness and indifference of the minister, while proclaiming his own aversion to his employment, were seldom lost on the people. The congregations rarely amounted to a tenth of the parishioners, and the one-half of this small number were generally, during the half-hour's soporific harangue, fast asleep. The Moderates were free from hypocrisy. They had no more religion in private than in public. They were loud and obstreperous in declaiming against enthusiasm and fanaticism, faith and religious zeal.

Their family worship was often confined to the Sabbath, or, if observed through the week, rarely extended to more than a prayer of five or three minutes. But, though frightfully impatient of everything which bore the semblance of seriousness and sober reflection, the elevation of brow, the expansion of feature, the glistening of the eye, the fluency and warmth of speech at convivial parties, showed that their heart and soul were there, and that the pleasures of the table and the hilarity of the light-hearted and gay constituted their paradise and furnished them with the perfection of their joy."[1]

CH.—But you do not mean to say, I hope, that I am to take all this as the testimony of an impartial witness?

MAC.—By no means.[2] The Evangelicals, whatever virtues they might possess, were never specially remarkable for toleration, fairness, or candour. But, if these allegations be only half true, and I have the best reason to believe that they were at least in not a few cases more than half true, there was the best possible apology, if apology were required, for men like Alexander Gair, Charles Gordon, Alexander Steven, and other notables amongst the goodly fellowship of the Men, combining, as

[1] Compare the account of the Moderates in Dr. Kennedy's *Life of Mac-Donald of Ferintosh*, p. 69.

[2] The Moderates, like the Sophists among the Greeks, and the Pharisees among the Jews, though presenting a compact front, marked with a common feature, to the public, nevertheless comprised considerable varieties amongst themselves, and divided, like everything in the world, into two great classes—the bad and the good; under the bad being ranked the selfish, the thoughtless, the lazy, the narrow-minded, the stupid, who, by the nature of things, always and everywhere compose those majorities, whose destiny it is either blindly to preserve the effete traditions of the past, or with equal blindness to rush into the seductive market of some superficial gain. Those who wish to see the good section of the Moderates touched with a kindly hand will find a special pleasure in recurring to the representation given by the late Dean Stanley in his *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland* (London, 1872), Lecture iii. The learned Dean's Christian catholicity of appreciation was assisted here by that distance which lends enchantment to the moral as to the physical view. What the lowest class of the Moderates were only the parishioners of their parish could truly know. The man who wears the shoe knows where it pinches.

they did, with the common exercise of their trades, a fervid apostleship among the neglected classes of our remote Highland glens and overcrowded great cities. I hope you are now satisfied.

CH.—Perfectly: how the Men arose, and of what quality they were, I now seem perfectly to comprehend; but what they are now,—for I understand that they still exist in the north,—and why they should survive the necessity which originally called them forth, I do not see. These historical Moderates, whom you describe, the rank fruit of the seed sown by David Hume and Voltaire in the eighteenth century, exist no longer; and the Men, you led me to understand, are a phenomenon, peculiarly characteristic of the Free Church. How am I to interpret this?

MAC.—Simply enough. The peculiar position of prophets and protesters against the Establishment, which was a characteristic feature of Alexander Gair, and some of the more eminent of the Men, did not originally or necessarily belong to them at all. Rather, like the Methodists in England, the Men not only belonged to the Establishment, but had no wish to go out, if they could only enjoy a zealous Gospel ministry within its bounds. In their earliest stage, they were in fact often catechists, employed by the few zealous ministers, or it may be self-constituted, to supply the spiritual wants of those parishes whose extent defied the pastoral care of the regular clergyman. In the exercise of this function, the catechists were not only the best friends, but the necessary instruments of the minister of the district; and if, in becoming "Men," they found themselves sometimes in a state of direct antagonism to the regular clergy, it was simply because they felt that those clergy did nothing to supply the spiritual demands of the district. The moment, therefore, that the Evangelical party prevailed at the Disruption, that antagonism ceased; and the Men remained useful in their original

character of fellow-workmen with the ordained head of the congregation. To zealous and faithful ministers the Men submitted themselves as willingly as they revolted from the loveless and the cold. The Christian Church, as we formerly agreed, is in its constitution more or less democratic. This democratic element asserts itself most freely in the Presbyterian Church; and most freely of all in the Free Kirk; and the "Men" in the existing Free Kirk are only the natural lay organs, through which the clerical overseer or bishop (ἐπίσκοπος) of the congregation exercises his authority. But to explain this fully, I must now introduce you to a Highland Communion, as it is celebrated in the northern counties, because it is on this occasion that the function of the Men comes most prominently into the foreground of the picture. I presume, in your wanderings through the glens, you have not been so fortunate as to come across a great sacramental gathering.

CH.—No; I must reserve that for a future occasion.

MAC.—Well; I will now enlighten you on that point; and in connection with it, explain to you what I know of what you call the strange practice of our pious people in keeping back from the comfortable ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

CH.—The thing above all things that I am most anxious to know, in reference to the religion of the Highlands.

MAC.—In the first place, then, understand that the Communion of the Lord's Supper in the Highlands is not, as in the Lowlands, an affair only of individual congregations, but it is a great gathering of the congregations of a large district, at a certain season of the year; an annual sacred feast, like the great feasts of the Jews, or the solemn convocations of the Druids in pre-Christian times. I wish you had been with me last week, when, under the hospitable guidance of that excellent man, the Reverend Gustavus Aird, the Free Church bishop of the

district, I walked over the ground of the great sacramental gathering at Creich.

CH.—Where is Creich?

MAC.—At the head of the Dornoch Firth, on the north side, near Bonarbridge, about twelve miles from Dornoch.

CH.—Were you at the Communion there?

MAC.—No, unfortunately I came a week too late; but I stood on what I felt to be "hallowed ground;" and having been present several times before at smaller gatherings of the kind, required little aid from the devout imagination, to conjure up the whole scene, in its solemn and soul-stirring reality before me.

CH.—Go on; and do not spare the pencil.

MAC.—Well, then; you, who are a travelled scholar, have doubtless seen at Chæroneia and other parts of Greece a natural slope of the hill in a semicircular shape, which the genius of that people, transacting, as they did, most of their business, both sacred and secular, in the open air, had converted into the seats of a theatre. Such a natural slope of the brown heather brae, spotted with bright green tufts of juniper, rose before me, as I stood with the πολύφλοισβος hum of the shimmering waters of Loch Migdale behind me. On the west and south-west the view was bounded by the high hills behind Tain, and the mighty Ben Wyvis overtopping them further to the south. Beyond the semi-cirque of brown heather, ribbed with tiers of natural seats, rising one above another, quite in the style of the classic theatres, the distant braes to the north were dappled with those shining white cottages which everywhere in the Highlands indicate the presence of a proprietor, who is more anxious to cherish and to improve his people, than to grasp at the hasty gain of the moment, by introducing an agricultural speculator from the South, eager to make money, and careless at what expense of human suffering it is made. The place where I stood would correspond to the middle of the orchestra, where the

θυμέλη, or altar of Dionysus, stood in the Greek theatres; and on this spot, on sacramental occasions, distinguished from the brown slope above by green grass and a sprinkling of bleached granite stones, was erected the tent from which the preacher addressed his audience. This audience, Mr. Aird assured me, on the Sunday of the previous week, amounted to between three and four thousand plaided worshippers; and, when I saw all these throngs of pious peasants in imagination before me, and heard the thrilling appeals of the sacred orator of the district, with every word compounded well of holy awe before the Supreme Being and genial love to his human family, I felt, in the strongest possible way, how little human art, even in its most potent Avatar, can do to elevate the tone of a simple rustic devotion in its more solemn moments. I remembered that the angels who at the first intimated the glad message of salvation to men on the plains of Bethlehem did so to simple shepherds who watched their flocks by night, not to kings and courtiers in glittering palaces, or to high priests and doctors of the law in gorgeous temples.

CH.—Here you strike a chord, from which our good friend, Dick Talbot of Corpus, used to start with such a flavour of devout feeling. You remember we used to chaff him for his sentimentality, saying that he must have been cribbing from Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, and such like flowery religiosity of the last century; but he always stood quite grave, insisting that what we were pleased to call sentimentality at a distance of five hundred miles, would appear to us, if we were true men, the most genuine sentiment on the spot. People who are not in love may lightly laugh at lovers; and yet true love is a genuine and a noble thing for all that.

MAC.—Honest Dick Talbot! now you recall to me what I had forgot: that he was at Creich, as indeed Mr. Aird told me, on the great sacramental occasion last year, and left some verses with the minister's wife, of which I got a

copy. He said to me, I remember, the last time I saw him, just before he went out with Matthews, the notable Aberdeen missionary, on an apostolic tour to Madagascar, that he never repented of anything so heartily in his life as of having written an article in the *Saturday Review* sneering at Highland piety, for which he got two guineas a column. To make the best compensation in his power, he wrote the verses which I will now read to you, and gave the six guineas, the wage of three columns, as a sin-offering to the good wife of Bishop Aird, to be distributed among the poor of the parish.

CH.—Yes, he was in truth a noble fellow. An act of that kind might well hide a multitude of those sins of superficial inquiry and hasty judgment, in which our clever metropolitan quill-drivers, top-full of academical conceit, are so prone to indulge. It is impossible for young men to be always talking about everything, and not often to sin largely with that most unmanageable of all little members—the tongue: only let them not write. But where are the verses?

MAC.—Rax me down that portfolio there.

CH.—This one?

MAC.—No, that other.

CH.—Here it is.

MAC.—Now, let me see: here it is.—(*Reads.*)

A HIGHLAND COMMUNION.

Come hither, all who worship in proud halls
  Vaulted with gold, and feast your cultured eyes
On the quaint carvings and the pictured walls,
  That at the potent call of genius rise
Majestic; come, learn on this heathery slope,
  By the bright plashing of the mountain mere,
Bathed in fresh mountain airs, 'neath Heaven's blue cope,
  To find God's noblest shrine and service here:
And, when the weird untutored psalm is borne,
  Far-resonant o'er the purple-breasted hills,

Stirring strong hearts, and bending stoutest wills
As the September breeze the full-eared corn,
Sing thou; and, with the plaided people here,
If art be far, feel God and Nature near!

CH.—Talbot, every inch! but amid all this flow of devout sentiment, or æsthetical piety, as I much fear your Highland preachers would call it, we are forgetting the Men. You told me that they performed a principal part in the celebration of a Highland sacrament. Do they preach what I have heard you call "the action sermon" in Scotland? Are they the chief agents in what your divines call "the fencing of the tables"?

MAC.—Not at all. They are not a whit more prominent on the Sacramental Sunday than the elders are in any Presbyterian Church. Not the Sunday, but the Friday previous, is the great day for the Men, sometimes popularly called the Men's Day, and sometimes *La nan Cheisd*, the Day of the Questions.

CH.—I am all in the dark: explain.

MAC.—Well, I told you before that a sacramental occasion, as they call it in Scotland, is a great gathering of the people from various districts often many miles apart. When they come together in this way, which happens only once a year, it is natural that they should not be in a hurry to part. So the sacramental feast is protracted through five days: Thursday, or the Fast-day; Friday, or the day for pious conference and fellowship, when the Men take the active part; Saturday, like what Friday was to the Jews, the παρασκευή, or day of preparation; then, of course, the Sunday, or Great Day of the Feast; and a meeting on Monday, by way of a sort of solemn farewell. In all this there is nothing peculiar to the Highlands, except the observance of Friday, or the *day of the questions*.

CH.—And how is it observed?

MAC.—In a very simple and reasonable way. The

people and the minister meet in any room, large enough to hold them, in the church, or in the open air, if weather allow. The minister, as a matter of course, is in the chair; and, after opening the meeting with prayer and praise, he requests any person present to stand up and propose a question of practical concern, to which he would like to hear an edifying answer. Shortly, some one stands up, and reads a text of Scripture, the practical difficulties connected with which he is desirous to have cleared up, as, for example, he might ask from 1st Peter ii. 9, with what significance Christians can be called a royal priesthood, when it is certain that the priesthood is a heathenish and a Jewish institution, and there are no priests in Protestant churches. One layman after another, to the amount of six or seven, will stand up to give their solution of this problem; and the speakers generally, if not exclusively, are "the Men," or persons of notable intelligence, piety, and knowledge of the Scriptures, from the various parishes that belong to the gathering. The minister, as chairman, then sums up the discussion, making such remarks by way of correction, enlargement, or application, as he may deem expedient. The meeting then is concluded, as it was opened, with prayer and praise.

CH.—It is certainly a singular custom that you describe, but it would be difficult to say that there is any harm in it; very far, certainly, from that tyrannising over the minister, on which my eloquent friend in the railway descanted.

MAC.—The tyrannising was a matter that affected only godless or ignorant ministers in the days of the old Moderates. They drew this masterdom upon themselves most naturally and most beneficially, just as weak husbands gracefully endure that their strong-minded spouses wear the breeches, and control the household. As for harm, in a sound state of a Christian congregation it is ridiculous to speak of it. These fellowship meetings, as

they are called, are manifestly of the same description as the meetings of Professors with their students, of which you will find examples in Scotland, in Germany, and in Oxford too, I fancy; meetings in which the students play the principal and the Professor only a secondary part. These, when well managed, are, I have no hesitation in saying, not the least profitable element in the intellectual training which Universities afford, and do, in fact, realise in modern practice the ideal of the Socratic method of teaching by question and answer, of which we have so many instructive examples in the Platonic dialogues.

CH.—But I could easily imagine that such meetings would open a large arena for ignorance, conceit, and presumption, and mere verbal fluency to disport themselves.

MAC.—Of course, all debating societies, the House of Commons included, may give issue to frothy effusions as well as to salubrious draughts occasionally, but they are not therefore useless or unprofitable. Ignorance and conceit and presumption are as common amongst ministers as amongst the people; and of ignorance and presumption on that side of the house the fellowship meetings act as a most admirable corrective. It is, no doubt, much more difficult for a minister to hold his ground creditably in such a meeting than when he deals forth his oracles as sole speaker from the pulpit; and self-important ministers generally are averse to these meetings, and have done their best to abolish them.[1] Of this we have a signal instance in an appeal by the elders and communicants of the Presbytery of Dornoch from a sentence of the Synod of Sutherland against fellowship meetings on Friday.

CH.—When was this?

MAC.—More than a century ago, in the year 1757. You will find it in the annals of our General Assembly.[2]

[1] See the remarks of Mr. Rose on the Men at the fellowship meetings, pp. 333-5 *supra*.

[2] Edinburgh: Johnstone, 1838. 2 vols.

CH.—You are very accurate in these matters.

MAC.—I am a lawyer; and it is part of my business to know them. Well, then, the report says, in favour of the decision of the Synod it was alleged that "the humour of disputing was too much encouraged in those meetings," and a reverend gentleman told the Assembly "that in some of them speeches were made, as long as many made in that House, and questions put which all the House could not answer." The case was wisely adjourned; and next year, 1758, we find the Commission of the Assembly unanimously agreed to set aside the acts of the Synod which prohibited those meetings, and to allow any minister to attend them or not as he might see cause.

CH.—No doubt a most wise judgment. From this case it appears plainly that neither the Men nor the fellowship meetings in the Highlands are a thing of yesterday.

MAC.—The Men, in my opinion, acquired the prominent position which has made them talked about, as I already explained to you, in the way of a necessary reaction against the secular spirit of the extreme Moderates of that Laodicean century. The fellowship meetings were a natural sign of spiritual life in the Church, and might arise naturally anywhere, without any connection either with the so-called Men or the Sacramental Friday. I remember to have read in the Life of Hog, who was minister at Kiltearn in the north about the middle of the seventeenth century, that he "joined the most judicious of his congregation in a society for prayer and *conference*"—this word conference exactly denoting the only characteristic feature that can be found to distinguish a fellowship meeting from a common prayer-meeting.[1] In the course of James Haldane's missionary tour to the north, at the end of last century, he met with these fellowship meetings at Dornoch, and was told they were of very ancient origin there, and generally traced back to the epoch of the glorious Revolution of

[1] *Memoirs of Hog, Veitch, and Others.* Edinburgh, 1846.

1688.[1] I myself feel fully convinced that, whether it may be deemed advisable at the present day to continue that peculiar practice (and I much fear that with not a few other practices, both good and bad, it may fall into disrepute, simply because it is Highland), it has in its day and way been one of the most effective engines in the formation of that character for piety and probity for which Highlanders, before they were disowned by their landlords, were so creditably known.

CH.—Well, I owe you a thousand thanks for your valuable information; and, if the General Assembly of the Free Kirk does not make you their Procurator, they will act most ungratefully.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha! Dream not of that. I am too broad for them. I voted for Robertson Smith. I believe in free discussion amongst "the Men" on points of practical piety, as an exercise of self-examination for the worthy participation of the Sacrament; but I believe also in the free study of the Bible, and the supremacy of this free study above the scholastic dogmas of Councils and Catechisms.

CH.—Yes, I understand; they will accept your advocacy, as they do charity from the Established clergymen; no further. But you have said nothing of the great day of the Feast, the Communion Sunday.

MAC.—There is nothing special to tell; but a great deal, as honest Talbot knew, to feel, if you were there.

CH.—My clerical friend in the railway talked largely of the intolerable length of the action sermon, and of the grotesque gestures and wild exclamations of the most popular haranguers, with terrible fulminations against

[1] *Life of Haldane*, as above, p. 187. The Rev. LEWIS ROSE, Tain, whose important testimony was quoted above, pp. 333-5, in another MS., which I have from the same kind hand, says that the Friday question meetings had their origin at Inverness 200 odd years ago (*i.e.* about 1650) from the action of a very zealous minister of that town named Alexander MacKenzie.

"ministers who wore top-boots and travelled in gigs, and against women with curls in their hair, for many a curl and twine and twist sure there was in the Devil's wig;" and suchlike eccentricities.

MAC.—Pshaw! If they preached long, it was because they were full of matter; and, if they used familiar illustrations sometimes in their discourses, it was because they gave free vent to honest nature, and did not speak in habitual fear of those frosty proprieties that choked the growth of the Episcopal Church, and handed over the people in shoals to the Methodists. A simile in bad taste is to a good sermon what a pimple is to a woman with a pretty face; but a pithless sermon of twelve minutes or a quarter of an hour, such as your nice Episcopalians are wont to spin out mincingly, is like a pretty face without a soul. The Highland sermons, whatever they wanted, had always plenty of soul.

CH.—Well, on that favourite theme I must allow you to declaim; only one thing remains: you have omitted to answer me the special point I pressed with regard to the small proportion of communicants at those great communion gatherings. My friend in the railway told me that not above one-tenth of the pious persons present actually partook of the sacred supper; and I could not help thinking this a very strange circumstance.[1]

MAC.—Not so strange as you imagine. St. Paul certainly would have approved of a modest fear rather than of a forward confidence in a matter of this kind. Nothing

[1] A well-known Ross-shire divine, distinguished by strictness rather than by laxness in doctrine and discipline, writes to me that about one-fourth is the number of those present at a sacramental occasion who communicate. Of course the practice differs considerably in different places; and I have not the slightest doubt, while believing generally in the good influence of the Men, that in the particular matter of the Sacrament they have turned a door of kindly invitation, to all who are sincerely desirous of partaking, into a spiked barrier, which only a strong steed can overleap. In what is called the FENCING of the tables, while it is necessary to instruct the ignorant, and right to warn the presumptuous, it is unwise to frighten a modest believer, and tyrannical to exclude.

debases a sacred rite more than when it is thrown open to all partakers, and becomes a token of worldly respectability rather than of high-toned piety. I need not tell you that, according to the faith of my master, Aristotle, I habitually act on the conviction that ALL EXTREMES ARE WRONG; and, in this matter of the Sacrament, I am willing to admit, with an intelligent and sympathetic observer, that, "while in the Highlands the Sacrament is regarded with an awe which borders on superstition, in the Lowlands it is treated with a familiarity in many cases that pretty nearly approaches to profanity."[1] Both extremes are bad; but the former is by far the safer of the two, and the one which is indicative of a more serious religious life, and a more delicately sensitive conscience. But we can do no good by discussing this matter here more curiously. You have reserved for yourself a treat next year in seeking the fellowship of these pious peasants, and the godly men who do the Lord's work in those remote corners of his vineyard. Meanwhile, to fling the mellow light of poetry over the sacred scenes which we have just been describing, and, at the same time, to act as a spur to you in following out your pious purpose of never visiting the Highlands again without being present at a day of the Men, and a Communion Sabbath, I will read you some stanzas from Campbell Shairp's fine poem of *Kilmahoe*, in which the coming together of the people for the Communion is described with a truth and a felicity which always reminds me of the fine description in Goethe's *Faust* of the gaily-dressed people flocking out of the dark archway of the town-gate on Easter Sunday.

CH.—By all means. I like Shairp; his poetry smells of the heather; and that is what genuine Scotch poetry ought always to do.

[1] *A Highland Sacrament as witnessed at Resolis, near Cromarty, July* 1859. By G. MacCulloch. Glasgow, 1860.

"Up the long glen, narrowing
Inland from the eastern deep,
In the kirkyard o'er the river,
Where dead generations sleep,
Living men on summer Sabbaths
Worship long have come to keep.

There o'er graves lean lichened crosses,
Placed long since by hands unknown,
Sleeps the ancient warrior under
The blue claymore-sculptured stone,
And the holy well still trickles
From rock basin, grass-o'ergrown.

Lulled the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveiled the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

And the folk in streams are flowing
Both from near and far, enticed
By old wont and reverent feeling,
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills, with Christ.

Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors.
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

Plaids were there that only Sabbath
Saw, and wives' best tartan hoods,

Grannies' white coifs, and bareheaded
Maidens with their silken snoods;
Many-hued, home-woven tartans,
Brightening these grave solitudes.

You might see on old white horses
Agèd farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.

There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er,
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor,

The bowed down, the lame, the palsied,
Those with panting breast oppressed,
Widows poor, in mutch and tartan
Cloak, for one day lent them, drest,
And the young and ruddy mother,
With the bairnie at her breast.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill-burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,

There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man
Palsied speaking to his son,
'See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done,
There long since I laid my father,
There his forbears lie, each one.'" [1]

[1] *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral.* By John Campbell Shairp. 1864.

DIALOGUE VII.

SCENE.—*The cottage at Altavona.*
PERSONS.—*MacDonald and Church.*

MAC.—Well, Church, I really am sorry that your Highland tour must so soon come to an end: you have only tasted the rim of the bowl, so to speak; but no man can command circumstances, and I cannot command you. Necessity, Shelley says, is the mother of the world; and like good boys, we must obey the *Magna Mater.*

CH.—Depend upon it, my regret is as great as yours. You talk of tasting; I feel that I have only smelt the orange, and must come back a second time to peel it, and a third time to suck it.

MAC.—Even so. No place is worth seeing once that is not worthy to be seen again. At your first visit you learn only what questions to put; at your second how to put them; and at your third—for there should always be a third visit when possible—how to systematise your results, and to check your conclusions.

CH.—You make travelling a very serious affair. Few travellers seem to take it so.

MAC.—And therefore their books are for the most part extremely superficial; and, as superficial knowledge is often false, and always only half true, I keep clear of that sort of reading, as much as may be. Superficial knowledge is to me worse than none. I never know whether I am embracing Juno, or a cloud.

CH.—That depends on the subject partly, and partly on the reporter. If an artist tells me that there are no more picturesque pines in Scotland than at Glenfinnan, or birches of more luxuriant grace than at Bonskeid, I believe him, because he knows what he is talking about, and have reason to consider his reported judgment in such cases superior to my own eyesight.

MAC.—Of course; the evidence of an expert in any matter is never superficial, but not one traveller in a score is an expert; the great herd of them just ramble through the country, and jot down what they happen to see; and are no more entitled to be looked on as experts in the [illegible] of travel than a curious child plucking a flower by the roadside is to be called a botanist.

CH.—Do not suppose that I have any intention of perpetrating the impertinence of publishing a summer tour in the Highlands. On some parts of the subject—thanks to you and your noble ward, I feel that I am leaving the land of Bens and glens and brave fellows, rich in not a few facts and ideas, which I could not have extracted from the best guide-book. On one or two points, as on the clearances, the Gaelic language, and the religion of the Highlanders, I think I possess knowledge enough to correct some of the misty conceptions on those subjects, that float through the brain of the average Englishman; but on other points I am altogether blank: two especially, —Deer-stalking and Education.

MAC.—Ha! ha! ha!—two very different things! The one altogether Highland, the other not at all.

CH.—What do you mean?

MAC.—I mean, of course, that while nothing is more characteristically Highland than deer-stalking, nothing is more thoroughly devoid of any Highland element than a Highland school.

CH.—I thought the Education Bill had done great things for Scottish education generally; and, shooting

through the Highlands, nothing attracted my eye so much as the graceful architecture of the new schools.

MAC.—No doubt; thanks to Lord Young; the lairds would never have built such schools: they think only of game and game-laws. But these erections, which you admire so much, are, after all, only the shell of popular education: conchology, not zoology. A pretty shell is a pretty thing in a cabinet; but an oyster is not commended for its shell, nor a lobster for its crust. Even so in a school, the stone and lime may be the best part of the business, as in an English cathedral not rarely, and where the Bishop or the Dean preached in that tame style which you Episcopalians affect, I felt my sentiment of reverence stirred, chiefly when looking up to the grandly poised and richly ornamented vault. But stone and lime are not religion; and the first Christians worshipped fervently in a garret, the Scotch Covenanters on the moors.

CH.—You are the first person that I ever heard say a word in disparagement of the Highland schools. I have always understood that they are in no whit behind the general type of Scotch schools, which, for system and energy and interest and efficient practical results, bear comparison with the best schools in Europe. Taken overhead, as a thinking animal, the Lowland Scot is universally admitted to be superior to the Englishman. The Scot, as everybody knows, owes this principally to the very emphatic fashion in which church and school and university have combined to work on the individuality of the masses; and I cannot conceive how, in broadening the basis, and enlarging the range of a system tested by the results of centuries, anything should have been done, to remove the Highlands from the action of so beneficial a stimulant.

MAC.—You misconceive me altogether, my dear fellow. I did not say that nothing was taught in the Highland schools, or that nothing good was taught: I only said that nothing Highland was taught. I presume, when you

travel in a country, you wish to see that which is most characteristic: the differential features, as our scientific men phrase it. The common features you know already. A dog is a dog, whether in Skye or at St. Bernard's; and a school is a school here among the Argyllshire Bens as much as in Edinburgh or Oxford. But a Highland school, if it is to be the right thing in the right place, ought to be something more. Or, are you to seek for a characteristic Highland feature in Bens and glens, in woods and waterfalls, heather-bells and granite braes, but not at all in the training palaestras of Highland souls?

CH.—Certainly I should expect to find something in Highland schools, that I should not see in a common English school,—Gaelic music, for instance, Highland history, Highland traditions, Highland botany, geology, and specially a familiarity with the Gaelic language, as the language of the pulpit, and of the sacred Scriptures.

MAC.—Well, if such were the teaching of our Highland schools, I should be the last man in the world to dissuade you from taking note of them. But you will not find a trace of these things in the schools.

CH.—Not even of music?

MAC.—Certainly not of Highland music, unless accidentally here and there; and it is national music alone that has the power to stir the heart of a people.

CH.—Unquestionably; the history of the Highland regiments abounds with striking proofs of this. I am a great admirer both of the organ solemnity of German music, and the sweet voluptuous roll of the Italian; but to touch the Highland heart, I should prefer *Agus ho Mhorag*, or *Lochaber no more*.

MAC.—You remember what Napoleon said about music? He was a wise man, whenever ambition did not goad him into madness.

CH.—What did he say?

MAC.—"Music," said the great captain, "of all the liberal

arts, has the greatest influence over the passions; and it is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes the mind, and softens the feelings, and produces a greater effect than a moral discourse, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits."[1]

CH.—Plato, you remember, teaches the same doctrine at large in the third book of the *Polity;* and Aristotle, and all the Greeks agree with him.

MAC.—What would you think then of the wisdom of those educators who, in the usage of their schools, should systematically run a-muck against Plato, Aristotle, and Napoleon Buonaparte? Surely Red Tape never performed a more astonishing feat.

CH.—Am I to understand, then, that the beautiful Gaelic language so rich in vowel sounds, and the beautiful Gaelic melodies which Miss MacDonald pours forth so pathetically and so stirringly, are systematically excluded from the Highland schools?

MAC.—Yes: systematically; and in the most effective way possible—viz., by placing a money value on the progress made in other branches of the school programme, and leaving the Gaelic language and the Gaelic music to shift for themselves.

CH.—Of course the Highland schoolmaster understands the value of money.

MAC.—Yes; poor devil! he would be a born fool, if he did not. Nothing more easy than to bribe a poor man. Under the present regulations a hard-worked and poorly-paid parochial teacher cannot afford to be patriotic, or philosophic, or natural, or reasonable, or even human. He must look to the Code.

CH.—I am at a loss to comprehend what can be the reason of so unnatural a procedure?

[1] *The Table-Talk of Napoleon Buonaparte.* London, 1870.

MAC.—The reasons are not so far to seek, as you may suppose. In the first place, you must keep in mind our British schools are by no means national and popular in the same sense that the Greek education was; our imported element is large, and sometimes, as in the case of Greek and Latin, as taught in the great English schools, has succeeded in completely killing out all native culture. In these schools, except in so far as they may have been recently reformed, the only characteristically English element in the training was cricket, or, where water helped, it might be boating. The same foreign element has asserted itself in Scotland so largely, under the generalship of soulless grammarians, that, when Horace is curiously scanned, and even the *Antigone* dramatically enacted in Edinburgh, in order that Scotland may be nothing behind England in elegant aping of the antique, our native melodies, so full of stirring tradition, natural truthfulness, moving pathos, racy humour and practical wisdom, do not receive even a passing recognition; as if it were part of an educator's duty to denude his disciples formally of all the most attractive graces that naturally belong to him. Again, I am afraid we must confess that in our British schools we have allowed the idea to strike deep roots in the national mind that education is a matter of the head exclusively, not of the heart; an idea which, while it leads us to overload the brain with a weight of useless and even oppressive learning, throws a cold chill over the finest emotions of the heart, and a dull shade over the most vivid pictures of the imagination. Of course in this way the culture of the heart and the emotions devolves altogether on the family and the Church: so far well;—but the separation of functions which Nature has bound together by an inseparable bond can never be beneficial; and if, on the one hand, the Church requires the aid of the intellect in order to plant a firm throne for the sovereignty of an enlightened conscience, the School no less demands the

co-operation of the heart, in order that the culture of the intellect may not show itself in angularity of feature and aridity of character. Imagination is the blossom, the emotions the fragrance of the soul.

CH.—I remember a saying of Richter, which states the case in the most effective way, with regard to the propriety of teaching the Gaelic tongue and the Gaelic songs to the boys and girls of a Highland school: *The way to a mother's heart is through her children; the way to a people's heart is through their language.*

MAC.—Plainly; even a few passing phrases of the mother tongue from a Lowlander will bring a bright smile to the face of a Gael; and, if neither landlords nor school-boards, nor school inspectors, nor Revised Codes have made any use of this most potent instrument of creating sympathy, it seems plain that they never seriously intended to gain the hearts of the people.

CH.—Or that they did not know how to do it.

MAC.—A part of both, no doubt; but I rather believe the former. Had they seriously intended to work on the hearts of the people, they would not have found it difficult to find out the channels of access. Besides, I think I can show you inch by inch, that the material did not exist among the men having influence in these matters, out of which such intelligent sympathy might have been evolved.

CH.—What do you mean?

MAC.—Take them one by one. First, there are the landlords and great proprietors. These, in every well-constituted society, are the natural heads of the people, specially of the country people,—their fathers, their friends, their protectors, their guides, their instructors, their bishops generally in secular affairs. It is a noble function which they perform in the organism of social life. Their business is to improve the land, and ameliorate the condition of the people who cultivate the land. Normally, and in a

healthy state of society, they generally do so: with the exception, of course, of a certain proportion of selfish, silly, or careless men, such as will be found in every class. But society in the Highlands is not in a normal state,—as the British laws affecting the relation of landlord and tenant are not in a normal state,—therefore, we shall not be surprised to find that the lords of the Bens and glens do not perform their social duties with anything but a very imperfect approximation to the ideal of such performance; have no notion, in fact, not a few of them, that they have any duties of the kind to perform. Of course there are various types of landlords in the Highlands: the old landlords, who have been for centuries in the possession of the soil, which the clansmen conquered for them with the sword—as the MacDougalls in Lorn—are often the best; they have kindly sentiments towards the tenants, who are part of their inheritance, who bear their name, and often share in their blood; such men will not, naturally, be found forward in the cruel process of arbitrary eviction, which comes rather from those new possessors, who have no ties to the population, and who cannot, in fact, execute their gigantic schemes for the luxury of chasing wild beasts, and what they call improvements, without getting rid of the people. Now, these old hereditary landlords, reigning for centuries over a hereditary people, are the parties who by right of birth, and by social instinct, might be expected to speak the Gaelic language themselves, to sing the Gaelic songs, and to see to it that a characteristically Highland education be imparted to the young Celts that bear their name. But for the most part they do no such thing. Why? Because, by a concurrence of unhappy influences that have affected the Highlands since the unfortunate rising of 1745, they have been depopularised and de-Celticised to a degree which could not be believed by those who see them in kilted parade on great occasions in the midst of a fair array of bagpipes and Strathspey dancers, and fellows

with tremendous brawn like the giants who fought against the gods in Greek story, flinging pine-trees. These men are Highlanders for the most part only in pride of pedigree, not in tone of sentiment or in type of culture. They cannot speak a word of Gaelic; they were educated at Eton and Harrow, and know more of Horace and Homer—though that may be little enough—than of Duncan Ban or Alastair MacDonald. They spend their time for nine months of the year in London, sometimes, no doubt, usefully enough in public business, not seldom also in lounging about the saloons, making "debts of honour" in ways that can bring honour to no man, or floating about loosely in plashing pools of what carnally-minded men call pleasure. Three or four months of the year are all that such men can devote to the duty of showing themselves to the tenants who pay their rents,—sometimes they do not even do that, but hand over their local duties wholesale to their factors, and satisfy their conscience with being rent-lifters; while of not a few of those who do visit their people regularly at certain seasons of the year, it may without any breach of charity be said that their main interest in the estate is rather to shoot the grouse and to chase the deer than to cherish, to improve, or to educate the people. Of course no man will pass any very severe judgment on such characters. They are what they are by the potent influence of birth, education, habit and tradition. The laws of the country encourage their scanty method of performing their social duties to the soil; and public opinion does not disapprove of what to a Solon, a Lycurgus, or a Moses might appear a glaring negation of an important territorial function. But being what they are, they are manifestly not the men to have any living sympathy with the soul of the Highland people; and to take any serious charge of the kind of education that may be given to the children of the poor Highlanders who pay their rents is the last thing in

the world that would occur to them. Take now another class of landlords, and a very large class—the new men—the moneyed men from England or the Scottish Lowlands, who, when the native landlords had ruined themselves and sold their people by bad economy and foolish living, bought their property and became lords of the territory, without being heads of the clan to whom the district belonged. Among these, of course, there were both bad and good: but the bad were in every respect worse than those whom they succeeded, and the good, whatever their virtues, could not be expected to possess those sympathies which belonged to the Celtic heads of a Celtic clan. For them the clan system with all its kindly ties and hereditary claims did not exist: they were commercial men and men of business, rich lawyers or sporting lords, who brought the habits of London or Glasgow into Glengarry and Tobermory. They came with plenty of money in their pockets, which the old lairds never had, and habits of management and profitable investment of which the old lairds scarcely dreamt; they bought land not only from the desire to raise themselves in the social scale by being enrolled among the landed aristocracy, but with the honest wish, so it might be, to play the part of good proprietors, by improving the land, and cherishing the people; but, like all newly imported landlords, they were ignorant of the habits of the people among whom they settled, and from their own previous habits were apt to make demands on them which, from a people so circumstanced, it was altogether unreasonable to expect. The clan system and the commercial system, starting, as they did, from altogether different principles, could not fit into one another, like the different parts of a well-compacted machine. With the best will, rubs and collisions and misunderstandings of various kinds were unavoidable. Deficient in those moral sympathies which were above all things necessary to evoke the best energies of the Celt,

your enterprising Liverpool merchant, or Manchester manufacturer, would be sure to stumble on the worst qualities of the people, whom he had been anxious to guide: he would call them lazy, stupid, false, unreliable, ungrateful; and, with the insolence natural to the English mind, attribute all the faults of their character to the clan system, Calvinism, and the Gaelic language. The only hope for such people was to send them to America, where Necessity, the mother of activity, would teach the backward to shift for themselves,—at home nothing could be made of them. Every new man, of course, willing to do good among his people, would not be driven to such sorrowful conclusions. Some landlords are better Christians than others, and, as such, more disposed to deal patiently with the faults of their weaker brethren: whilst amongst the poor Highlanders there are similar diversities, which prevent them from falling logically under those sweeping condemnations, in which the intrusive landlord is so apt to indulge. Some Highland crofters are the mere dregs of a previous stout population, enfeebled and dispirited, and in fact, wrecked for life by the heartless treatment of selfish or absentee landlords; others, from happier influences, retain a fair share of the strength and manliness that belong to the genuine Celtic character, and are capable of working effectively with any new master, who may be wise enough to lead, and patient enough to wait for them. The good that has been done in the Highlands by such new landlords is well known to those who live in their districts. Their works speak for them in a language which the inquiring traveller cannot fail to understand. They drain bogs; fell trees; make fences; plant the braes; build trim cottages; erect public halls and reading-rooms; subsidise the churches; and even supplement the labours of the schoolmaster, by teaching history and geography, and astronomy, through the medium of scientifically equipped magic lanterns. It may be also, that here and

there, one of these new lords of the soil, whether from large human sympathies, and a deeper insight into human character, or because he has a Mac as a handle to his name, and an uncorrupted stream of Celtic blood in his veins, may have a decided fancy for cherishing Highland sentiment, Highland speech, and Highland song, in the Highland glen which he sways; but such instances, I fear, are rare, and their operation will naturally be sporadic. So much for the better class of the new landlords. Of the other class, it would be ridiculous to imagine that they should feel any interest in the Highland education of Highlanders. They never bought their land with the most remote idea of identifying themselves with the interests or the well-being of the people on the soil, except, of course, in so far as it might increase their rents. Grouse-shooting, and salmon-fishing, and deer-stalking, and perhaps a castellated mansion or dainty lodge, are, in their mind, the essential rights which belong to a Highland property. Whatever amount of Highland population may be necessary for the enjoyment of those rights is to be encouraged on a Highland estate,—no more; a body of industrious crofters, or intelligent small farmers, and peasant proprietors, would be a thorn in the flesh to proprietors of this type. If there are more people on the land than his sporting purposes require, he will have no hesitation in clearing them out, as he would clear a forest, if he required it. The laws will protect the landholder in the legal use of his property, while the poor people are free to shift for themselves, and go to any quarter of the world where they may be wanted.

CH.—This is a terrible picture you draw of Highland landlordism. I venture to hope it is considerably overdrawn, and applies only to a very small portion of the proprietors.

MAC.—How small or how large, the desolation of the glens will show. But, my dear fellow, I have been reading

a lecture to you, instead of conversing. It is a vice of us Scotsmen, they say. We cannot talk: we discourse. Pray give the Rüdesheimer a jog, and I will endeavour to run over the remainder of our educational steam-power more rapidly. What should you take next?

CH.—Of course, there is the middle class. The mighty Nimrods before the Lord, or before the devil, the good devotees of St. Hubert and the lairds of whom you have been talking, stand for the most part on a social platform too high to come into much social contact with the common people. They are gods in a fashion, but, like the gods of Epicurus, not given to look downwards, or take any special care of those beneath them. Their own hunting heaven satisfies all their desires.

MAC.—My dear Kit, the middle class, in most parts of the Highlands now-a-days, is nowhere, or a mere button on the coat-tails of the great landholders. Even where smaller proprietors exist, their influence is so inconsiderable, and their habits so entirely English, that any sympathy with genuine Highland culture is, in the general case, even less to be expected from them than from the great Dukes and Earls. Outside of these, who do not exist at all in large tracts of the Highlands, I do not know where we are to look for a middle class, whose members might feel any peculiar interest in the proper Celtic upbringing of Highland boys and girls. There is the factor and the doctor, and the big farmer, and the clergy, and a few of the more prosperous shopkeepers in the towns; but all these men, though socially much nearer to the great mass of the people than to those above them, sympathise rather with their superiors than with their inferiors, and lie, in fact, apart from the Gaelic-speaking class, like one geological stratum directly superimposed on another, but nowhere mingling with it. Of these, the factor, of course, represents nobody but the landlord, and the landlord generally with an iron glove on his hand.

CH.—But the country doctor holds an independent middle position.

MAC.—True; but he is too busy to attend to anybody but his patients; and, besides, the big landholders pay him best; and it is not convenient to quarrel with them.

CH.—What of the big farmer?

MAC.—He is the biggest enemy of all to the common people; often a South-countryman, not rarely an absentee, employing the fewest possible number of men in the occupation of upland districts, and always an enemy to the crofter who might claim consuetudinary right of grazing upon his walks. The big farmer came into the Highlands with eviction as a pioneer paving his way; and his great prayer to God—or to the devil—is that there may be neither Gaelic man nor Gaelic speech in the district, where he has wool to sell.

CH.—What do you say to the big tradesman, the ship-agent, the bank-agent, the newspaper editor, the sheriff, the writers, the collector of taxes, and other prominent figures in the upper classes of such towns as Inverness, Stornoway, Oban?

MAC.—One at a time, my dear fellow; one at a time!

CH.—Well, then, first the tradesman and shopkeeper.

MAC.—The towns are mostly of Saxon origin, and, if their original seed was not exactly Saxon, owe most of their prosperity to Saxon grafts. The Scottish Celts did not build large towns. They were an agricultural people. Generally speaking, the tradesmen and shopkeepers in Highland towns are an English- rather than a Gaelic-speaking class, and have no strong Celtic sympathies. The lowest and the least influential of the class are most likely to be Celtic; but in the management of schools they would be led by their superiors, and hold to the Gaelic only as a pleasant reminiscence of the paternal hearth, or as fragrant with the best seasoning of Calvinistic piety. Of the bank-agents, the newspaper editor, the writers, the sheriff,

nothing special need be said; they are, as a rule, systematically English, accidentally Celtic.

CH.—One class remains, a class that, in the educational sphere, ought to be more influential than all the others put together.

MAC.—You mean the clergy.

CH.—Of course. I have always heard, or, at least, you explained to me distinctly, the other day, in Iona, that the Highlanders are a very religious people, and that the clergy, as their guides, are practically omnipotent.

MAC.—One would naturally expect so; but in the matter of Highland education their presence only proved their weakness. The zealous Evangelists who preach Gaelic every Sunday, and preach it with a flavour and a fervour that does not belong to their English discourses, did not prevail to get the language of the popular religion taught, and the authoritative text of the popular religion read in the Highland schools.

CH.—Strange; in an extreme Protestant country, in Scotland, where Bible-reading has been the great engine of popular education,—strange that the language of religious teaching, hallowed by all the associations of the family hearth and the church altar, should be ignored.

MAC.—The gentlemen who sit near to Jove, that is, the Edinburgh lawyers, the London statesmen, and the officials of the School Board, with their advisers, did not wish it; and the clergy were too weak, or too divided, to insist on it. Besides, the majority of the clergy, especially of the severe Free Churchmen, have no love for Gaelic, except as a medium for sermons and religious tracts. They have been known to fling their ban against secular songs, as against profane fiddles. The study of Gaelic in the schools might lead to the singing of Duncan Ban; and good boys and girls should sing nothing but psalms. These ministers, I fancy, are content that the Gaelic Bible and the Catechism—which with many of them is virtually

more important than the Bible—shall be read in the Sunday schools. Generally, also, so far as I have observed, the clergy are no more remarkable than the laity for the great virtue of moral courage; and, as to take a prominent part in a patriotic and popular movement, such as the teaching of Gaelic in schools, might give offence in high quarters, they think it better to be silent. It is a well-known fact that at the time of the great Sutherland Clearances only one of the local clergy opened his voice in defence of the poor downtrodden population.

CH.—Well, this is a sad tale; but what do the poor people themselves say to all this systematic misprision of their best feelings? and what do the school-inspectors say?

MAC.—The common people are too few, too feeble, too dispirited, too dependent, and too ignorant to meddle with the matter. No doubt they love their Gaelic dearly, and nothing pleases them so much as to be asked to sing a Gaelic song, when they can sing; but, with this class of people generally, and specially with the poor, neglected, impoverished, despised, and ignored Highland crofter, the one thing needful is to "get on" in the world; and to get on in the world, the indispensable qualification for them is to learn the language of the world, that is—English. They send their children to school with purely utilitarian views; of culture, or *Bildung*, as Goethe loves to call it, they have no conception, except in connection with the pulpit. The sermon is their only eloquence; the Sunday services their sole excitement; and the fear of a future world the only thing that keeps them out of the mire in the present. This indifference of the people to anything in the shape of culture, which their own language, so rich in lyrical treasures, might offer them, is the real cause why their superiors so easily override them with a purely English school drill. The horse that does not know how to kick, must accept the sovereignty of the weakest rider that leaps on his back.

CH.—You open to me more and more an amount of decadence and prostration in the population of the glens, of which I had no conception. The Highlanders are noted for their energy, enterprise, and success in the colonies; why should they be so feeble at home?

MAC.—Just because the strong men went forth, and the feeble remained behind; also, because abroad they have free scope for their enterprise: at home the land laws and the lords of the soil crush them, or cast them out.

CH.—But why do not the long-headed controllers of education in London do something, to protect the poor people?

MAC.—For many reasons; first, because, not unfrequently, they know no more of the true principles of popular education than those beneath them; again, because they are in London, and, acting as the prime movers of a centralised system, believe more in their own metropolitan methods than in the real wants and capacities of the provinces. In education, as in other matters, centralisation means uniformity; uniformity demands a common mechanism in the procedure, and a common monotony in the result. Across the Channel, as you know, where everything is strongly centralised, it has been said that Paris is France; on the south side of the Tweed, and the bank of the Thames, the Privy Council says, London is education, or London, with whatever Oxford may please to import to it. The intellectual or emotional wants of Highlanders, as Highlanders, if named, would only excite a contemptuous grin in the countenances of these mighty officials.

CH.—Besides, in this country the mightiest officials are not so much given to lead as to be led. Our Government is accustomed to wait, till an impulse is given from below; and, as such an impulse in the present case, as you have so amply shown, does not exist, they naturally do nothing;

or do only what they are told to do by apostate sons of the Bens and glens, who hold the Highlanders in as great contempt as any metropolitan red-tapist could desire. But what say the school-inspectors?

MAC.—There may be some difference of opinion among them. Mr. Jolly, the admirable editor of George Combe's Educational Works, has recorded his very decided testimony in favour of an effective Celtic element in the education of Highlanders; but his opinion, I have reason to fear, is exceptional; and the tendency of school-inspectors generally, I suspect, is rather against than in favour of provincial varieties in school training. These gentlemen are a part of the common machine worked from above downwards, on principles the very reverse of popular. Their training has been scholastic and academic, which means the idol worship of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, mere ὄργανα or tools, as Aristotle would say,—not an inspiration fresh from nature, possessed of a breezy virtue to stir the souls of Celtic mountaineers. The idea of *educing* from the minds of those young Celts what naturally lies there in germ, which is the proper function of education according to the etymology of the word and the practice of Socrates, never seems to have occurred to these gentlemen. They look on the minds of young Highland boys and girls as a *tabula rasa*, on which they may inscribe whatever abstract formulas or dry facts they may have been able to carry away from the scholastic discipline, to which they have been submitted.

CH.—But can these gentlemen really not be made to see that, independent of all popular or patriotic considerations, the teaching of English and Gaelic together would have the same virtue in a Highland school that is claimed for the teaching of Latin and English together in our classical schools? In fact, it would only be Roger Ascham's method of translation and re-translation, scienti-

fically applied to the Highlands,—an exercise, whether for learning a foreign language or for disciplining the youthful intellect, one of the best, in the opinion of all educators, that the inventory of pedagogic methods can boast?

MAC.—I do not know. But the fact is as I say. Either starved in their genial human sympathies by scholastic pride and academical conceit, they do not recognise the value of a characteristically popular training, considering Gaelic a common and unclean thing, from which no educational virtue can proceed; or, believing in the virtue of the popular, as opposed to the merely scholastic element in education, they have failed to impress the manipulators of red tape in London with the importance of such provincial ideas. And now I hope you are satisfied. I have presented you with a sad picture—the picture of a noble people, out of whom the soul is being systematically sucked. The schools are one part of this sucking apparatus; the deer forests are another. Between the two, the Highlanders, as a distinct social entity, are in good haste to die, and, like Don Juan, as Byron has it, descend into Hades somewhat before their time.

CH.—But deer-stalking is an essentially Highland sport; there is no fear, I presume, of that dying out; and, as long as deer-stalking lives, the Highlands will live, and one characteristic feature of Highland life, as old as Fingal and Ossian, will live with it.

MAC.—Undoubtedly; and it is a great pity that you should have left the land of the Bens, without having had an opportunity of witnessing that noble sport. But the omission will serve a good turn by and by, furnishing you with an excellent apology for repeating your visit to Altavona. I will speak to my good friend, the Earl behind the Bens there, who will have great pleasure in opening his deer-preserves to the free range of your gun.

CH.—My gun! Have I not told you a dozen of times

that I never had a gun in my hand; sporting parsons are not tolerated now-a-days. But I thought you were an enemy to deer-stalking.

MAC.—How so? I might as well be an enemy to salmon-fishing, grouse-shooting, otter-hunting, or seal-hunting. I hope you don't take me for a Radical of the Manchester school?

CH.—Unquestionably in some things you are a Radical; and you expressed yourself not a minute ago against deer-forests in language which would have elicited a full swell of applausive echoes from the most vituperative democrat in the British Cottonopolis.

MAC.—Fie! my dear fellow; I thought you knew me better. Can you not distinguish between the use of a thing, and the abuse? Deer-stalking is, like everything else, good in moderation, bad in excess. Love, liberty, fair women, and wine, are all good or bad, as you use them. You drink two glasses of stout Oporto, and there you are; drink two bottles, and where are you? This is a doctrine which your thorough-paced Radical never understands; when he has got a notion, or a crotchet, or what he calls a principle, in his head, he has room for no qualification, and he frets himself that God Almighty should have created a world, full of many ideas beyond the capacity of his little limited brain-chamber. He is at bottom, with all his talk about liberty, the most narrow-minded, the most intolerant, the most despotic, and sometimes the most spiteful of human creatures. I have never joined him in sweeping denunciations against game-laws and game-preserves: there must be laws for the preservation of game, after society has reached a certain stage; otherwise in a very few years there would be no game to preserve.

CH.—Yes; he is, in fact, a most overbearing creature; and, when he spouts a lofty philosophy, depend upon it some base utilitarian principle lies at the root of it. His free-trade, for instance, which had such a cosmopolitan

ring about it, meant practically that John Bull should manufacture goods for the whole world, and the whole world should grow corn for him; thus he would grow fat, and they would grow lean. But the Americans and Prince Bismarck are too acute to be blinded to their direct national interests by such sophistry; they will grow their own corn, and spin their own cotton; and John Bull may see to it how he can preserve his landlords from leanness, or his manufacturing rabble from starvation, when the run of the market is all on one side.

MAC.—You touch upon delicate ground here. *Incedis per ignes*, etc. Free-trade, it must be admitted, was a grand conception, whatever were the motives that contributed to its general reception in this country; but against the bloated aristocracy, and the game-laws, and the mighty Nimrods of the Highland glens, the tirades of the Radicals were worthless indeed, reproaching, as they did, the knights of the gun with returning to the lowest stage of savage life, when hunting was the only business, and the golden gift of the boon Demeter unknown to food-eating mortals.

CH.—They might as well accuse me of a return to savage life because I enjoy my dinner, and take a good walk every day, and breathe the open air for at least two hours, and sleep soundly, as savages do after hunting. There are not a few things that the most civilised do in common with the lowest savages; and there are some things in which savages, or semi-civilised men, are unquestionably superior to the civilised; in the sharpness of the senses, for instance, in the strength of the muscles, and in the dexterous use of arms and legs.

MAC.—Yes; as old Homer says, you remember, in the *Odyssey*, when Ulysses begins to exhibit his feats of strength and alertness before the king of the Phæacians:—

οὐ μὲν γὰρ μεῖζον κλέος ἀνέρος, ὄφρα κεν ἦσιν,
ἢ ὅτι ποσσίν τε ῥέζει καὶ χερσὶν ἐῇσιν.

And consider this also, that, if the sharp practice of the senses, and the dexterous use of the limbs be a recommendation to all classes of men, it is specially so to the aristocracy, and to those members of the plutocracy, who in this country are ambitious to follow in their train.

CH.—How so?

MAC.—The younger members of the aristocracy in this wealthy country are a class of men full of energy, with plenty of leisure, and given to indulgence. In this respect they are a most important class, and, like idle boys, must be sent to school, not so much to learn, as to keep them out of mischief. Persons belonging to the lower and middle classes who, like you and me, Kit, must work for their bread, find in the limitation of circumstances and the smallness of their means a spur to that continuous putting forth of well-directed activity, without which human beings are apt to pass their lives away unprofitably, or, what is worse, to reel from indulgence to indulgence, till they are fit for nothing but physical stimulants, and learn in the midst of outward pomp it may be, and fashionable glitter, to languish, to degenerate, and to rot. Now, the youthful shoots of the aristocracy, and their ambitious apes of the plutocracy, are precisely the class of men, whose lives are apt to run waste from want of such a sphere of continuous well-directed activity; and, as they must have employment, in order that they may not have to let their steam off in gambling and drinking, and every most degrading vice, or lounging and looking about in public parades and club-rooms, doing nothing, and talking idly, it is no small matter for the community that such a numerous and, with all their faults, influential class of persons should at least be provided with long stretches of not only innocent, but manly, muscular, and healthy recreation. Such recreation is supplied in hunting and other field sports; field sports, which are, in fact, with all their affinity to so-called savage times, the best school of soldier-

ship, as soldiership again, according to Aristotle, contains in its discipline a great part of virtue.[1]

CH.—The Nimrods of the Bens are certainly under great obligations to you for your advocacy of their favourite sport. As a body they are not much given to quote Aristotle.

MAC.—No; nor even Duncan Ban, though one of their own fraternity, and the author of a deer-stalking poem which makes Oppian and Xenophon *de Venatione* hide their diminished heads.

CH.—Another consideration in favour of game-laws has often occurred to me. The English squires and landed proprietors generally are favourably distinguished from most foreigners of the same class, by their love of the country, and their attachment to agricultural occupations and rural sports. Now, taking human nature as we find it, and not sowing the air, like your Radical friends, with unpractical principles, is it likely that our landlords would spend so much of their money as they do on their estates, if the privilege of shooting wild animals, which they value so highly, were rudely taken from them? And might it not turn out that the abolition of game-laws acted as a direct inducement to the abnegation of local services on the part of landlords implied in the word absenteeism?

MAC.—That is a matter well deserving of consideration.

CH.—I am pleased to find you so open to reason on those points. I shall never accuse you of Radicalism again. But tell me, that I may get as far as possible behind scenes, how the abuse of deer-stalking, which you so repudiate, arose, in what way it shows itself as a social nuisance, and by what means you propose to prune its rampancy.

MAC.—Well, I can give a very short and simple answer to all these questions. In the first place, as I told you, the old lairds were in many cases bad economists; they

[1] ὁ στρατιωτικὸς βίος πολλὰ ἔχει μέρη τῆς ἀρετῆς.—*Pol.* ii. 9.

lived ambitiously, foolishly, even viciously sometimes, and got into debt. Their more frequent residence in London, after their great disaster and social degradation in 1745, brought them into frequent communication with rich English lords; while roads and steamboats, and by and by railways, made Scotland, more and more, so far as locomotion is concerned, merely a northern province of England. Now imagine any of those kilted thanes rattling dice, quaffing champagne, and betting at the Derby with the Prince of Wales, or any titled English magnate, and getting into debt.

CH.—Nothing more easy.

MAC.—But not quite so easy to get out of it. Debts of honour, as they are called, must be paid, whatever becomes of the tailor's bill, or the crofter's croft. The indebted thane, not willing to entangle himself more largely with the Jews, consults his factor; the factor has a ready answer: "One half of your estate, as your Lordship knows, is admirably adapted for a deer forest; it is in fact meant by Nature for a range of wild beasts: there are a good many deer in it already, as your Lordship on various occasions has well proved. Sell or lease that part of your estate; you will never feel the want of it; you have moors enough, with plenty of grouse; and deer-stalking is only a secondary matter to you." So said, so done. That part of the estate is advertised as a deer forest; his Grace, a great English Duke, rises to the bait, but he will not bite, except on one condition, that the fringes of the Ben, and the whole glen below, be cleared of crofters, who are always quarrelling with the gamekeeper, and claiming rights over the hill, the exercise of which disturbs the deer. This condition, of course, sounds rather hard; even a monarch of all he surveys may feel his dignity diminished at first by cutting off one half of his survey, and becoming a chief of four-footed rather than of two-footed clansmen; but there is no help: debts of honour must be paid; and

£50,000 paid down, or £2000 a year, will be amply sufficient to relieve his Lordship of the more urgent calls. The bargain accordingly is made; the money paid down; and the crofters—

CH.—Evicted!

MAC.—By immediate legal order, or, in a less offensive way, by raising the rents so high that the poor peasant can have no hope of paying them.

CH.—And these things are actually done in Scotland?

MAC.—Yes: have been done on a large scale, and are still done. The plutocracy and the political economists will see to that. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!* Let money be got, and gambling debts be paid, though character go to the devil!

CH.—And the Scotch people submit to all this?

MAC.—Yes: the law sides with the strong, and the weak go to the wall.

CH.—They speak the same language as the Irish, and boast the same blood: but they seem very different in their conduct.

MAC.—Yes: not only different, but altogether opposite. The Scottish Celt is a patient, and a persevering, and a much-enduring animal, and above all a respecter of law; he is cautious and thoughtful and considerate; not passionate and irate and explosive: he would not shoot even the devil from behind a hedge, much less a landlord or a factor; nevertheless curses not loud but deep are everywhere muttered against the stagocracy, the extension of whose business simply means the turning of the whole north-west of Scotland into hunting preserves for John Bull.

CH.—And how do you propose to put a stop to a system which can end only in leaving some of the finest districts of Scotland without a single Scotsman to inhabit them?

MAC.—Well, I could propose many things, which might palliate, if not altogether remedy the evil. But besides

the aristocratic passion for field sports, we live in a commercial age and a commercial country; and it is not easy to prevent deer, which in their normal state are only adjuncts of a resident proprietorship, from becoming an article of merchandise. Nevertheless something may be done, and something certainly will be done, now that the British Parliament, by the Irish Land Bill, has publicly set its seal to the principle that a wise government is bound to look after the welfare of the population, no less than the security of property. Of course, I would commence with a radical reform of the laws of succession, and all land-laws tending to keep the cultivators of the soil in a state of slavish dependence on the landholders. Then with regard to deer-forests and the crofters, with whose interest they are at war, I would enact:—

1. That deer-forests, being a luxury of the rich, and in their extension dangerous to the population of the country districts, should be burdened with a severe tax of five or ten per cent. of the rental.

2. That all absentee proprietors, with certain limitations and exceptions, to be strictly specified, shall pay an absentee tax.

3. That all crofters and farmers, on whose ground deer might trespass, should have full liberty to shoot such deer.

4. That the rents to be paid by crofters should be fixed by the sheriff, according to a valuation to be made by expert valuators.

5. That no crofter who had lived on the property for a period of twenty years should be liable to eviction for any cause except failure to pay rent.

6. That no eviction should take place of crofters willing to pay the reasonable rent, except with a ten years' warning: and after the lapse of those ten years, if the landlord still insist on ejecting him, he shall be bound to dismiss him with seven years' rental ready-money in his pocket.

7. That all crofts, leases and feus, shall be redeemable;

that is to say, the law shall compel the proprietor to give absolute property to the lessee on the payment of the fair market value, to be proved before the Sheriff.

8. That the sum in each county paid by absentee proprietors or renters of deer-forests shall be formed into a fund, to be applied, under regulation by the Sheriff, for enabling industrious and improving crofters and farmers to redeem their annual payments, and become proprietors in fee-simple.

CH.—There you are, a Radical again, in full panoply! If Janus has four faces, you have certainly two. We should require a Bismarck in this country, or a Baron von Stein, to carry through such enactments: but a Bismarck could no more live here than a blue-bottle fly in a wasps' nest. Gladstone has done wonderful things; things which nobody but Gladstone could have done; things born of a pure love of even justice, which no vulgar English politician bred in the lap of faction could have conceived. But I question much whether he would have done what he did in the matter of the Irish Land Act, had the Irish not been Irish, and given to assert what they believe to be their rights in a troublesome way. It is not the first time we have seen in political schoolmaster-craft that the bad boys get lollipops to keep them quiet, and the good boys are flogged because they don't kick.

MAC.—That is only too true. We do read in historical record of famous political pedagogues, whose practice it was to flog good boys on Monday, to keep them good all the week. This may be done in the political world, where every kind of iniquity and folly is possible. But, for myself, I wish the social life of this country to get through the stages of its existence with as little iniquity and folly as may be, whether from the grasping avidity of pampered oligarchies on the one hand, or the explosive revenge of a fretted populace on the other. I am a friend of the aristocracy: what I propose is for their benefit.

Nothing more dangerous to them than artificial privileges in their favour, growing sharply into the ribs of the democracy. If my land law reforms, or something like them, do not pass, we may wake some morning and find ourselves sitting on the rim of a great social volcano. —But we are becoming serious; take another glass of Rüdesheimer, and let us join the ladies.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The parlour in the cottage.*

PERSONS.—*Mrs. MacDonald—Miss MacDonald—Mr. MacDonald—Christopher Church.*

FL.—Well, gentlemen, glad to see you; you have prolonged your potations beyond the usual time. We have been feasting our eyes on a glorious sunset, such as neither the Ganges nor the Nile can boast: nevertheless, I must confess we had begun to weary for you.

CH.—Ladies of vacant minds not seldom find it difficult to entertain themselves without gentlemen. But Miss Flora, I imagined, was a person who could always be the best company to herself, and good company to all the members of her sex.

FL.—Thank Heaven, I often spend my sweetest and most fruitful hours in solitude; *Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille*, as Goethe says. But it is not every day that we have Mr. Church with us, to make us at home in Oxford. Our coarse-grained Scottish granite is always the better of receiving a little polish from the South. But what were you and Gillebride discussing all this time? For discourse, no doubt, was the larger part of your entertainment, the days of drinking being gone.

MRS. MAC.—Yes, indeed; and it is a blessed change! When I was a girl, in my father's house the dinner hour

was four; and, when there was a party, whether of few or many, the gentlemen never appeared in the drawing-room till nine o'clock, and did not always appear in the best condition,—some of them more forward and fervid, others more dull and stupid, than before dinner. In this condition they sat down to the whist-table, while a cup of tea or coffee was handed round, and played cards till eleven; then the bell sounded, and down they all returned to the dining-room, which in the meantime had been cleared out, and a substantial supper set forth. After supper toddy was made, and a tumbler or two, or even three, concocted by each male guest; while to the physical stimulant an intellectual or, as you phrase it now in your new-fangled speech, æsthetical—is that right, Flora?—seasoning was given by a round of humorous and racy songs. The company seldom parted till one or two in the morning; and on great occasions the gentlemen prolonged their potations till break of day. Thus, every party meant ten hours of social stimulant; nay, sometimes, when only gentlemen were of the party, they seemed to have thought it a social duty to drink till they got drunk; and, in order that no man might shirk the opportunity thus offered of swamping his brain in his bowl, the doors of the drinking-room were locked, and the windows barred, to prevent escape. Thank Heaven, I say again, those days are gone; a man may be a gentleman now, without either getting drunk, or taking the name of God in vain, or sending a bullet into the heart of every fool that flouts an idle word in his face.

MAC.—Well moralised, mother! And yet those bibulous socialities were not without their good side. Their drinking was well seasoned, as you hinted, with humorous stories and merry songs, which are silent now. Our late dinners, with short hours, are too frequently mere magnificent displays of animalism, which tend rather to magnify the skill of the cook than to increase the enjoyment of

the guests. Big dinners are a nuisance to the hostess; and grand dinners are an idolatry of the belly. If I were the Prince of Wales, and could lead the fashion, I should abolish them wholesale.

CH.—And what would you place in their stead?

MAC.—A snug, comfortable meal for four or five friends, with good wine, but without ceremony; and for general acquaintances, men whom you only know, or scarcely tolerate, a large evening reception, with music, readings, recitations, theatricals, dancing, whist, chess, or backgammon or bezique in the side-rooms.

FL.—My dear guardian's brain is always seething with reforms; reforms, which are generally as hopeless as an attempt to make the sky of Edinburgh as bright as that of Rome, or to tie up the winds in a bag. No doubt he would be propounding to you some of his reforming theories down-stairs?

CH.—Yes; he was very eloquent, and I must say also to me very instructive, distinct, and decided on the Land Laws.

FL.—Yes, on that subject he is strong.

CH.—The picture which he drew of the state of society in the Highlands was really very sad. Do you, may I ask, share in these dark views, Miss Flora?

FL.—I am afraid I do. They are not views; they are facts, which stare us in the face every time we walk out. The combination of powers and circumstances, which has conspired to wipe out the Celtic nationality in the Highlands, is so strong, that it seems in vain to fight against it. It is a moral pestilence, begotten of neglect, like the malaria in the Pontine Marshes. What is in the atmosphere may be avoided, but cannot be combated. Everything is sacrificed to sport and sportsmen; everything done for the pleasures of the rich, nothing for the comforts of the poor. Shall I tell you what sort of a notice I read the other morning in the wood up yonder, which

used to be as free to us as the breath of Heaven, when I was a lassie, and ought to be so still? We did no harm to the trees then, and would do none now.

CH.—By all means: let us hear.

FL.—Here it is. (*She draws out a note from her pocket book, and reads.*)

IN CONSEQUENCE OF A REPRESENTATION FROM THE TENANT OF R—— SHOOTINGS, THE PRIVILEGE OF ENTERING OR CARRYING AWAY FIREWOOD FROM THE PLANTATIONS IN THE R—— ESTATE IS HEREBY WITHDRAWN; AND ANY PERSON FOUND TRESPASSING ON ANY OF THESE PLANTATIONS AFTER THIS DATE WILL BE PUNISHED ACCORDING TO LAW.

CH.—This seems very hard; but, of course, game is property, and property must be protected. No doubt the boys in the village disturb the birds at the time of breeding.

FL.—Possibly; but property in game is like restrictions of free trade in land by entail laws, and ought, as my guardian says, to be *strictissimi juris*. There ought to have been a clause in the Game Acts protecting the customary liberties of the people. It is not right that the Legislature should confer artificial rights on the rich, and in the same breath take away from the poor people and the public those rights, which naturally belonged to them. Moses would have done otherwise. But, as I said, in the Highlands we inhale the depressing air of a social malaria.

CH.—Nevertheless, you seem to bear yourself bravely in face of this irresistible contagion. It is not from Altavona, its furnishings or its inmates, that any man could learn that the Highlands is either dead or dying.

FL.—My guardian stands up for the old ways and the old traditions; and I think he is right. Though Rome could not escape the destiny of being despotised by Cæsar, Cato

did well not to acknowledge it. That the glorious heritage of manhood and heroism, which our Celtic ancestors bequeathed to us, should be overflowed by a deluge of commercial selfishness and aristocratic indulgence may be a destiny from which the multitude, who always yield to the current, cannot escape; but only the greater praise and admiration will accrue to the stout-hearted few—"*die wenigen Edeln*"—who breast the billows, and beat back the flood triumphantly.

CH.—But they must yield at last.

FL.—With "at last" I have nothing to do. The present only is mine; and in the present I know to maintain my ground, though thousands fall around.

CH.—You have the spirit of a martyr.

FL.—We, who belong to the old faith, in this age and in this country, require to have such a spirit. But the martyrdom, which we suffer who persist in being Highlanders, both with soul and body, in the Highlands, is, when you once make up your mind to it, rather a pleasure and a pride than a martyrdom. We are severed from no society which we do not despise, and are approved by all society whose approval we think worth having. In fact, we are admired secretly, and even praised publicly, by those who have not the courage to follow us. It is not enmity but indifference, that we encounter from those who should be our friends; and intelligent strangers, Englishmen and others, are delighted to find, what they naturally expected to find,—not only occasional plaids and kilts, but Highland souls and Highland songs in the Highlands. If our dainty young ladies, the daughters of the clergy, the big farmers, and the lairds, knew what a recommendation a little originality, character, and natural freshness, is amid the elegant lassitude and brilliant indifferentism of a London saloon, they would cultivate the Gaelic, which lies at their door, rather than the German, for which they must travel across the sea; but they fall victims to the favourite fallacy of

human nature, which seeks, as our crofters say, for "long horns among far cattle," and looks down upon everything near as common and unclean.

CH.—You are always wise, Miss MacDonald, and always poetical, a conjunction not at all common among us imperfect mortals. A simile strikes me, which shows how prettily you maintain your Celtic beauties in the face of that current of Saxonisation, which streams so broadly over the glens. Picture to yourself a deep, quiet stream, flowing with scarcely perceptible current through a loamy meadow, such as I fell upon one day rambling on the ground behind Connel Ferry, a little east from the old Oban road. This stream was as thickly impearled, so to speak, with water-lilies, as a rich meadow is with daisies or crowfoot. Now, imagine by some geological shifting of the adjacent ground a rush of new tributaries into this gentle stream, causing it to swell and roll on violently towards the sea; in this case the water-lilies, unable to flourish in running water, would die out; nevertheless, the stream in its rapid course would encounter obstacles, which would cause it to scoop out side pools, with gentle eddies, unaffected by the strong central current; in these pools the original grace of the stream might survive, and with the royal fern, which loves quiet water, proudly claim the admiration of the passing tourist and the study of the intelligent botanist.

FL.—Thank you, Mr. Church. I shall comfort myself and my brother evermore with this simile. Besides, with all my Celtism, I do not shut my eyes to the fact that those great Saxonising currents, which sweep our feature away from our own soil, are not without certain compensating advantages. It is seldom in this world that evil is altogether evil; and a firm faith in the Divine administration of the Universe must encourage us to believe that many invasive disturbances—like railways, for instance—which deface the fairest lines of local beauty, may not only be necessary for the good of the whole, but in some not

unimportant respects subserve the best interests of the district defaced.

CH.—I understand: Oban, the bonnie Highland village, changed into a tasteless jumble of ill-assorted houses, without character and without congruity; but the pivot of tourists, the cynosure of excursionists, and the germ of a prospective Celtic Liverpool!

FL.—Even so; towns are necessary; and the Highlanders, who could not create them for themselves, must be content to receive them from the Saxons. The absence of towns in the Highlands implied that the Highlanders were cut away from the rest of the world; Oban, and the movement of which it is the centre, makes the whole Highlands a part of Scotland, or rather say, Britain. The land of the Bens and glens is no longer an isolated member. A full current of richly-aërated blood flows through the whole body from Cape Wrath to Beachy Head.

CH.—That is a very comfortable view of the matter.

FL.—Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? The conquest and superimposing of one dominant race above inferior races, whether in Britain or in the Sandwich Islands, must serve some good purpose. Consider also how the movement, which flows through Oban, Inverness, and such Saxonised places, causes a liberal flow of money through Celtic pockets, which will not remain without results. Shopkeepers, innkeepers, builders, and shipowners grow rich; they will aspire to be landowners; at first content with feus and elegant villas, they will, by and by, when the present impolitic land laws are repealed, become proprietors in fee-simple; and we shall have the creation of an independent middle class in the Highlands; we shall have society.

CH.—No doubt; and does not half of Glasgow already live for six months of the year in Dunoon, Kilmun, Wemyss Bay, Largs, Brodick, and other such bee-hives of that Western population? And how delightful to see

the boys and girls running about the braes, or plashing in the pools, or fishing in the streams, who would otherwise have been condemned to grow up, unrefreshed and unrefreshing, amid the reeky stagnation of a Glasgow atmosphere!

MAC.—Mother of consumption, and all feebleness, whereto our evicted crofters have been condemned by the heartless lords of the soil, under the commercial system!—But, my dear Flora, this will never do; we have had quite enough of these unhappy discussions down-stairs. Church is going to leave us to-morrow morning; and we shall have personal cause of sadness sufficient, without touching on public grievances. Give us a song.

CH.—Yes, by all means, Miss MacDonald; and a Gaelic one, of course. Music is the only art which has the power to lend a sweetness to sorrow; and I wish to leave the country of the Campbells with the echo of a Highland song, and the voice of Flora MacDonald in my ear!

FL.—Oh, Mr. Church, such speeches are really too hackneyed to endure repetition. They are like grace before meat in some aristocratic houses,—rather graceless in the utterance.

CH.—But I am sincere.

FL.—Sincere men were wise not to use phrases, which are the worn currency of some of the most insincere members of the community.

CH.—Who are they?

FL.—Young gentlemen who talk to young ladies.

MAC.—Really, Flora, this is too bad; you pull my friend's polite blossoms of speech to pieces, instead of doing what I bid you.

FL.—Not so, dear Gillebride; I obey. You know I never am so happy as when I sing. What will you have,—merry or pathetic, martial or tender?

MAC.—Whichever you please.

CH.—All the four, rather!

(MISS MACDONALD *rises and goes to the piano, playing an accompaniment*[1] *to herself, as she sings.*)

A LAY OF THE FINDHORN.

Here where the dark-watered stream rushes free,
Child of the mountains,
'Neath the jut of the rock, and the root of the tree,
Winding and foaming,
Wilt thou not grant a fair fancy to me,
Muse of the Findhorn?

Here, 'neath the wreck of the castle old,
Where high-hearted Comyns
Kept Moray at bay in their rocky hold,
Like lions undaunted;
Wilt thou not tell me of warriors bold,
And beautiful ladies?

Wilt thou not tell me of deeds of renown,
In times when the brave man
Single-handed bore hundreds down,
By right of the strong arm,
When a strong arm was more than a crown
To him who could wield it?

Wilt thou not tell me of vengeful ire
'Twixt warring clans here,
Slaughters red, and murders dire,
And hearts without ruth here;
Smothering smoke and scathing fire,
In dark-winding cave here?

Wilt thou not tell of the wonderful leap
Of Alastair Ban here,
Where the bank is shelvy and steep,
By the dark-flooded Findhorn;

[1] The accompaniment will be found on p. 406, itself, as well as the song of "Skye" set to it, written by Sheriff Nicolson.

There, at a bound, he cleared the sweep,
And laughed at his foe there?

Or wilt thou tell me of terrible floods,
Sweeping the dale here;
Tinkling rills in green solitudes,
Swelling to rivers;
Crashing of pines in the storm-lashed woods,
Wrenching their roots here?

Or wilt thou tell me a tale of love,
Tender and true here,
With vows as strong as the stars above,
Plighted and sworn here,
Till jealousy pounced, like the hawk on the dove,
And tore its white plumes here?

Or wilt thou tell me of bannered display
On the green lawn here,
With knight 'gainst knight in gallant array,
Poising the lance here;
And rout and revel till break of day,
In whirl of the dance here?

Thou canst tell me; but I can sing
Not to thy bidding;
My heart is a lyre with a single string
Here on the Findhorn;
Only one name my drooping wing
Can lift on the Findhorn.

Only thy name that dwells with me,
Beautiful Dora,
Since when the blood of Comyns in thee
Mounted to greet me,
Bright with love and redundant with glee,
And warm-hearted welcome!

Muse of the Findhorn, take greeting from me
To beautiful Dora,
Tell her I see her in every birch-tree,
That waves on the Divie,
In every burnie that bickers with glee
Down to the Findhorn.

Tell her I see her in every bright face
At Dunphail or Logie,
In every sun-glint that wanders with grace
Through leafy Relugas;
Tell her that she is the soul of the place
To me on the Findhorn!

CH.—Thank you, Miss MacDonald; there is a blending of the picturesque, the tender, and the chivalrous in the words of this song, which, if I may venture to express an opinion, nowhere asserts itself so triumphantly as in the popular songs of Scotland.

MAC.—You are right; "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and other songs of our great national lyrist, are as much part of the landscape as the sacred paintings of the great Italians are of the temple to which they belong. Love is born among groves and singing-birds.

CH.—More readily, certain, than in saloons and assembly-rooms.

MAC.—The saloon is the cradle, not of love, but of flirtation. Did you observe the peculiarity of the rhythm?

CH.—No man could fail to observe it. What struck me most was that the adonics – ⏑ ⏑, – ⏑, as we would call them them at Oxford, in the second, fourth, and sixth lines are unrhymed. It would have been more according to English usage to have left the uneven places unrhymed, and rhymed the closes.

MAC.—No doubt; but the necessity of giving these double rhymes, in which our language is singularly defi-

cient, might have endangered the simplicity and ease, which the writer seems to have studied.

CH.—Swinburne has done wonderful things in the way of double rhyme.

MAC.—But not even Swinburne has always managed to steer clear of that air of artificial dexterity, which the practice of double rhyme in English is so apt to induce.

FL.—You have not seen the Findhorn, I presume, Mr. Church?

CH.—No; that is one of my chief sins of omission in this my first visit to picturesque Caledonia.

FL.—It is not always that sins of omission can be remedied so easily; you have just to repeat your visit to Altavona next season, and make the Findhorn a part of your programme. In fact, to be honest, I sung this song specially as a bait to bring you back.

CH.—I can require no bait, while Miss MacDonald is present.

FL.—I must now request my kind guardian to give you a few farewell notes in a more gay and genial style; else you will be apt to go away with the impression that our songs in this Calvinistic country are as melancholy as our sermons.

CH.—Oh, by all means, Miss MacDonald; though melancholy is dangerous, only when divorced from sweet sounds.

MAC.—Well, Flora, what will you have?

FL.—You know my favourite, Gillebride—"The Highland Lady."

MAC.—But it is not my favourite. I prefer "The Rover of Loch Ryan."

FL.—But that is not Highland.

MAC.—That matters not. Topographically, no doubt, it belongs to the extreme south of Scotland; but Galloway is a district of Celtic rather than of Teutonic extraction; and though the inspiration of the song is decidedly

Scandinavian, no man who knows the history of the Hebrides will care to disown the Norse blood, that flows so richly in Celtic veins.

CH.—Well, Mac, compromise, or rather complement, the matter by giving us both; "The Highland Lady" to please Miss Flora; and "The Galloway Rover" to please yourself.

MAC.—So be it! and let Flora note that in this affair I justly earn the praise, which Livy gives to Hannibal, "That I know both to command and to obey." Only be patient; Highland songs are apt to be long; like Nestor's speeches in Homer, gossiping cheerfully on their way, altogether careless of curious criticism, and innocently unsuspicious of languid listeners.

A HIGHLAND LADY.

(*For the air, see p. 71 supra.*)

Listen, lords and ladies gay,
To a lay that smells of heather.
Ina hiri rihiu,
Horo boidheach, nurach,
Bonnie Highland lady!

Lowland lads their lasses praise;
I will praise my Highland lady.
Ina hiri rihiu, etc.

Tall is she, erect and free,
Like a tree upon the mountain,
Ina, etc.

Spreading to the healthful breeze,
All at ease, its mighty branches.
Ina, etc.

Light of foot, and high of head,
She doth tread the springy heather;
Ina, etc.

Like a proudly mated doe,
In the glow of yellow morning.
Ina, etc.

Bright is she as mountain stream,
Bickering in the beam of summer;
Ina, etc.

Pleasant as the breath of trees,
In the breeze, when leaves are greenest;
Ina, etc.

Or as thyme on sunny brae,
On the day when thyme is sweetest.
Ina, etc.

Like a seraph in the sky
Glows her eye, when she is singing;
Ina, etc.

Like a soldier she will flame
At the name of royal Charlie!
Ina, etc.

Light as zephyr is her heel
In the reel, when she may thread it;
Ina, etc.

And the poorest in the land
Knows her hand with ready helping.
Ina, etc.

Wise is she the steeds to rein
O'er the plain when proudly prancing,
Ina, etc.

Or the bounding boat to guide
O'er the tide of gurly waters;
Ina, etc.

Or the glancing fish to win
From the linn of dark-brown eddies.
Ina, etc.

If I were a heathen now,
On the brow of Erymanthus,
Ina, etc.

And I saw my lady's grace
In the chase of deer before me,
Ina, etc.

I would fall and kiss the ground,
Where I found this stately Dian.
Ina, etc.

Yet is she of human blood,
Kind and good, my Highland lady;
Ina, etc.

Lofty-thoughted, but as mild
As happy child beside its mother.
Ina, etc.

Like a child with sunny store
Bubbling o'er of happy fancies.
Ina, etc.

With a mouth that breaks in smiles
And sportive wiles, like rippled waters,
Ina, etc.

And a trick behind her eye,
When to be shy is wise and seemly.
Ina, etc.

And now you will suspect, no doubt,
I've painted out a fancy lady;
Ina, etc.

And, in sooth, you'll not find her
In all the stir of mighty London.
Ina, etc.

But, if you should chance to stray
By rolling Tay, or roaring Tummel,
Ina, etc.

You may find her where the glen
Skirts the Ben with birchen tassels :
Ina, etc.

Or where foaming torrents sweep
Down the steep at Aberfeldy,
Ina, etc.

She will strike your captive eyes
With keen surprise and thrill of wonder,
Ina, etc.

And you'll own my praised ideal
Lives a real in the Highlands,
Ina, etc.

And your heart beneath your plaidie
For that lady will be beating ;
Ina, etc.

And you'll wish that she might be
As near to thee as thy good plaidie,—
Ina, etc.

In thy heart's most royal cell
To lodge her well, and keep her warmly.
Horo, well and warmly,
In my heart, oh lady !

CH.—Thanks, my dear Mac ! That is really a most

salubrious and hilarious picture, to fill a niche in my Pantheon of fair ladies withal! There is nothing of the melodramatic moonshiny sentimentality here, that wears such a suspicious eighteenth-century look in MacPherson's Ossianic heroines.

MAC.—Anything but that; the genuine Highland lady of the good old times—of whom, alas! only a few survive—is as sunny as a Greek, and as stout as a Roman. She is the native growth of the glens, combining the grace of the birch with the strength of the pine, and owing nothing to the landscape-gardener. But what did you think of the artistic part of the business, specially the rhythm?

CH.—Both metre and music ring strangely in my ear. Surely I must have heard them before.

MAC.—Of course; you remember the Sheriff's Marching Song, sung to you in this very room, not two months ago.

CH.—Oh, I remember! I tried in vain to explain to myself the principle of the rhyme, which somehow or other it seemed to have—not in English fashion, however.

MAC.—Not English, but Hellenic. Homer has it sometimes, not intentionally, but coming naturally with the structure of the language; an assonance of the vowel only, the true musical element in language, anywhere in the line, as the final syllable of the words may bring it, as in

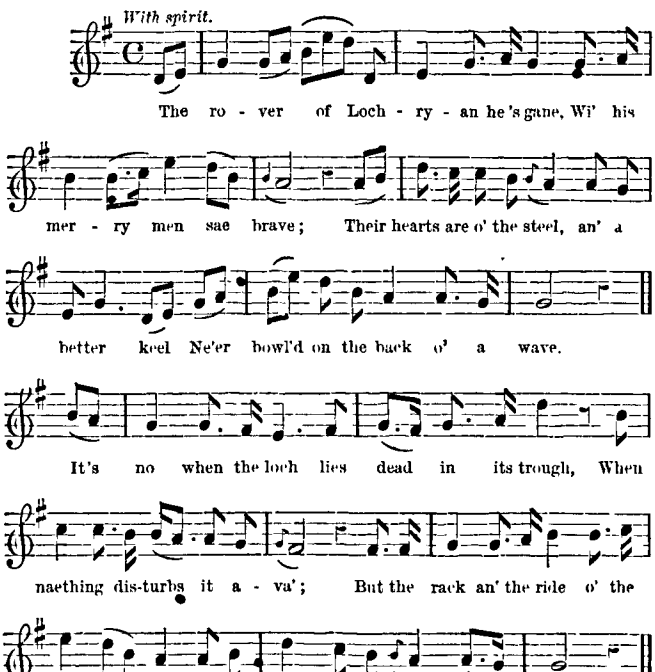
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

But here, in the metre of *Agus ho Mhorag*, the vocalic assonance occurs regularly in the last word of the first line, with the middle word of the second; a peculiarity more worthy of imitation by our hunters after rhythmical novelties than hexameter verse, which, on account of the scarcity of true dactyls—not false dactyls, which are tribrachs,—never can possess the dignity in English, that, according to the best ancient critics, was its characteristic in the classical languages.

CH.—I entirely agree with you. English hexameters

will acquire dignity, when a jig becomes a march tune; not sooner. But I am longing for your sea-rover.

MAC.—Well, you shall have it; only, Flora, give me a slight baptism with that double X in my throat, before I commence. (*A mug of porter is brought in.*) Now imagine yourself at sea, with the eye of a dear friend looking out for you from that window where the lone light twinkles over the surf-beaten cliff.

THE ROVER OF LOCHRYAN.

With spirit.
The ro - ver of Loch - ry - an he's gane, Wi' his
mer - ry men sae brave; Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a
better keel Ne'er bowl'd on the back o' a wave.
It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough, When
naething dis-turbs it a - va'; But the rack an' the ride o' the
rest-less tide, Or the splash o' the grey sea maw.

It 's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the rover that's dear to me.
But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It 's then that I look to the thickening rook,
And watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
And the sea that he glories to ride.
O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew
Wi' the helm-heft in his hand;
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his e'e 's upon Galloway's land.

Unstent an' slack each reef an' tack,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
An' she 'll roar through a heavier yet.
When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
In the tempest's angry moan,
We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on.

CH.—That is a splendid song. Who wrote it—Burns?

MAC.—No; our great singer was a ploughman, not a sailor, and, like a true man, sings only of what he lived and loved. The writer of this song was Hew Ainslie, a lyrical poet of fine genius, who emigrated to America, where he died a few years ago at an advanced age. Born at Dailly, and brought up at Ballantrae, on the south-west coast of Ayrshire, he could not but be familiar with such scenes of sea life and sea adventure as are here described.

CH.—No poem could more satisfy Aristotle's well-known definition of poetry, as essentially an imitative art. All the best poetry, by whatever name known, lyrical, epic, or dramatic, is full of pictures. There is something quite Homeric in the lines—

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

MAC.—You are right. In his best moments Burns never excelled that. But I am encroaching on the time that properly belongs to Flora. I am sure, my dear Kit, you can only think it right, that to my accomplished ward, who has done so much to make your Highland visit both pleasant and profitable, I have reserved the honour of leaving in your ears the farewell echo of a most genuine Celtic ode.

FL.—What do you mean, Gillebride?

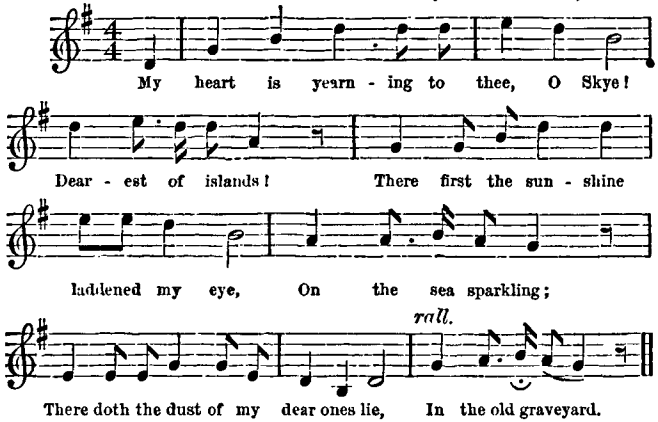
MAC.—Of course, I could mean nothing else than the Sheriff's Skye song, a song inspired by that deep yearning for his native hills which a Highlander always feels in the Lowlands, and which I can compare to nothing so fitly as to the "*By Babel's streams we sat and wept*" of the Hebrew Psalter.

CH.—You mean the Sheriff of Kirkcudbright, the author of the marching song we were just talking of?

MAC.—The same; in the *affettuoso* and the *spiritoso* equally a master; ready at a call to drop the tear for a poor ejected crofter, or to sound the war-note for a great patriotic struggle. Proceed, Flora.

FL.—(*Sings.*)

SKYE.

Words and air by ALEX. NICOLSON, LL.D.

My heart is yearn - ing to thee, O Skye!
Dear - est of islands! There first the sun - shine
laddened my eye, On the sea sparkling;
rall.
There doth the dust of my dear ones lie, In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden green fields to me,
Here in the Lowlands;
Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn-tree,
Snowy with fragrance!
But oh for a breath of the great North Sea,
Girdling the mountains!

Good is the smell of the brine that laves
Black rock and skerry,
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves
Down in the green depths,
And round the craggy bluff, pierced with caves,
Sea-gulls are screaming.

Where the sun sinks beyond Hunish Head,
Swimming in glory,
As he goes down to his ocean bed
Studded with islands,
Flushing the Coolin with royal red,
Would I were sailing!

Many a hearth round that friendly shore
Giveth warm welcome;
Charms still are there, as in days of yore,
More than of mountains;
But hearths and faces are seen no more,
Once of the brightest.

Many a poor black cottage is there,
Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
Rises to Heaven.

Kind were the voices I used to hear
Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother tongue old and dear,
Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
Or plaintive singing.

Great were the marvellous stories told
Of Ossian's heroes,
Giants, and witches, and young men bold,
Seeking adventures,
Winning kings' daughters and guarded gold,
Only with valour.

Reared in those dwellings have brave ones been;
Brave ones are still there;
Forth from their darkness on Sunday I've seen
Coming pure linen,
And, like the linen, the souls were clean
Of them that wore it.

See that thou kindly use them, O man!
To whom God giveth

Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure;
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people!

Blessings be with ye, both now and aye,
Dear human creatures!
Yours is the love that no gold can buy,
Nor time can wither.
Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye!
Dearest of islands!

CH.—I have never heard anything more touching. Such a lay might melt the heart of the stoutest economist, that ever taught Mammon to usurp the throne of God.

MAC.—If only he had a heart to melt!

FL.—That is a song, Mr. Church, that does one's heart good, as the April showers do the greening fields. If nature and truth, instead of custom and convention, might rule in these matters, it ought to be put into the hymn-book of every church in the Highlands. But, as I said before, our religious poems generally are of all things the most remote from our sympathies, and the most inappropriate to our position.—But, my esteemed friend, we may not go on discoursing here, however wisely. You start to-morrow morning with the sun; and a good sleep is the best preparation for a long journey. *Scheiden thut weh!* as Bücherblume said; parting brings pangs; but we must part, and here, as in so many other cases, days of pleasure cannot be purchased but by moments of pain. We must say FAREWELL! and let the pain, though sharp, be short, like the cut of an expert surgeon's knife. I feel confident, Mr. Church, that we shall see you next autumn at Altavona; and perhaps, if the sun favour us with his presence, and the mist with her absence, we three shall meet again on the jagged crest of SCUR-NAN-GILLEAN!

CH.—I must stand on the Coolins, before another twelve-

month elapses. I feel at present like a traveller who had been in Rome, and not trodden the floor of the Coliseum!

MAC.—With or without the mists, God willing, we shall all three stand on the topmost top of Scur-nan-Gillean before this day next year. Trust me, my dear Kit, who am an experienced mountain-climber, there are visions of glory to be seen through the mist of the mountains in Skye far transcending anything that can reveal itself in the garish face of a cloudless summer day. Darkness plays a principal part in all pictures. Good-night!

FL.—Good-night, and *cadal math!* a sound sleep. You will find a cup of coffee waiting you on the dining-room table at six o'clock, with a packet of sandwiches for the road.

MAC.—Well provided! Martha and Mary in one. So is my Flora, and all the best women! I would not have a mere Martha, who might be perpetually besieging me with kindly ministrations, and always smell of the cupboard, nor a mere Mary, who might prophesy to me, when I was hungry, or be gaping for prophecies from me, when I would be quiet. Good-night, Flora!

CH.—Good-night!

FL.—Don't forget your Gaelic. *Oidhche mhath!*

CH.—*Oidhche mhath!*

(*Exeunt.*)

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE TEACHING OF GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

By W. JOLLY, Esq., *Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the Inverness District.*[1]

I BEG once more, especially in the prospect of leaving the north, to recur to the question of the teaching of Gaelic, as it was last year again brought under your Lordships' notice by two of my colleagues, whose opinions carry special weight from the fact of their being Gaelic speakers and students; and it is one on which your Lordships' ultimate decision is earnestly anticipated by those interested. I shall confine myself to a brief correction of misunderstandings connected with the demands made by the reasonable advocates of the place of Gaelic in the education of the Highland child, and a short statement of what these demands really are. The subject is one on which a Saxon is as competent to form an opinion as a Gael; for, in so far as it concerns the Education Department, it is a purely educational question, to be answered on educational principles. I have myself presumed to express my conclusions in regard to it only after ten years' observation and inquiry in the Highlands themselves, and some study of its literature through translations, which knowledge may, however, not be quite valueless for judgment.

[1] From the Official Report to the Education Department for 1879, printed with Blue-Book for 1880.

Certain side-issues have been imported into the discussion, on which a few remarks are necessary. First, the Highland child should and must learn English as fully as possible: any dubiety on this point may be at once dismissed. There is no doubt that the Highland people wish to learn it, for they are far too practical, notwithstanding their poetry, not to see its need and utility; but I greatly mistake, if it is true, as is asserted, that they do not cherish and wish to know and read Gaelic also. Even if they had so far degenerated as to despise their mother tongue while speaking it, their opinion should be disregarded, and their children treated better than their parents desire and deserve. As far as it is educational, the question is not one regarding the desirability or otherwise of conserving the Gaelic language, a speculation quite apart from the subject; it solely concerns its right use while it exists.

Nor is the question affected, as to educational action, by any statistics in regard to the exact number of Gaelic speakers in the country. They form a large section of our people—that is enough—and your Lordships have to legislate educationally for these. Nor would the question be altered in any way by a settlement of the problem of the absolute value, age, and contents of Gaelic literature and the authenticity of portions of it, or of its relative value as compared with English. The literature is declared by competent authorities to be of no mean worth; and there is no doubt that such a literature might be made a potent instrument in certain important branches of Highland education. No one advocates exclusive Gaelic culture, which would be most unwise, even were the literature higher than it is; for both English and Gaelic literature should be studied by the Highland child. It is simply asked to have the place of the native literature, with its special avenues to the native mind, recognised in the native culture.

Amidst the intemperance of both the over-zealous friends and foes of the language, whom the polemics of the subject have excited, the real educational problem at issue is simple and precise, and may be briefly stated.

In the Highlands we find a people whose native tongue is Gaelic—the language of their homes and their worship—known to them with all the intimacy and ease of a vernacular. It is necessary, however, that they should also acquire the foreign tongue, English, for utilitarian and higher ends.

Surely, in teaching this foreign language, it is only sound sense and good philosophy to employ the native tongue, the first bearer of the intelligence, to make the teaching of English intelligent, very much in the earlier stages, and decreasingly as power over English is obtained. This is already wisely conceded in the Code in regard to the lower Standards, in which the intelligence grant may be gained by questioning in Gaelic—a concession which it would be detrimental to Highland education to withdraw. If a Gaelic teacher does not utilise Gaelic to increase real knowledge of English at this stage, he violates the principles of training, and throws away an excellent educational tool.

The question, regarding which alone there should exist any variety of educational opinion, is that of the use or non-use of the native literature as an element in later culture. It cannot, I think, be doubted that this literature would have a unique cultural power which no foreign literature can have, however relatively superior to it; and it would seem only wise and right to utilise this in the education of the child; for, if we do not so employ it, we neglect a vitalising factor in his training. He ought, therefore, to be made able to read intelligently his own tongue, and to enjoy and be educated by its best contents. This all true principles of education recommend, where the native literature has any such power, which Gaelic literature in many important elements possesses, especially in expressing the universal feelings of the human heart and the beauties of nature.

To secure this educative experience it is asked that, when the Highland child, having reached the Fourth Standard, has surmounted the mechanical difficulties of reading, and is more capable of profiting by the subject-matter, he should be taught to read the Gaelic he already speaks, and be in-

troduced to the literary stores it contains. Hence the demand that Gaelic should be included in the specific subjects. As a matter of justice, the request is singularly fair; as an educational position, enlightened. Financially considered, it is mild and reasonable; for it would not increase the expenditure of the Department one penny, because, if taught, it would simply take the place of some other subject.

It is a mistake to think that the teaching of Gaelic in the higher classes would hinder progress in English. Rightly treated, it would greatly assist progress; for it would afford the important intellectual gymnastic of inter-translation between two languages, and give the learner the intellectual gain claimed for the study of two tongues. Indeed, this teaching of Gaelic in the higher Standards I should even recommend, if only to give the child a better knowledge of English at this riper age. I need only refer to the additional very weighty reason for teaching him to read his native tongue, that of enabling him to read the language of his devotions, and the Book of his highest hopes.

These two positions are all that are contended for by the great majority of the advocates of Gaelic in schools. The half of their demand has already been conceded by your Lordships—that of its use in the earlier stages; the other still waits for your decision. The Educational Institute of Scotland, representing the general views of Scotch schoolmasters, Highland and Lowland, has recently joined in the same recommendation.[1]

[1] To which is now to be added the recommendation of the General Confederation of the Celtic Societies, lately held at Perth.

No. II.

TRANSLATIONS OF GAELIC SONGS IN THE TEXT.

(1.)

HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH, pp. 60, 61.

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,
Hi-ri, my nut-brown maiden,
Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,
O she's the maid for me!
Her eye so mildly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming,
Is evermore with me.
Ho-ro, etc.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho-ro, etc.

With thy fair face before me,
How sweetly flew the hour,
When all thy beauty o'er me,
Came streaming in its power!
Ho-ro, etc.

That face with kindness glowing,
That face which knows no guile,
The light grace of thy going,
The witchcraft of thy smile.
Ho-ro, etc.

And, since from thee I parted,
A long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted,
With longing for thy smile.
Ho-ro, etc.

In Glasgow and Dun-Edin
Were maidens fair to see,
But never a Lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee;—
Ho-ro, etc.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen,
Where blooms my Highland Mary,
Like wild rose 'neath the Ben.
Ho-ro, etc.

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I 'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonnie glen.
Ho-ro, etc.

(2.)

RORY BEAG SABHARI, pp. 111, 112.

Hail to the boy
With the sharp twinkling eye,
In coat and in breeches
So gallantly dressed!
You may read in his face
His descent from the race,
That rules o'er the mist-mantled
Isle of the west.
O Angus MacRory,
How proud wouldst thou be,
If thou wert alive,
Such a brave boy to see!
There 's none in the parish

With him may compare;
Agentleman quite,
With a style and an air,
Our brave little Rory, *ho i ho-rō!*

No clerk in the land
Hath a sturdier pace;
Without panting or puffing,
He's first in the race.
No clerk in the Synod
More proudly will ride
O'er the hissing white crests
Of the billowy tide.
When the mast and the sail
Are pressed by the sway
Of the strong-winged blasts,
As they bluster and bray,
And no land is seen
Through the drift and the spray;
Then each sailor cries,
Yarely, boys, yarely!
O'er mountains of billows
We'll bowl along rarely,
With brave little Rory, *ho i ho-rō!*

When he ràises the Iorram,
Whose soul-stirring note
Gives strength to the arms,
That give wings to the boat,
'Tis then I'd be sitting
Beneath his command,
With a song in my breast,
And a flask in my hand!
There's no man in Suinart,
Or in Tobermory,
Who can handle an oar
With a swing like our Rory;
And all the lads cry,

Be guerdon and glory
To the blood of Macleod,
In the stout heart of Rory!
Our brave little Rory, *ho i ho-rō!*

The above translation is not intended to answer all the demands that might be made, æsthetically and musically, from such a composition; it means only to give, with as much literalness as possible, the general spirit, movement, and character of the original. In the following version I have chosen plain prose—however inapt for lyrical composition—in order that the reader ignorant of Gaelic may have a little practice in spelling out the venerable language of the Bens and glens. The reader of taste will have no difficulty in perceiving that the matter and the tone of this favourite song require only the touch of a genuine Scottish song-writer to be placed on a par with the best lyrical compositions of Robert Burns. The one blot in the composition is the allusion to the song of the dying swan in the last verse, a poetical commonplace which somehow or other has crept into the popular poetry of the Highlanders, and asserted a place there as incongruous as moss-roses would be amid the heather-bells on Ben Nevis.

(3.)

FEAR A' BHATA (THE BOATMAN), pp. 115, 116.

'Tis often that I look out from the hill on the high ground, eager to catch a glimpse of my boatman, if he will come to-day, or if he may come to-morrow; but if he come not at all, a sad woman am I.

My heart is bruised and broken, and 'tis often that the tears are running down my cheeks. And, if he come to-night, as I hope that he will come, shall I shut the door, and receive him with sighs?

'Tis often that I make inquiry of the boatmen, whether they have seen you, and if you are well; but every one of them will be saying that I am a foolish girl for loving you.

My love promised me a silk gown; he promised me that, and a fine shawl; likewise a gold ring with an impression on it; but I fear he may forget.

For you will not pass the smallest village, without stopping there to rest; and then you will take in your hand a pretty song-book, and will be singing a song that may entice the girls.

Though they say that you are fickle, that will not make less my love for you. In the night you are my dream, and my waking thought in the morning.

I loved you alway, I will not deny it: not for three months, and not for a year; but I loved you from the first, when I was a child, and my love shall not wither, till death shall end me.

'Tis often that my friends will be telling me that I must wipe out your face from my memory; but their counsel falls on my ear as vainly as to tell the sea to ebb, when it is flowing.

I am every day more sad and more sorrowful, like a white swan in the hand of the spoiler, singing its death-note by the reedy loch, and flung down to die alone on the shore.

No. III.

LIST OF SOME WORKS ON THE HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, LANGUAGE, POETRY, AND MUSIC OF THE HIGHLANDS.

(1.)

TOPOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, SOCIAL SKETCHES.

Northern Memoirs, written in the year 1658, by Richard Franck, Philosophus. Edinburgh, 1821.

Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland (1730). 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1818.

The Western Isles of Scotland, by Dean Monro. Edinburgh, 1772.

A Description of St. Kilda, by Alexander Buchan. 1773.

A Voyage to St. Kilda, by Martin. 1773.

Pennant's Tour in Scotland. 3 vols. London, 1776.

Boswell's (James) Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson. 2d edition. London, 1785.

Heron's Tour in Scotland. Perth, 1793.

St. Fond's Travels in England, Scotland, and the Hebrides. 2 vols. London, 1799.

Letters from the Mountains, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1807.

The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. 4 vols. London, 1824. By John MacCulloch, M.D.

A Critical Examination of Do. (by Dr. James Browne). Edinburgh, 1825.

A Tour through Scotland, by Beriah Botfield; privately printed. Norton Hall, 1830.
Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles, by James Wilson, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh, 1842.
Hamerton, Philip Gilbert: Isles of Loch Awe. 1855.
Stewart's Lectures on the Highlanders. 2 vols. London, 1860.
Glencreggan; a Highland Home in Cantire, by Cuthbert Bede. London, 1861.
Smith, Alexander: A Summer in Skye. London, 1865.
Iona, by Bishop Ewing. London, 1866.
Reminiscences of a Highland Parish, by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. London, 1868.
Gaelic Topography of Scotland, by Colonel Robertson. Edinburgh, 1869.
Iona, by His Grace the Duke of Argyll. London, 1871.
Lewsiana: Life in the Outer Hebrides. London, 1875.
Etymological Geography, by C. Blackie. London, 1876. (Particularly good for Celtic topography.)
Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisneach, by Dr. Angus Smith. London, 1879.
Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands, by Charles St. John. London, 1880.
Chronicles of Stratheden. Edinburgh, 1881.
Stronbuy. Edinburgh, 1881.

(2.)

LANGUAGE, PHILOLOGY, LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

A Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary, by Neil MacAlpine. Edinburgh, 1832.
Gaelic Dictionary, by Macleod and Dewar. Glasgow, 1831.
Munro's Gaelic Grammar. 2d edition. Edinburgh, 1843.
Stewart's Gaelic Grammar. 3d edition. Edinburgh, 1876.
Conversations in English and Gaelic, by MacInnes, Edinburgh, 1880.
Phrase-Book, Gaelic and English, by Mary Mackellar.
Ebel's Celtic Studies, by Sullivan. London, 1863.
Zeuss: Grammatica Celtica, by Ebel. 2 vols. Berlin, 1871.

The Book of the Dean of Lismore, by MacLauchlan and Skene. Edinburgh, 1862.
Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach, by J. MacKenzie. 4th Edition. Edinburgh, 1880.[1]
Sinclair's Gaelic Songster. Glasgow, 1879.
Leabhar nan Cnoc, by Rev. N. Macleod, D.D., Campsie Greenock, 1834.
Teachdaire Gaelach, edited by Dr. Macleod, 1829-31.
Teachdaire Ur Gaelach, 1835-36.
Cuairtear nan Gleann, 1840-43.
Caraid nan Gaidheal. Selections from Dr. Macleod's Gaelic compositions. Glasgow, 1867.
Songs and Poems, by Robert Mackay, *alias* Rob Donn. Inverness, 1829.
Songs and Poems by Duncan Ban MacIntyre. 7th edition. Edinburgh, 1865.
Poems by Alexander MacDonald of Ardnamurchan. 7th edition. Edinburgh, 1874.
The Harp of the Mountains, by Ewan MacColl. Edinburgh, 1839.
The Gaelic Bards, by Pattison. Glasgow, 1866.
The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Clans, by Donald Campbell. Edinburgh, 1862.
Gaelic Proverbs, by Sheriff Nicolson. Edinburgh, 1881.
Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, by J. S. Blackie. Edinburgh, 1876.
Lays of the Highlands and Islands, by J. S. Blackie. London, 1872.
Poems, English and Gaelic, by Mrs. Mary Mackellar. Edinburgh, 1880.
Popular Tales of the West Highlands, by J. F. Campbell. Edinburgh, 1860.
Leabhar na Feinne, by the Same.
Highland Legends, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. London, 1880.
Tales of the Highlands, by Do. London, 1881.
The Poems of Ossian. Edinburgh, 1859.

[1] For this and other books in the Gaelic language, the student should apply to Messrs. MacLachan and Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

The Poems of Ossian, by Dr. Clerk (English and Gaelic). 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1870.

On the Study of Celtic Literature, by Matthew Arnold. London, 1867.

Poems, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Edinburgh, 1803.

Bishop Carswell's Gaelic Prayer-Book (John Knox's Liturgy), by Dr. MacLauchlan. Edinburgh, 1873.

Select English Poems, with Gaelic translations, compiled by Arch. Sinclair. Two series, 1862-67.

The Gael, a Gaelic Magazine. 6 vols. Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1871-77.

The Celtic Magazine, by Alexander MacKenzie. Inverness, 1876-1882.

Ancient Gaelic Psalm Tunes, by Joseph Mainzer. Edinburgh, 1844.

Captain Fraser of Knockie's Gaelic Airs. Inverness, 1870.

Collection of Popular Gaelic Songs, with the Music. Inverness: Logan.

Poems of William Ross. Glasgow, 1834.

Life and Labours of Dugald Buchanan, by Sinclair. Edinburgh, 1825.

An Duanaire, a new collection of Gaelic Songs, by Donald Macpherson. Edinburgh, 1868.

The Scottish Celtic Review, by the Rev. A. Cameron. Glasgow, 1881.

(3.)

HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Celtic Scotland, by W. F. Skene. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1877-80.

Celtic Gleanings, by the Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan. Edinburgh, 1857.

Sketches of Character and Manners of the Scottish Highlanders, by Col. David Stewart of Garth. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1832.

Adamnan's Life of St. Columba, Founder of Hy. Edited by Dr. W. Reeves. Edinburgh, 1874.

Scotland in Early Christian Times, by Dr. Joseph Anderson. Edinburgh, 1881.

Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael, by James Grant. Edinburgh, 1814.

History of the MacDonalds, the Lords of the Isles, by Alex. MacKenzie. Inverness, 1881.

Eachdraidh Eaglais na h' Alba, by the Rev. Dr. Mackay.

Account of the Clan Maclean, by a Senachie. London, 1838.

History of the Highlands, by James Browne, LL.D. 5 vols. Glasgow, 1840.

History of the Western Highlands and Islands, by Donald Gregory. Edinburgh, 1836.

A History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans and Regiments, edited by J. S. Keltie. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1879.

The Rebellion of 1745, by Robert Chambers. Edinburgh, 1827.

Eachdraidh na h-Alba, by Rev. A. M'Kenzie. Glasgow, 1867.

Bliadhna Thearlaich, by John M'Kenzie. Edinburgh, 1847.

Mitchell, Dr. Arthur: The Past in the Present. Edinburgh, 1880.

Muir: Characteristics of Old Church Architecture in th Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1881.

Stuart, Dr. John: The Sculptured Stones of Scotland, 1856-1867.

Archæological Sketches in Kintyre, by Captain White. Edinburgh, 1873.

The Scottish Gael, by James Logan. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1831. New Edition, by Rev. A. Stewart of Nether Lochaber.

On the State of Society and Knowledge in the Highlands, by John Anderson. Edinburgh, 1827.

The Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland, by Charles Stewart. Edinburgh, 1880.

History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye, by Alexander Cameron. Inverness, 1871.

(4.)

RURAL ECONOMY AND SOCIAL CONDITION.

Account of the Present State of the Hebrides and Western Coasts of Scotland, by James Anderson, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1785.

Economical History of the Hebrides, by Professor Walker. Edinburgh, 1808.

Present State of the Highlands, by the Earl of Selkirk. London, 1805.

General View of the Agriculture of the Hebrides, by James M'Donald. Edinburgh, 1811.

Walker's Essays on Rural Economy in Scotland. London, 1812.

Letters from the Highlands in the year of the Famine, 1847, by Robert Somers. London, 1848.

The works of Commissioner Loch and of D. Macleod, of which the titles are given at full length in the text, Dialogue v. pp. 273, 277.

National-Oëconomik des Ackerbaues, by Professor Roscher. Stuttgart, 1878. English: New York, 1880.

On the Management of Landed Property in the Highlands, by G. G. Mackay. Edinburgh, 1858.

Report to the Board of Supervision on the Western Highlands and Islands, by Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B. Edinburgh, 1851.

Report on Education in the Hebrides (Scottish Education Commission), by Alexander Nicolson, M.A., Advocate. 1866.

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